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PEOPLE AND COUNTRIES VISITED IN A WINDING JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD

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BY

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PREFACE.

LAST year I made a long, winding journey around the globe, in order to observe every country in which an Aryan people has established civil government. One looks in vain elsewhere for progress and liberty. The Aryan nations of antiquity, Greece and Rome, must be studied in history, for the Greek and Roman peoples have passed away and can no longer be observed in their daily life. Yet the lands occupied by these vanished races may still be visited by the traveler, who can at least become familiar with the scenes in the midst of which they dwelt. The study of Aryan peoples, whether living or departed, can alone reveal to us the origin and development of the world's civilization.

History is comparatively barren without a knowledge of geography. Maps may aid us much, especially when studied with the help of some experience and a vivid imagination; but traveling alone can give us true geographical knowledge. Current history becomes real to us, is translated into personal experience, only when by traveling we observe at once people and country in their intimate relations. In pursuit of such vital knowledge, I traversed Europe from north to south, from east to west, and journeyed far off to Australia and New Zealand, on the other

side of the globe, where fresh Aryan communities are planting civil liberty in the southern hemisphere.

Art, science, literature are, with a very few notable exceptions, the products of Aryan civilization, and can be studied only in countries occupied by Aryan peoples. Above all, in such countries alone do we find recognition of human rights and the establishment of institutions for the benefit of the many. There is doubtless room for progress in the most enlightened nations, for civilization has not yet borne all its fruits.

In the two introductory chapters of this book I have given some reminiscences of previous journeys, for the purpose of fully and, I hope, clearly revealing to the reader my own standpoint while writing it. More than a quarter of a century ago I spent several years in Europe, the experiences of which enabled me during my recent journey to note the progress made by many civilized nations within my own recollection. In the slow development of the human race, it affords one an exalted pleasure to see with his own eyes a real advancement. During the whole of the nineteenth century, the masses of Europe have, by degrees, won the right to better education, to retain for themselves more and more of the bread earned by their toil, to enjoy a wider freedom of conscience, and to share in an increasing degree in the making of the laws by which they are governed.

I have also aimed to make these two chapters of reminiscences interesting to the general reader. With this subordinate end in view, I have given portraitures and unpublished anecdotes of many interesting or distinguished

persons of the past generation, whom it was my good fortune to meet. Personal sketches that might have been improper, in bad taste, or in violation of hospitality, if written concerning the living, are now in place as a part of history.

The leading purpose of the book, however, is political and social. I have aimed to draw faithful portraits of the leading civilized nations of the world as they exist to-day. Of course, the features of the great peoples of the earth can be drawn only in outline on the small pieces of canvas that constitute the brief chapters of a single volume. Yet generalizations, if true to fact, if they are the results of accurate observation, if, above all, they embody the real laws that govern the development of humanity in time and space, are the best aids to a fruitful study of detailed history.

The reader may or may not accept my philosophical definition of a nation, yet it will certainly reveal to him that underlying every independent national existence is a problem wider, deeper, than form of government, territorial possession, succession of events, or transition of passing generations of men. Whether my particular theory is accepted or not, my object will be gained if I succeed in convincing the reader that the Providence of history has a rational basis. Travel among the peoples of the world may well have a higher aim than personal amusement or material pleasure.

"What shapest thou here at the world?
'Twas shapen long ago;
The Maker shaped it,
And thought 'twere best even so."

The awakening and consolidation of nationalities have made the present century remarkable in the world's history. The French Revolution, stimulated by the successful American War of Independence, aroused the slumbering peoples of Europe. Men seemed to be suddenly freed from the torpor of a long period of tyranny. The French, under the magnificent leadership of Napoleon, were everywhere victorious, as long as they adhered to their mission of carrying freedom to other nations. But as soon as the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz began to substitute his own military despotism for the absolute rule of his predecessors, the nationalities of Europe, which he had himself helped to arouse into new life, combined for his overthrow. Not only was the career of Napoleon closed with the great battle of Leipsig, and the supplementary battle of Waterloo, but also the career of irresponsible government throughout the civilized world. The Congress of Vienna proposed, but the awakened nationalities disposed. The work of Metternich and Talleyrand has been undone, and to-day, throughout all Europe west of Turkey and Russia, kings are only the hereditary executors of the will of the people. Constitutional and elective government has taken the place of absolutism. In the preceding centuries, each monarch said with Louis XIV., "I am the State." In our day, before the close of the nineteenth century, the peoples of Western Europe are saying, "We are the State." The new German Empire, United Italy, Republican France, and progressive England are bearing the best fruits of political liberty. The wonderful transition, so full of hope to mankind, I have endeavored to trace clearly in the account of my long journey.

Historical summaries, descriptions of places and scenery, statistics of national resources, pictures of social life, discussions of public policy, sketches of institutions, indications of material prosperity, accounts of the rapid recent advancement in the application of discoveries in science to commerce and war, are not wanting, but are given in subserviency to the main purpose of tracing the progress of civil liberty in the dominant nations of the world. The influence of America on the current history of mankind has not been sufficiently appreciated, and many of our statesmen are too ignorant of history to learn the useful lessons which other peoples might teach.

Some Americans may think that I have treated Russia too leniently. Let them study the country and people of the great empire in the light of universal history and they may come to a more comprehensive conclusion. Russia has not yet reached the political development of the nations of western Europe, and should not be denounced for being what she is, for not trying to pluck the fruits of an advanced civilization before it is ripe. The Slavs are an Aryan race, in them is working the leaven of a noble form of Christianity, and I have no misgivings as to the glorious future of the Russian people. They are our youngest brethren, and have worked their way up with true self-reliance and heroic endurance, to the mightiest nation on the globe, with the great and responsible mission of civilizing the semi-barbarous Mohamedan people of Western and Central Asia, and in due time will give a good account of themselves in the mighty drama of the world's history. I have faith in them.

Since the chapter in this book on the New German Empire was written, the venerable Emperor William has died, and has been succeeded by his son Frederick, who has in turn died, leaving the throne to his son William. A nation that has established constitutional government is much less affected by change of rulers than an absolute monarchy. The young emperor seems disposed to enter upon a reign of peace. His friendly visit to the Czar of Russia destroys the last hope of France to make an alliance hostile to Germany, and has done more than any recent event to dispel fears of a European war. The rapid succession of emperors in no way changes my views as to the meaning and destiny of the consolidated German nation.

It is to be hoped that of the great army of cultivated and prosperous Americans who visit Europe, an increasing number will become students of history, of civil and political institutions, in short will become travelers and not mere tourists. I shall be contented if I have contributed, in the humblest way, to bring about such a desirable result.

O. W. WIGHT.

DETROIT, July, 1888.

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PART I.

Introductory.—Reminiscences of Previous Journeys.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST JOURNEY.

SOME account of my previous journeys in Europe seems to be necessary in order to enable the reader to understand many allusions in this book. At the same time it will reveal the sources of personal information which could not have been acquired in a single year. Observations made long ago have enabled me to form comparative judgments that may be of more value than hasty first impressions.

I first went to Europe in the spring of 1853. I was then young enough to enjoy everything with fresh zest, to seek knowledge of men and things with eager industry, to receive lasting impressions; old enough to form judgments independent of guide-books, to view a world strange to me with my own eyes, to discriminate between externals and enduring realities.

I sailed from Boston on the steamer Niagara. In comparison with the mighty steamships that now traverse all the oceans of the earth, the Niagara was small enough, uncomfortable enough, but in eleven days it landed me and many others safely in the city of Liverpool. On board was Hawthorne, who had recently been appointed consul to Liverpool,

with his family. Mrs. Hawthorne was a charming woman, who told me curious and interesting anecdotes of her husband, of the people at Brook Farm, of Margaret Fuller, and of others, most of which have never found their way into print, which I have no inclination to repeat here. Julian and his older sister were exceedingly bright and vivacious children, with whom I spent many joyous hours in romping on the deck of the ship.

John McDonald, now Sir John McDonald, then a youngish man, although holding some Canadian official position, was among the notables on board. He, Hawthorne and myself had long interesting conversations nearly every night, until the "wee small hours," over Welsh "rabbits" and porter, after which we took a "walk before breakfast" on deck. Hawthorne, usually so taciturn, was on such occasions one of the most brilliant talkers I ever listened to. From the somber depths of his nature would well up abundantly great utterances equal to anything written down in his books.

From Liverpool I first went to see the country seat of the Marquis of Westminster, as one of the notable sights in the neighborhood. His title of marquis has since been raised to that of duke. The place was very fine, and at that time seemed to my inexperienced eyes very dazzling. A description, written home at the time, would now appear to me greatly exaggerated. The servants of the wealthy nobleman were very obliging, and showed me, with others, through the mansion and over the grounds.

I then began to realize that England, in comparison with America, is like a garden.

At the outset I was struck with the omnipresence of the police. Upon the principle that the government is best which governs least, the English government seemed very inferior to the American. According to the same principle a government that does not govern at all would be perfect. The paradox leads up to Nihilism, which it would be out of place to discuss here.

With little delay I hastened to the Lake District of England, not so much with the thought of enjoying the fine scenery as of making a pilgrimage to places consecrated by favorite poets. Less than thirty years of age, I was fuller then than now of Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. A rose was plucked from the bush planted by Mrs. Hemans, and carried till it faded and crumbled. Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived and wrote and died, was approached with as much awe as a veteran churchman approaches Mount Sinai. The scenes amid which Coleridge lived and struggled seemed superior to ordinary earth and sky. The untimely grave of Hartley Coleridge was visited with feelings "too deep for tears." Only the English laws against poaching kept me from fishing in the beautiful stream so often waded by Mr. Christopher North—Professor Wilson. The Falls of Lodore made music for me as they had many times made music for Southey. Lakes and fields and mountains, forming exquisitely beautiful and picturesque land

scapes, seemed to me to have been planted there at the dawn of creation, on purpose for the great poets that were to come in these latest times. My daily walks, which increased up to twenty miles, together with the bracing air of northern England, gradually reddened my blood, and did me the wholesome service of tempering my superlative poetic sentiment.

At Ambleside, in the lake district, Harriet Martineau invited me and another American gentleman, a clergyman from Cincinnati, to tea. She lived in a beautiful cottage surrounded by lawns, shrubs and roses, altogether forming a pretty picture of refined taste and comfort. Miss Martineau was well advanced in years, fat, homely, and distressingly deaf. She put in your lap a tin-pan, connected with her ear by a long tin tube, into which (the tin-pan, not the ear) one directed his conversation. She was full of pleasant anecdotes, and a brilliant talker. Just then she was carrying on her correspondence with Atkinson, and had become a firm believer in mesmerism. She gravely told me how she had broken a cow of the bad habit of kicking over both the milk and the milkmaid by mesmerizing the animal only once. Miss Martineau told a characteristic story of Margaret Fuller, which, I believe, has never been published. At the time of Margaret's visit to her, an aged mother was living with her. The old lady became very fond of Miss Fuller, and enjoyed her magnificent conversation very much. One day Margaret looked the venerable woman straight in the face and discoursed at length

and with great eloquence on the "unloveliness of old age." The response was brief and very appropriate. "Alas!" exclaimed her astonished listener, "the poor creature is stark mad."

From the Lake District I hurried on to Scotland, fully determined to see everything described by Sir Walter Scott. I had not yet learned that one sees only what is behind his own eyes. A cat may look at a king, but does not see the king. No other mortal will ever see in Scotland all that the great novelist had behind his eyes and wrote about so enchantingly.

However, I traveled all over Scotland and looked much upon one of the fairest lands of earth. Ayrshire was not to me very picturesque, but its soil had been consecrated by the feet of Robert Burns. The poet of humanity, toiling, suffering, erring, had transformed a considerable piece of common earth into an enchanted land. Even Tam O'Shanter's tavern was a welcome asylum on a rainy day, and the leaking old cup, said to have been used too freely by the poet, served for a questionable kind of communion. The "dew off Ben Nevis" seemed to be the especial nectar of Scotch gods, and was quaffed abundantly in memory of the national poet.

At Glasgow I was initiated into the Burns Club. A prosperous merchant, especially noted for his large gifts to the New Kirk, took me there without letting me know in what the initiation was to consist. The company was not very large, but select.

The chairman informed me that the initiation consisted in drinking fourteen tumblers of Scotch whisky toddy, which were not very formidable to the seasoned old members of the club, but might be rather trying to an inexperienced American. I had too much pride, false pride, to back out, yet dreaded the fiery ordeal. Membership in the club was not worth such an encounter with the demon. The whisky was measured for me—a sherry glass even full for each toddy. You could mix with the whisky as much or little sugar, as much or little hot or cold water as you pleased, but there was no shirking the exact quantity of spirits. I worked my way through the ordeal, in the course of the evening, triumphantly, but played a trick on them which no one discovered. There was an abundance of hard biscuit, as they called it, which we should call "hard tack." I nibbled plentifully of that, which absorbed much of the alcohol and held its intoxicating power in abeyance. I not only took my allotted fourteen tumblers, but also two more, out of bravado, then helped my friend home, who had rather treacherously taken me there, went alone to my hotel, wound up my watch, and went to bed with my head in the right end of the bed. I was a member in full standing of the Glasgow Burns Club, which I have never visited since.

Excursions were made everywhere, over Loch Lomond, over Loch Katrine, down the Clyde, away to the islands of Iona and Staffa, out to Loch Leven and Loch Awe, through the Caledonian

Canal to Inverness, along the Grampian Hills to Perth, to Edinburgh and its suburbs, to Abbotsford, etc. Foot journeys were also made in all directions, through winding valleys, across dreary moorlands, and up rocky mountains. I had the rare good fortune to see a clear sunset from the top of Ben Nevis. A good many times I saw the sun rise and set from the top of Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh.

I achieved one pedestrian victory, in which I felt some pride as an American. At a country inn, not far off from Glasgow, I met two pleasant English barristers, who informed me that they had journeyed from London on foot. They said they were traveling towards Fort William, at the entrance of the Caledonian Canal, and intended to make the circuit of all Scotland. I informed them that my destination was the same as theirs, and proposed to accompany them, with their permission. They readily assented, but told me with frankness that they were seasoned pedestrians and could not linger by the way for the sake of anyone's company, however agreeable it might be. I responded that I would do my best to keep up with them, but did not wish them on any account to slacken their pace for me. The next morning we set out together, "bright and early." On we went, over the highlands and through the passes between Loch Lomond and Loch Awe, here and there catching strangely beautiful glimpses of both waters and the surrounding mountains. One of the barristers fell out at about the thirty-fifth milestone. The other, the more

stalwart of the two, was roused by a little chaffing on my part and proposed to have it out with the Yankee—England against America. I was athletic and just at the right stage of pedestrian training. On we went, round the head of Loch Awe, towards the western ocean. My companion gave up the race at the forty-sixth milestone, and I continued alone to the fifty-first. The two Englishmen came up the next day and acknowledged that America had beaten. Subsequently we climbed Ben Nevis together, and they turned out to be very agreeable and exceedingly intelligent fellow-travelers.

One day a little party of us went on a boat from Edinburgh, up the snake-like river to Sterling Castle. Among the number was a diminutive American gentleman, whose self-consciousness and egotism were in inverse ratio to the dimensions of his body. He discoursed to us with much antiquarian knowledge about the great broad-brimmed hat of Cromwell, which we should find among the curiosities of the castle. He informed us that Fowler had measured his head and found it to be just the size of Daniel Webster's head. He was very certain that Webster's head was as large as, or larger than, the head of Oliver Cromwell. Therefore, he knew the Cromwell hat would fit him, if, indeed, it were large enough. Soon after we entered the castle, the janitor, posted by some of the rest of us, put the famous hat on the head of the small American. It fell down upon his shoulders, entirely covering his face, making his slender body and thin

legs look still more insignificant than usual. He looked like an ant carrying off an egg much larger than itself. Great was the amusement of the rest, and still greater the chagrin of the little gentleman, who had argued himself into the belief that his head was at least as large as Oliver Cromwell's.

In the middle of summer I spent a restful Sunday in a small village at the head of Loch Awe. Early Monday morning I went to the stage office to engage a seat for the head of Loch Lomond. The distance by the road, as it wound among the mountains along the circuitous valleys, was thirty-five miles. The conductor informed me that every place was taken, and that I must wait till the next morning. Rather petulantly and rashly I told him that I would arrive at his destination on foot before his stage arrived. The passengers, securely arranged in their seats, laughed at me scornfully. An Englishman wanted to bet me a guinea. I responded that I never bet money, but would bet him a bottle of wine for our dinner. He "booked" the bet and the stage drove off. A good map of Scotland, always carried in my pocket, showed me that the distance straight across, over the mountain range, was not more than eleven miles. It also revealed that a short distance ahead a stream came down from the summit of the mountain, and that a stream, taking its rise from the same point, descended on the opposite side. With those two streams as guides I crossed over in little more than three hours. On a railing of the bridge over a torrent, not more than half a mile from the hotel

at the end of the route, Macaulay, the historian, was sitting with a book in his hand. He enquired of me, in an off-hand way, the reason for my rapid pace. I told him the story, at which he laughed heartily, and remarked: "You Americans always contrive to come out ahead." It is the only time I ever saw him, and I was polite enough not to indicate to him that I knew who he was. I admired his large round head and plump, vigorous body. He looked an incarnation of memory, a walking magazine of rhetoric and facts. Of course the Englishman paid his bet, and the laugh was on the other side.

One dreary, chilly, misty, gusty afternoon, I went over Loch Lomond, when there were but few passengers on the boat. I noticed the Duchess of Argyle, with two female servants, accompanied by her two boys, "strawberry blonds," bright, agile, high-bred, one of whom, long afterwards, married a daughter of the English Queen, the other of whom, not long ago, became notorious in the divorce court. The duchess, taking the initiative, entered into conversation with me, and made herself exceedingly agreeable. I gave her my arm down the slippery gang-plank to the dock, from which a road led up to Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyle. She thanked me warmly, and I lifted my hat to her without betraying in any way that I knew who she was. She had previously been pointed out to me, in company with her mother, the stately Duchess of Sutherland, and her two

beautiful sisters, the Duchess of Blantyre and the Lady Grosvenor, the wife of the eldest son of the Marquis of Westminster. I mention this unimportant incident solely for the purpose of bearing my testimony against a very general impression at home that English people in traveling are haughty, stiff, reserved and unapproachable. My experience, of many years in many lands, has been to the contrary.

At Edinburgh I first saw Queen Victoria, young, fair, happy-looking, sitting proudly by the stately Prince Consort in a royal carriage, receiving the homage of her loyal Scotch subjects. Standing on the balcony of a hotel I lifted my hat and bowed respectfully as they passed, and received a bow in return. A British gentleman by my side remarked sarcastically, "They evidently take you to be somebody." I felt that I was one of the sovereign people of the United States, treated the queen of Great Britain and her consort with deferential courtesy as fellow-sovereigns, and was treated with civility in return. *Noblesse oblige.* My relation to the majesty of England was, in a certain sense, higher than that of my sarcastic friend.

Sir William Hamilton, the renowned Scotch metaphysician, whose miscellaneous philosophic papers I had already collected and published in America, called on me at my hotel in Edinburgh, and gave me a cordial invitation to spend a week with him at Largo, on the other side of the Forth, whither he had gone to spend the summer vacation. The invi-

tation was thankfully accepted. A more beautiful, refined, cultured household never existed on this planet than that of Sir William Hamilton. Several of the professors of Edinburgh University were spending the summer in the neighborhood, some one of whom, with his family, usually dropped in of an evening, forming a group of intellectual people whose conversation was in pleasing contrast with the idle chit-chat of merely formal society. Sir William's oldest son, Hubert, who became Sir Hubert Hamilton, on the death of his father, was home from Oxford for the vacation, made with me long tramps by the sea shore and over the hills during the morning hours.

Lady Hamilton was one of the best of wives and mothers, one of the noblest of women. One of the Edinburgh professors told me a pleasing, romantic little story of her marriage. Sir William spent his nights and days in the midst of his great folios, exploring the whole realm of philosophic literature. His mother, well advanced in years, kept house for him. With the mother lived a favorite niece, whom she educated and cared for as a daughter. At length the mother died. The next day after the funeral, Sir William found his cousin packing her trunks, in preparation for her departure. He was greatly distressed and demanded to know why she was going away, just when her society and services were more needed than ever. Of course she could give him no explanation, but kept on with her packing. He sought the advice of

a friend, who happened to be more experienced in the ways of the world and understood better the delicate instincts of woman. The explanations of his friend revealed to Sir William what had never entered into the imagination of a man of unequaled loftiness and purity of soul. He went home and immediately proposed marriage to his cousin. Unclouded domestic happiness was the sweet reward of their lives.

Hubert Hamilton told me an anecdote illustrating his father's wonderful, almost miraculous, memory. The Greek professor came to him one day greatly pleased with what he thought to be a new discovery of a piece of exquisite Greek poetry. Sir William, forgetting that other men's memories were not equal to his own, asked the professor to repeat the passage, which was of considerable length. That was impossible, but the first line happened to be recalled. Hamilton repeated the line and went on reciting the whole passage, which he happened to have seen quoted by one of the Scaligers. Sir William was really a monster of erudition, to repeat John Fiske's phrase, such as we find only in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

I had the great happiness, some months later in London, to effect a reconciliation between Sir William Hamilton and M. Cousin, the eminent French eclectic philosopher. Hamilton had reviewed Cousin's system with great severity in the Edinburgh Quarterly, which provoked the wrath of the mercurial Frenchman. In London, at the special request

of M. Cousin, I translated his admirable volume, entitled "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good," which I dedicated to Sir William, in terms which elicited his warm eulogy. There followed a correspondence which ended in a treaty of peace between the two eminent philosophers.

When I left Largo, Sir William Hamilton gave me a letter of introduction to Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's. At a dinner to which Professor Ferrier kindly invited me, I saw, among others, Sir David Brewster, a man of great note in his day, who failed to impress me in any particular manner that can now be recalled. In Professor Ferrier's house was his father-in-law, Professor Wilson, the famous "Kit North," lying helpless, imbecile, with softening of the brain. I was asked to see him, but declined, not wishing to carry henceforth in my mind a painful picture of one whose writings I had admired.

At Edinburgh I received a note, in small neat hand, from De Quincey, inviting me to dine with him. He excused himself for not having called in person, as he lived eight miles away and was an invalid. The invitation was gladly accepted. When the day arrived I took my stout hickory walking-stick, wandered away round Arthur's Seat and on the highway to Lasswade, where De Quincey then lived. In the single street of the little Scotch village, while looking for some one of whom to enquire where the house of De Quincey was, I met two pretty young ladies, plainly but neatly

dressed, who separated on my approach, one of them taking my right arm, the other my left. Immediately one of them says to me: "You are going to dine with my father, to-day." They then introduced me to one another and led me across a meadow, fragrant with new-mown hay, to a copse of wood, in the midst of which stood a neat little brick cottage, near a swift-flowing brook, making soft water-fall music, as it broke over rocks, which mingled sweetly with the multitudinous hum of insects in the summer air. They led me into a small, plainly-furnished drawing-room, begging me to excuse their mother and an older sister, who were too ill to see company, and informing me that their father would soon appear.

The De Quincey's had lived some time in the Lake District of England, and naturally the conversation turned upon the famous poets, about whom the young ladies were quite as enthusiastic as myself. For a long time we had been discussing Wordsworth, Coleridge, and all the rest, when there glided noiselessly into the room, like a shadow, a little, weird-looking old man, saffron-colored, with unkempt hair, dirty collar, long snuff-brown coat, feet sliding about in large india-rubber galoshes, and extended to me a wee, fleshless hand, more like a bird-claw than "the prehensile organ of man's supremacy." The daughters seated him tenderly in one corner of a large arm-chair, where he sank almost out of sight. A few formal enquiries were made about men and things in America, beyond which there was little

conversation. He spoke especially of Mr. Fields, very lovingly, for sending him a portion of the profits on the reprint of his books by the house of Ticknor & Fields, at a time when he sorely needed money. He soon settled down into a dreamy, half-waking doze, when the conversation with the bright, agreeable young ladies, about the Lake poets, was gladly resumed.

At length dinner was announced, and De Quincey led one of the daughters, or rather she led him, to a small dining-room in the basement, and I followed with the other. The dinner was very simple and very excellent — soup, a leg of delicious Scotch heather mutton, plum pudding — prepared by a venerable Scotch woman, who evidently knew her business as cook. Sherry and port, the inevitable wines of all British dinners, were on the table. The conversation, mostly between the young ladies and myself, was animated, and on the same old theme.

At the close of dinner the ladies retired to the drawing-room, according to the stereotyped British custom, leaving De Quincey and myself alone. We drank a glass of wine together, and he discoursed a short time in a languid manner, mostly about the unlovely character of the Scotch. Excusing himself, he took from his vest pocket a pill of opium as large as a small hickory-nut and swallowed it. Soon his large head began to waver on his small neck, and he laid it down on his thin arms folded over one corner of the table. On his invitation I was glad to escape to the young ladies above. It had

been publicly announced some time before that De Quincey had quit opium eating; therefore I respected hospitality and did not mention my experience till long after his death.

In the drawing-room we returned to our beloved Lake poets with renewed zest. Time passed rapidly and I was about to take my leave when again the little weird old man glided noiselessly into the room. Again the daughters stowed him away in one corner of the large arm-chair. He soon dozed and we went on with our romantic talk. Soon, however, the withered divinity showed signs of awakening, when one of the young ladies remarked that her father imitated the voice of Mr. Wordsworth so perfectly that intimate friends of both in the next room, or out of sight, could not tell which was reading. Thereupon she took from a shelf a volume of Wordsworth's poetry, opened it at the Ode on Immortality, and spread it out on the arm of the chair by her father's side. He rubbed his eyes and drawled his way through the poem everlastingly. I thought to myself if that was the way Wordsworth read they were fortunate who never heard him. As he closed the book a strange light seemed to glow through his eyes and illuminate his face. He began to talk with a voice that seemed to flow out of the Unknown—low, mellifluous, ceaseless, filling one with awe. We listened almost breathless and soon found ourselves sitting on the floor at his feet, looking into his transfigured face, like entranced children. On, on, he discoursed, as I have never heard

mortal discourse, before or since. If one could imagine all the wisdom, sentiment and learning to be crushed from De Quincey's many volumes of printed books, and to be poured out, a continuous stream, he might form some conception of that long discourse—how long we knew not. It was a prolonged and intensified *suspiria de profundis*. That group would form a picture worthy of the pencil of Correggio or Titian.

When the monologue ceased, I looked at my watch and found it was three o'clock in the morning. The poor, exhausted old man of genius, whom I felt like crushing to my heart, had a tallow dip lighted to show me through the trees to the road-side gate. I took my leave of the little household, who had entertained me with a true banquet of the gods, and walked to Edinburgh, in the beautiful Scotch gloaming, beholding on the way the great sun rising full-orbed from the distant sea, and meditating on many things.

From Scotland I went to York. The famous Minster there and other things were visited, but it is not in place to describe them here.

Manchester was reached in turn, but it is not within my present purpose to give an account of any of the great manufacturing cities of England.

The next journey was through Wales to Dublin. Snowdon, the great Tubular Bridge, and many other things seen on the way were very interesting to me, but the reader must seek elsewhere for better descriptions of them than I could give after many years.

One personal adventure made a permanent impression on my mind, which reveals a generous trait in the Irish character, and is well worth recounting. Sitting in the railway carriage, directly facing me, was a smallish, intelligent-looking, alert, restless, over-dressed gentleman, with plenty of jewels and ruffles, who looked me over with his eye-glass, then drew from his pocket a case inlaid with pearl and handed me a gilt-edged card, which read "Mr. Gresham, of Rainy Park, Dublin." I handed him in return my card and fell into conversation with him. He knew everybody and everything in Ireland, and was evidently a man of affairs and not of letters. When we had crossed the Channel and reached Kingstown, he took me into a private railway carriage alone with him. The conductor simply touched his hat when he passed and did not demand any tickets. Mr. Gresham was owner of the short line of road leading to Dublin. On reaching the city, he directed a servant in livery to take charge of my baggage as well as his own. We entered an elegant private carriage and drove four or five miles to his country seat, which we reached late at night. An excellent supper was served, after which I was shown to an elegant room, which, as I found the next morning, looked out upon a great park and a wide expanse of sea beyond.

At breakfast Mr. Gresham excused himself for the day, saying that he had business in town, and put me in charge of his son "Tom." Delightful

rambles Tom and I had together through more than a thousand acres of well kept grounds surrounding the stately mansion. Mr. Gresham was a widower, and he and his son constituted the entire household. Tom warned me to be ready for a dinner party in the evening.

Mr. Gresham returned at night-fall and soon there followed him a dozen gentlemen, most of whom were of a convivial turn of mind. There were two members of parliament, a bishop, two or three lawyers, a doctor or two, and several merchants and bankers. The dinner was superb. Mr. Gresham told his Dublin friends that he had invited them to meet an American gentleman who was his guest. Toasts were drank and speeches made all around. Irishmen were full of fresh gratitude to America for generosity manifested during the great famine. There were no ladies present, and the party broke up late.

The next morning Mr. Gresham again excused himself on account of business, but put at my disposal an elegant open carriage, the intelligent driver of which he had supplied for me with special tickets of admission to the most interesting places in Dublin. The livery of Mr. Gresham, one of the wealthiest men in Ireland, was known by everybody, and I was treated with marked consideration.

At evening another dinner-party assembled, more convivial, if possible, than the previous one. The next day I insisted on taking leave, and my extemporaneous host drove with me to the Gresham

Hotel, in Dublin, which I found was owned by him and named after him. The magnificent hospitality that I had received spontaneously from a stranger was such as only an Irishman has the bigness of heart to bestow.

From Dublin I went on to Killarney, in the center of the most picturesque portion of Ireland. During a morning walk from the village of Killarney, through the Pass of Dunloe, to the upper lake, a distance of eighteen miles, I counted over four hundred beggars, most of them children, some of whom followed me for hours. They were in tatters and begged from necessity and not professionally. It was impossible to relieve the distress of so many. Their naked limbs, sunken eyes and lean faces proclaimed the woes of Ireland more eloquently than whole volumes of sensational literature. Indeed, the people of the Emerald Isle have suffered more oppression and wrong than any other people under the sun except the Jews.

The lakes of Killarney are quite as beautiful as any of the lochs of Scotland. It was not far to the squalid city of Cork, and from there a short sail down the river took me to the beautiful harbor of Queenstown, where the fleets of England were gathering for review before sailing for Kronstadt and the Crimea.

The summer was drawing to a close and I hastened to London. Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, and many other memorable and wonderful things, eagerly visited,

have been described a hundred times with great eloquence, and I have no desire to enter the field against a host of trained competitors. My object here is rather to give some account of eminent men whom by favoring chance I met. Descriptions of great London abound and must be sought elsewhere.

I had a strong letter of introduction from Hawthorne to Mr. Buchanan, who was then our minister to England. The letter was sent in to the minister in due form and Mr. Buchanan sent out his secretary, "Dan" Sickles, as everybody then called him, to see what I wanted. I told him, with a contempt probably not well concealed, that I wanted a passport for the continent, which was duly made out, and for which the fee was promptly paid. Mr. Buchanan probably regarded Hawthorne as one of "them literary fellers," and attached very little importance to his letter. I did not trouble the legation again. Other experiences I had subsequently with American ministers of the period, which will be recounted further on.

I had a letter from Mr. Freeman Hunt, of New York, famous in his day as the founder and editor of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, to Mr. Bell, manager of the London Chartered Bank of Australia, who responded without delay, called on me and invited me to dinner. He lived at Greenwich near the Observatory, in a sumptuous way. At table I met Mr. Gilbart, manager of the London and Westminster Bank, well known as a financial

writer; Mr. Levi, professor of Commercial Law in King's College, and other financial celebrities. The invitation to dinner was repeated as often as every other Sunday afternoon during my sojourn of more than three months in London. The same company was always there. I greatly enjoyed the conversation of these eminent financiers. As Emerson says, they were "other men and the otherest."

Once I met there a high custom-house official, who invited me to visit with him the London Docks. We had merchants' orders for tasting wines in the famous vaults. We wandered through eighteen acres of port wine vaults, deep under ground, where the temperature was even the year round. The vaults for other wines were hardly less in extent. Nothing could impress one more profoundly with the magnitude of London as the commercial center of the globe. Very astonishing to me was the place where "Old London Dock Gin" was manufactured and bottled. A huge tun, holding one hundred and twenty-six thousand gallons, was located in a large, deep, circular pit. Whole demijohns of nitric acid, whole barrels of refined sugar, and bottles of the essence of juniper, were poured into the lofty tun filled with British spirits, and men on elevated platforms stirred up the contents with rakes forty feet long. Around the base of the tun was a circular row of old men and boys sitting on stools and drawing the contents from taps into bottles, which others received

and packed in cases for the market. Every now and then one of the old men or boys would drop off from his stool, drunken with the fumes of the potent liquor. He was laid carefully on a pile of straw to sleep off his intoxication. I have never tasted old London Dock gin since.

Mr. Gilbart seemed to take a liking to me, as I certainly did to him. Nearly always we went together to Mr. Bell's fine Sunday dinners, and also returned together. On the road was the Great Eastern, in process of construction, looming from the Greenwich stocks high into the air, like some huge monster, promising to overshadow all ships previously built. The failure, it is hardly necessary to state, has been as huge as the craft itself. As I write, after more than thirty years, the newspapers are reporting that the colossal steamship is being broken up for junk.

Mr. Gilbart was a bachelor, with plenty of money and plenty of leisure. He belonged to half the learned societies of London. Very often he would call for me to attend with him the addresses or lectures before these learned bodies, thus affording me opportunities to see and hear scientific celebrities. He was one of the Council of the Royal Geographical Society, and as such had the privilege of taking with him one guest to the annual dinner. He selected me, much to my gratification. There were seventeen at dinner, with Prince Albert in the chair. The dinner was at the Thatched House Tavern, famous long ago for the

meetings of Ben. Johnson and other renowned banqueters, whose "wit sparkled like salt in fire." The Council of the Royal Geographical Society, and the sober-minded prince consort, were not enticed away by the genius of the place from a solid discussion of scientific explorations. The dinner was faultless, and the propriety of the occasion was maintained with a dignity bordering on solemnity.

Dr. Ashburner, a rather noted physician, a gentleman of considerable literary culture, the translator of Von Reichenback's book on "Odic Light," called on me after I had been in London a few days and kindly invited me to dine. He was living in a pretentious house near the main entrance of Hyde Park, and seemed to have a lucrative practice. His wife was very able and decidedly skeptical about the doctor's spiritualistic views. She ridiculed with caustic sarcasm his belief in "spirit rappings," and if her criticisms of Von Reichenbach's visionary philosophy could have been published in the *Times* they would have made a sensation. At the house of Dr. Ashburner I met several London physicians who were believers, or half believers, in the new theory and practice of communicating with the spirits of the dead by means of taps on tables. Some of them are still living and filling high places, and would not like to have their names mentioned in connection with their earlier faith.

Dr. Ashburner introduced me to a Mrs. Hayden, from Boston, who was living with her husband in

Great Queen Anne Street, near Cavendish Square. She was a professional "medium," and was quite the rage at the time. At her house I met several notable men; among others, Lord Brougham, whose big, ugly Scotch face would have made a good mould in which to cast comic, brass door-knockers; and Bulwer, a polished and accomplished dandy, whose novels are sifted over with the diamond dust of sensuousness more seductive to susceptible minds than the shameless realism of Zola. I took to Mrs. Hayden's house, one evening, Mr. Angus Fletcher, whom I had met by chance in the highlands of Scotland, in company with his accomplished sister and her daughter. His mother was the famous Mrs. Fletcher, of Edinburgh, whose house was a literary Mecca at the beginning of the nineteenth century, to which American cultured travelers of an earlier generation, like Edward Everett, were happy to gain admission. Fletcher, who was a great skeptic in such matters, sat down for a seance with the spirits. The first letters rapped out by Mrs. Hayden on the table for him, spelled in full the maiden name of Mrs. Hemans. The old man —rather prematurely old—gasped for breath, threw down a sovereign, leaned heavily on my arm and left the house. He acknowledged to me that he had loved Mrs. Hemans, in his youth, and that she was the only woman he ever had loved. I never could get him to talk about a seance with the spirits afterwards.

By the way, Mr. Fletcher knew a multitude of

nice people in London, and very kindly introduced me to many. Through him I received an invitation to an evening gathering, where, among others, most of the contributors of *Punch* were assembled. My impressions of different ones were so confused that I am unable at this length of time to give any descriptive portraits. Thackeray was present for a short time, and seemed very stately and reserved. A lady remarked to me, with some acerbity: "If Thackeray only had ten thousand a year his dignity would be perfectly overwhelming." Poor woman! He had a towering genius which she could not understand, and a mighty sorrow in his heart of which she knew nothing.

Not long after my arrival in London I made the acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle. He was then in the prime of his manhood, in the full strength of his genius. He invited me to tea, where I saw him and Mrs. Carlyle alone. After tea several people dropped in and Carlyle indulged himself in a very sarcastic, very entertaining, monologue on the beauty and wisdom of silence—beautiful and wise in everybody else in his presence. He was very gracious to me and warmly invited me to visit him every week. At his house, in Chelsea, I met, from time to time, several renowned men of letters. Mill was sometimes present, and Carlyle seemed to delight in aiming at him shafts of ridicule against the "dismal science" of political economy. Sometimes Froude would appear, talkative, smirking, conceited, glancing around with a look that seemed

to say: "Are we not the *dii majores* of English letters?" Once I met there Herbert Spencer, whose intellectual head appeared to me the finest that I ever saw. He looked the god from whose brain, if cleft, might spring another Athene, clothed in light and full armed with wisdom. Mrs. Carlyle would have been the greatest woman in England if she had not been Carlyle's wife. I witnessed many flashes of sarcastic wit between them, but it was like the play of sheet-lightning in the warm evening of summer, not only harmless, but a manifestation of affection between two high-strung, perhaps over-strung, souls. There was a loving something indefinable in it, that Froude could not comprehend, still less describe. The mightiest genius of our times will easily survive the pretentious rhetoric, the complacent candor, of the fervent defender of Henry VIII.

No man was more tolerant of contradiction than Carlyle. One evening when he began his customary monologue on the superiority of silence to speech, I boldly interrupted him with a harangue, something like the following:

"Carlyle talking refutes his own doctrine of silence. To us his speech is as great as the deeds of a hero. We have two eyes, two ears, two feet, two hands, and one tongue—doubtless, that we may see, hear, walk, and do twice as much as we say; yet the organ of speech has its legitimate office and must not be cheated out of its single share. I grant that we have silly talking in mournful

abundance; and have we not, also, silly doing, moving, hearing, seeing, and the silence of fools? As the man is, so will his product be, whether of speech or anything else; his actions will show, and his words report, the quality of his soul. The poet that sings of Agamemnon's deeds must share the hero's fame. Which was the greater, the philosophizing Plato, or the governing Pericles? Was the doing Hildebrand superior to the singing Dante? Was Cromwell, in action, stronger and wiser than Shakspeare in talk? The *Word* created the world, and the tongue of a wise man directs the hands of thousands. Are not the dramas of Goethe equal to the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus? Was not the brain of Scaliger as strong as the hand of Augustus II., the Saxon prince, who twisted the iron bannister of a stairway into a rope? From the highest talk and action to the lowest, there is an infinite gradation, through the good, the instructive, the useful, the prudent, the amusing, the exemplary, the innocent, the weak, the foolish, the stupid, the profane, the conceited, the bigoted, etc. Whoever listens to unwise words, and imitates unwise actions, thereby receives the adequate punishment of his folly. Natural justice is inexorable and exact; it was never designed that we should spend a single moment in the wholly superfluous work of damnation."

This was only one of the sallies, written down shortly afterwards, in a conversational controversy that lasted most of the evening. Mrs. Carlyle

would clap her hands heartily when her husband seemed to receive a thrust. An Englishman in the company said that the American reminded him of the bull attacking a locomotive; he admired his courage, but could not say as much for his discretion. Carlyle seemed to enjoy the battle very much, and became from that time more cordial with me. At the close of the evening he went down to the door with me, strolled along the street by my side, and waited on the corner till an omnibus came along going in the direction of my lodgings.

Carlyle could laugh more heartily than any man of high culture whom I ever met. One day we were walking from his house, some distance to the Athenæum Club. On the way we were talking of Sir William Hamilton, when he broke out in one of his grotesquely picturesque and sarcastic harangues against the metaphysicians, who always, he said, reminded him of Kilkenny cats. Whereat I interjected a phrase from Sartor Resartus, saying that he must have found peace when he saw the last tail disappear. He turned twice around and laughed so loud as to attract the attention of people passing in the street.

Near the close of my sojourn in London, Angus Fletcher came to my rooms, grip-sack in hand, and ordered me, in his impetuous way, to get ready in fifteen minutes, and go with him to Boulogne, to see Dickens, and eat a Christmas dinner with him. Dickens would be alone and expected both of us, for he had written him about it and received a

favorable answer. Fletcher was a friend of both Dickens and his wife, and sometimes was a peace-maker between them. There was not time to procure the *visé* of the French consul to my passport, so I could not go. I was especially grieved, for an opportunity of seeing the great English novelist, the most human and the most humane of modern writers, under such favorable circumstances, was not likely to recur. In fact, I never had the good fortune to meet Dickens.

Between Christmas and New Year's I left London for Paris. My stay there of three months had been full of toil as well as pleasure. I had translated M. Victor Cousin's "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good," as mentioned before, which made an octavo volume of goodly dimensions, the printers following me day by day as my work went rapidly on. An Edinburgh house published the book, and proofs were sent me every evening by mail. Other literary work was also done during the three months. The sights of London were seen with the industry of an enthusiastic tourist, and much time was devoted to social enjoyment. My labor with the pen, during that period, paid me at the time and subsequently not less than a thousand guineas. I felt grateful to the British people, and conceived for London a great liking, which has only increased with visits since made. London is the metropolis of the world, where everything under the sun is to be had by him who can pay for it and knows how to find it.

I took with me to Paris a letter of introduction to Madame Mohl, from my good friend Angus Fletcher. That letter was a key to unlock good Parisian society. M. Mohl, the husband of Madame Mohl, was one of the immortal forty of the French Academy. He was a great oriental scholar, whose excellent translations from the Persian were published in magnificent volumes by the French government. The salon of Madame Mohl was frequented by the scholars and wits of the French metropolis. The delivery of my letter was promptly followed by a visit from M. Mohl and an invitation. Madame, the most caustic, the most brilliant, the homeliest, perhaps the most eccentric woman in the high society of Paris, received me graciously and extended to me an invitation to attend her weekly receptions. She was Scotch by birth, but was educated in Paris and had always lived there. Madame Mohl was the successor to Madame Recamier, and hers may be regarded as the last salon of an earlier *régime*. There were assembled weekly a society that despised Louis Napoleon, and would not accept his invitations to the Tuileries. There I heard the most polished women of Europe speak of the Emperor contemptuously as *celui-la*, that fellow; and sometimes of him, as *ce singe-la*, that monkey. Such words may have been reported to him, but he was too wise to stir up a tempest in the Faubourg St. Germain by arresting accomplished ladies, of noble birth, for a personal, and not a political, offense. Besides, he was anxious to conciliate the great

divinities of the French Academy. He was himself a recent product of revolutionary France, and had no secret tribunal, like the Czar of Russia, as a convenient instrumentality for the punishment of his personal enemies.

It is not, however, my purpose to give an especial account of Madame Mohl's salon. It was described at great length and with interesting details, a year or two ago, in several consecutive numbers of the "Atlantic Monthly," by Catharine O'Meara. I can endorse nearly all that the writer says, from personal recollection.

The only Americans I met there were a Mrs. ——— and her three accomplished daughters, from Boston. One of the daughters subsequently married Dr. Pantaleone, an Italian, from Rome, which greatly incensed Madame Mohl, who hated all Italians. She could hardly restrain herself within the bounds of social propriety whenever she chanced to meet one. For her, they were all *canaille*. Mrs. ——— was a very amiable lady and took me to see Charpentier, and other famous French publishers, with whom she seemed to be on an especially good footing.

Madame Mohl took me to the annual meeting of the French Academy, where I saw the immortal "forty" in all their glory. They looked like very dignified, intelligent gentlemen, most of them advanced in years, and more or less gray. The handsome face of Guizot was especially striking. He looked like a pragmatic pedagogue, with learning

and brains enough to give a substantial basis to his pedantry. M. Villemain was one of the homeliest of the lot, but in his rugged face one could read the record of an honest scholar and trace the play of refined wit. An *éloge* was pronounced by somebody on somebody; I have forgotten the names. That kind of literature is to me the dreariest that France has produced.

Madame Mohl passed me on to Madame Tourgénieff, the elegant and accomplished wife of the famous Russian writer. Madame Tourgénieff's salon was a center of excellent Parisian and foreign literary society. She gave me a standing invitation for the season. I had the pleasure of introducing to her ex-Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, who was passing through Paris, on his way as United States minister to St. Petersburg; also Mr. Sanford, the accomplished American secretary of legation.

At the house of Mrs. Chapman I met many noted Americans, among others, "Peter Parley"—Mr. Goodrich, and his family, who was then consul at Paris. His son, Frank, was an especially bright young man, with whom I afterwards became associated at New York, in the translation of Balzac.

M. Cousin, minister of public instruction under Louis Philippe, several of whose books I had translated, was not in harmony with the government of Napoleon III., but was allowed to retain his rooms at the Sorbonne, where I visited him every Saturday afternoon during my residence in Paris. Forgetting his own philosophic doctrine of the inde-

structibility of national life by change of dynasty, a doctrine borrowed from Hegel, he was very gloomy and despaired of France. If he could have heard again the echo of his own eloquent voice in the lecture room of the Sorbonne, he probably would have been consoled. His former colleagues, MM. Villemain and Guizot, were proscribed like himself, but bore their misfortune with more equanimity. I usually met M. Cousin's accomplished and able private secretary, M. Barni, at his rooms. M. Barni, sometime afterwards, published at Geneva and London twelve lectures, entitled *Napoléon et son Historien, M. Thiers*, which is probably the most vigorous piece of destructive criticism in the French language, perhaps in all literature. I remember him as a quiet, modest gentleman, with compact body, large head and intellectual face, recalling in several ways Macaulay.

When I went to take leave of M. Cousin, on my return to America, in the spring, he made to me a very amusing little speech—amusing to me, sincere enough on his part. He kissed me on both cheeks, after the French fashion, and said among other things: "Do not fall into the great tide of materialism in America; persevere in the study of spiritualistic philosophy; in short, follow the great examples of your distinguished countrymen, George Washington and Professor Tappan."

I became acquainted with M. Lamartine, I cannot recall at present how, and frequently visited him. His wife was an Englishwoman, of fine

presence, good looking, sensible, accomplished and charming. She was the only balance-wheel that the fervid, egotistical, brilliant Frenchman had. Madame Mohl told me a good anecdote of Lamartine, which I have never seen in print. She met him at a social gathering one evening during the revolutionary period previous to the *coup d'état.* Thinking to compliment him, she said to him: "Monsieur Lamartine, we expect soon to see you President of the French Republic." He was not at all complimented, but drew himself up and responded: "No, madame, that honor is reserved for Monsieur Victor Hugo; I am to be President of the Universal European Republic." I was talking one evening with M. Lamartine and his wife, when a page from *Le Temps* newspaper called for promised copy. He had not written a word of it. Requesting me to continue my conversation with Madame, he seated himself at his writing desk and within thirty minutes handed the page a bundle of manuscript which made over two columns of sprightly reading matter in the newspaper of the next morning. As Carlyle said of Sir Walter Scott, Lamartine was a great extemporaneous writer. Later on, the same evening, appeared a stately American woman, in full court costume, on her way to a ball at the Tuileries. The object of her call was to let the Lamartines, with whom she had some acquaintance, see her in a new dress.

Her husband was Captain Bartlett, of the U. S. navy. Captain Bartlett happened to be at San

Francisco, with his vessel, during the gold fever of "'49," sold out his ship's stores at a fabulous price, dropped down the coast to a South American port, there replaced his stores at a normal price and yielded to the temptation of putting the difference in his own pocket; for which he was duly cashiered, but an easy-going, ante-bellum administration broke his fall by giving him some kind of a commission to purchase in Paris apparatus for light-houses. I had a letter of introduction to him from a surgeon in the navy, whom I met at Edinburgh. At the Bartlett's elegant apartments, on the Champs Elysées, I had met some notable people, among others, the Count de Chambord. I frequently saw there a very beautiful young daughter, still in short dresses and at school, who, some years afterwards, married the little swarthy Cuban, Oviedo, twice her age, reported to be very rich, and thus became the heroine of the once famous "diamond wedding," in New York, which turned out ill for all concerned.

At Paris I went to all kinds of balls, from the *soirées dansantes* of ladies in high society, all the way down to the orgies of the Jardin d'Hivers and the annual masquerade of the Grand Opera. A ball at the Hotel de Ville was the most magnificent I ever attended. At a ball given by M. Pececho, the Spanish ambassador, I saw the American minister, who could speak no French, who had some conversation with me, with his own secretary of legation, with a very beautiful creole

lady from New Orleans, and with his host, who could speak English. He talked with no others. I saw him leaning against the wall, cross-legged, near a door, which he partly obstructed. He was an able, very worthy gentleman, sadly out of place in the diplomatic service, for which he had no aptitude, no training. A year or two afterwards his daughter, an accomplished young woman, a pattern of filial devotion, woke me up one morning, at Nice, in Italy, saying that she had just arrived with her father, who had had a stroke of palsy, who would not go to sleep without some English muffins, which the hotel people knew nothing about, and asked me in a piteous way, where she could find some. I happened to have a servant, the English wife of a Swiss courier, who helped her to what she wanted. Whether the muffins acted as a hypnotic I never learned.

The first time I visited Pere-la-Chaise was as one of the fourteen followers of De Lammennais to his grave. After a life of controversy he had reached his final rest. He was one of the most gifted men in France, but did not succeed, as no man has ever succeeded, in making the world believe that his own mind was the yard-stick of the universe, to measure all things, the Church as well as the State. In his last days he had been despondent and, I was informed, somewhat reckless. He was under the ban of the Church, and some one, I have forgotten who, pronounced a funeral oration at his sepulture.

At the famous Café Procope I fortuitously met, several times, Leon Gambetta, still a mere youth, yet giving presage of the future by his startling words, manner and voice. In a long conversation, late one morning, over a cup of coffee, he denounced the Emperor in the most energetic terms, applying to him epithets of the most opprobrious kind. He cursed the people of France for submitting to such an usurper. I closed the conversation by saying to him: "Young man, in due time, Louis Napoleon will either hang you or you will dethrone him." He smiled happily, and thanked me for thinking so highly of him.

A long essay might be written on the frequenters of the Café Procope—Voltaire, Piron, Marmontel, Rousseau, Sainte Foix, Arago, Gouffroy, and a multitude of others, who have made it the most famous café of France, or the world, but my object here is only to recount my own experiences. Picture galleries, churches, monuments, theatres, libraries, museums, public buildings, historical localities—everything important—received my attention, but these things have been described many times by skilled hands, and I do not allow myself to be-tempted to turn aside from my special object. Paris and London are the most interesting cities of the modern world, about which many books have been written, but I restrict myself to recalling some reminiscences, rather of persons than of things, which are only meant to serve as an introduction to an account of a journey made long afterwards.

Important business called me unexpectedly home in the early spring. I took passage on the ill-fated steamship City of Glasgow, but a slight accident detained me and the agents of the line changed my ticket to the City of Manchester, which sailed a few days later. The passage was of eighteen days duration, against a fierce battalion of equinoctial gales. The Glasgow was never heard of after sailing from Liverpool. Sometimes one's life hangs by a slender thread of circumstance, admonishing us to treat with gravity our smallest actions. Whether it would have been better for me to have perished with the ship in the great deep, He only knows by whom the hairs of our head are numbered.

Thus ended my freshman year in the great university of the world.

CHAPTER II.

SECOND JOURNEY.

In about six weeks I returned to Europe, prepared for a long sojourn. Again I went over Scotland and England, very hurriedly, remaining only a week in London before going to the Continent.

I crossed the Channel to Calais, and went through Belgium to Cologne, stopping at Ghent, Louvain, Brussels and Aachen. Cologne Cathedral was not then finished and the view of its exterior was much obstructed by the lofty scaffolding around the tapering spire. There was first seen the Rhine, up which I sailed to Mainz, stopping at the placid university town of Bonn, and longer at Coblenz, nestling at the mouth of the Moselle, in the midst of rocky heights, opposite the Castle of Ehrenbneitstein, and not far from Stoltzenfels, the fine summer residence of the Prussian kings. The banks of the river were terraced far up with vineyards of world-wide fame.

Mainz—Mayence—was then occupied by Austrian troops, in the name of the German Confederation. From there I went on by railroad to Heidelberg and Baden; thence to Basel, from which I struck

off through the Jura mountains to Lausanne, in Switzerland. The Alps were first seen from the heights above Lausanne, looking like a long line of heavy clouds, capped with white, and pregnant with lightning. The particular spot where Gibbon wrote his mighty history, as great in literature as the Alps are in nature, was reverently visited. From Lausanne I went on, over beautiful Lake Leman, to Geneva. One of the first things I did there was to make a pilgrimage to Ferney, where Voltaire lived so many years, stirring up all Europe with a literature abounding in amazing wealth of sarcastic denunciation of what he regarded as oppression, wrong, inhumanity, error and superstition.

From Geneva, as a starting point, I went all over Switzerland. There was not a single railroad in the whole country at that time. Little steamers on the numerous lakes afforded pleasant means of traveling. I drove in a carriage over almost every important road, from the border of France to the boundary of the Tyrol, stopping at night in wayside inns. It was a far more satisfactory way of traveling than hurrying nowadays from town to town in a railroad train, and hunting among a tired crowd for a place of rest in a great caravansary, whose rapacious landlord measures your bill by his sharp judgment of your capacity to pay. If one wishes to enjoy the incomparable scenery of Switzerland, let him seek out some byway, free from the rush and roar of the everlasting army of tourists and sight-seers. Thirty years ago one could enjoy

the grand view from the Rhigi or the Col de Furca, alone with the reverence and silence of nature, without listening to the rattle of the diligence, the scream of the locomotive's whistle, or a babel of exclamations. The Alpine Club are fortunate in possessing stronger legs than the multitude.

At Geneva I got interested in the study of John Calvin's work as a law-giver, as a ruler of men, the records of which are found in the archives of the cathedral. His book called the "Institutes," which I read in the original, which is reckoned great by hard-headed theologians, is to me far less indicative of genius than his ability to govern in a grim theocratic way the rascally Genevese of his day, to subject them to discipline, to reduce a turbulent and licentious multitude to order and decency of living. He made them listen to a tongue of fire, that had "a snatch of Tartarus and the souls in bale," and shook them over the roaring pit with a red hand of iron, till he terrified them out of their groveling sins and compelled them to obey the eternal law of God. The more I delved into the old records, the more I marveled at and admired the gifted, fervid Frenchman, who could make a beautiful little cosmos out of a morally putrescent human chaos. The oft-told story of Servetus had terribly prejudiced me against John Calvin, but an earnest study of his real work partly converted me to the other side. A wandering theosophist comes along, preaching not only what Calvin regarded as damnable heresy, but proclaiming

theories of life calculated to subvert the wholesome moral order wrought out in the Genevese community by their pastor and theocratic ruler. The very foundations of the State, as well as of the Church, were threatened. Something must be done. Nothing occurred to Calvin to do but to follow the many examples of his hard age, to put the dangerous theosophist on top of a wood-pile and burn him up. Emmanuel Swedenborg, in recounting one of his visionary journeys to the unseen world, says he saw John Calvin in hell, driving a donkey in a cart. Whether the ignominious punishment was for burning Servetus, Swedenborg does not inform us.

I saw at Geneva only one man of any celebrity. M. Merle d'Aubigne, who had written voluminously about the Reformation, called on me. He was an exceedingly pleasant gentleman, a good talker, but his conversation, like his ambitious book, was spiced with romance; not consciously so, but his information was not exhaustive and exact, and he easily believed what he wished to be true.

I was right glad that my craze over John Calvin, as an American friend called it, kept me in Switzerland till far into December, for the grand and beautiful country is still more grand and beautiful in winter than in summer. The crowd of warm weather visitors had all gone, and the people were seen to far better advantage alone than when studying up ways of plucking birds of passage from other lands. A drive to Mont Blanc, in a

sleigh, during the shortest days of winter, closed a glorious summer and gilded autumn among the Alps.

Leaving the wonder-land, where the eye and the imagination wanders among "silver spires, alabaster domes, illumination of all gems," I descended the valley of the Rhone, through its leafless vineyards, duly stopping at Lyons and half sacred Avignon, in time to reach Marseille at the beginning of another year. Marseille is an old city, older than Paris, founded by the Greeks not long after the time when the fabled Romulus and Remus were nursed by a female wolf on the site of future Rome.

It was a long journey by diligence from Marseille to Nice, where I spent the rest of the winter. The transition from frozen Switzerland to the warm and sunny shore of the Mediterranean was both agreeable and wholesome. At Nice I saw ex-President Van Buren, then old and rather feeble. He retained his usual suavity of manner and foxy wariness of speech. The cares of state, or rather of crafty politics, had not worn him much; he was approaching his end, simply because he had about lived out his allotted days. He was a relative of mine, on my mother's side, and proposed to leave his political papers in my charge on his death. I never heard of his political papers afterwards. He returned to America, and lived several years longer.

On the first day of spring, when the orange-trees were in blossom, when the grass was green

in the fields, when the roses were blooming in the gardens, I left Nice for Turin. The intervening mountains were bleak with winter winds, and the whole upper valley of the Po was flooded with melting snow. It was a poor time to visit the interesting capital of the Kingdom of Sardinia. I had the good fortune to see Count Cavour, and hear him make a speech in the Senate. He spoke a little over an hour, with scarcely a gesture, standing erect and motionless like a statue, with a deep, clear voice,. nicely modulated to the space it was to fill, his discourse flowing constantly, like a strong fountain. He was of medium size, strikingly well formed, with features regular as if cut with a chisel in marble. He has always seemed to me the greatest statesman of our time. It was fortunate for Italy that he lived long enough to lay the solid foundation of her unity.

From Turin I went to Alexandria, and thence northward to the terminus of the railroad at a little village on the western shore of Lake Maggiore. It was raining fearfully on my arrival, and a bitter wind was blowing from the great, white, snow-clad Alps. At the only inn of the village I enquired the price of a room. One always makes such an enquiry in Italy, if he is at all prudent. The proprietor said it was twenty francs a day, not including meals. I told him I would not pay the extortionate price. He shrugged his shoulders and responded that there was no other hotel in the place, and that the train did not return till the

next day, at the same time directing attention to the driving rain outside. I took my gripsack in my hand and walked down to the shore of the lake, where I bargained with three fishermen, who had a strong boat, to row me to the other side. I took the helm and the three stalwart fellows rowed bravely through the waves three miles to a town on the opposite shore. They hurried away on landing, and I was taken in charge by two Austrian soldiers, who conducted me, dripping wet, before the commandant of the border military post. My passport was promptly demanded, which had been recently *viséd* at Turin by the American charge d'affairs and the Austrian ambassador. The officer was not satisfied with the passport alone, but subjected me to a searching cross-examination, questioning me by turns in German, English, French, and Italian. It happened that I could answer him in whatever speech he used. His questions were answered promptly and courteously. At length I explained to him how I came to cross the frontier between Italy and Austrian territory at such an inauspicious time. In a sort of apologetic way he said that political propagandists resorted to any means of entering the country, and that he was obliged to obey orders by exercising a sharp scrutiny. I responded, a little significantly, that I was not an enemy of Austria, especially while in Austria, and requested him to send a soldier with me to show me to the best hotel. Taking my leave, I invited him to call on me at the hotel and drink

a bottle of wine with me. He sent up his card in the evening, and we had a long, pleasant, conversation over a bottle of sparkling d'Asti, during which he told me a good deal more about the relations of Austria and Italy than his government would have approved. He was an educated, intelligent gentleman, and our mutual civility and geniality were much more creditable to both of us than would have been a strained relationship, easily conceivable with a little loss of temper, that might have involved our governments in a belligerent correspondence. Austria was then very touchy towards Americans.

Next day the Italian sun shone out brightly and nature smiled sweetly, warmly. I went on to Como, Milan, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice. These cities of Lombardy are among the most interesting in Europe; but, tempting as the subject is, I cannot describe them here. They recall the tumultuous history of twenty centuries, and still contain the monuments and art treasures of many vanished generations. Since my first journey there they have passed from the dominion of Austria to that of united Italy, the land where the "orange and the citron bloom," the land "divided by the Apennines and surrounded by the sea," as Goethe and Pindemonte sang. In a subsequent chapter, I shall recur to the subject, in fuller detail.

One picture, among many that I saw in Venice, struck my imagination very vividly and has been a mental possession for me ever since; that was a

portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, by Titian, in the private gallery of the Manfrini palace. Even now, after more than thirty years, I can shut my eyes and contemplate it in all its exquisite details. Afterwards, at Rome, I added to my private gallery, Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome," and the "Taking down from the Cross," of Daniele da Volterra. Again, at Dresden, I added Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto." This little collection of great pictures, hung imperishably in my brain, I would not exchange for any gallery in the world. In the night, when I cannot sleep, I only have to close my eyes firmly in order to *see* my precious pictures, which I expect to carry with me into the next world. This may be a species of madness; if it is, I prefer it to sanity.

From Venice I retraced my steps to Milan, took another good look at the grand cathedral, and went over the Apennines to Genoa. A long ride in a diligence, along the enchanting Riviera, brought me again to Nice. My journey through all northern Italy had been rapidly made, but it had taught me many things. I began to realize how little travelers see, who are not students of history, whose eyes have not been unsealed by the great poets and painters to the mysterious beauties of nature. The soul of the world reveals something of itself to the seer, only a shadowy little of which can he convey to others by means of color, form, or winged words.

From Nice I went back over the Riviera, in a

carriage, slowly, driving only by day, so as not to miss a single mile of the lovely views over mountain, rocky shore, and sunlit sea. Genoa was more carefully inspected than before. I drove on to Spezia, to Lucca, to Pisa. At Pisa, the frescoes of Ghirlandaio, in the Campo Santo, were infinitely more interesting to me than the famous Leaning Tower.

The air was becoming hot with the sun and I went up to the Bagni de Lucca, in the Apennines, to spend the summer. At the Baths of Lucca was then the summer residence of the Tuscan Court. Consequently the place was much frequented in the hot season. It was a lovely spot, in a deep mountain valley, by a rapid little river, whose singing waters were clear as crystal; in the midst of interminable soft-green groves of chestnuts, which furnished shade and food for the poor people. There I devoted several months, under a good master, to a critical study of the beautiful Italian language, which I could already speak and read tolerably well. All went merry as a marriage-bell, till the cholera came in August. I saw terrified Italians lie down on the grass by the roadside and die with it in half an hour. Friends, whom one saw well at evening, were dead with it in the morning. Two or three thousand summer visitors fled; no one seemed to know whither. In Florence, fifty miles away, over fifteen per cent. of the population perished with the pestilence. I went with the brave good parish priest, day after day,

to visit his dying people. By-and-by, I, too, had the disease. My friend, the priest, came to see me and offer the consolations of religion. "Do you think, good father," I said to him, "if I were to die now, God would damn me?" He looked at me pathetically, and reponded: "I don't know; I know I would not; and God is better than I am."

However, I survived, and went down to Leghorn in early autumn, to take sea baths, which had been recommended for the debilitating effects of the disease. From there I went to Florence, and spent two glorious months in the study of art.

From Florence I drove slowly to Rome, by the way of Perugia. Along every mile of the way, skirting the Apennines, I saw pictures more beautiful than any adorning the walls of the galleries in Florence. In Florence, however, I first learned to appreciate sculpture. It is wonderful how much man can tell his fellow-man by exquisite forms cut in marble. Beauty, too, which no language can define, has an objective reality, quite as apparent in sculpture as in painting, poetry or nature. Music is a world apart, but I do not propose to enter here a temple not built with hands, eternal in the heavens. The great musicians are only the doorkeepers in this house of the Lord. How vibrations in the air can get through the ear to become joy or worship in the soul, is a mystery that may be felt, but cannot be explained.

It is impossible to describe one's feelings at the first sight of Rome. The "eternal city" is the

center of the world. All history revolves around it. A complete history of Rome is a history of mankind. In this rapid sketch I can only describe a few of my own experiences. I remained there till the close of Holy Week, industriously devoting every day, for many months, to a study of Rome's ruins, antiquities, museums, churches, and treasures of art. The vastness of Rome at first discouraged me, but working like the elements, "making no haste, taking no rest," added little by little to my conquest of knowledge.

Rome did for me in architecture what Florence had done for me in sculpture. With the help of Cannina's superb drawings I reconstructed, in imagination, all the important buildings of ancient Rome, out of their ruins. The dull details of the guide-book, bewildering and stupefying when studied alone, afforded clews that led up to fruitful results when followed with the aid of books of real genius. Dead ruins seemed to stir with life when viewed in the light shed on them by Goethe, and miscellaneous miles of broken marble figures in the Vatican seemed to have a resurrection when breathed upon by the spirit of Winckelmann. But it is not my business to describe here the Colosseum or St. Peter's, the Column of Trajan, or the Catacombs. Books descriptive of Rome already exist in great abundance, and I must not linger too long in the midst of personal reminiscences, designed only to serve as an introduction to an account of my recent journey round the world.

There were at Rome many eminent artists, who were very polite to travelers, among whom I formed several very pleasant acquaintances. Their society was especially useful to a student who was not contented with mere guide-book information.

At Rome I made the acquaintance of Mr. Lowell, already famous as a man of letters. I took him with me to visit the Prince Torlonia, in whose library we spent several hours looking over a curious collection of Roman newspapers and political handbills, made during the recent revolution. I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Lowell and his sister, Mrs. Putnam, who had written a very able article, in the *North American Review*, on Hungary, which attracted a great deal of attention at the time. While at dinner the card of Mr. Cass, the American minister, was brought in. Mr. and Mrs. Putnam excused themselves, in order to meet him in the reception room. They soon returned in a state of high indignation. Mr. Cass had sent up his card from his carriage, without following it in person. The American minister gave me occasion afterwards to sharply rebuke him for such supercilious treatment of distinguished people from his own country. He laid the matter very much to heart and endeavored to conciliate me by issuing to me a special passport, as bearer of despatches from the American Legation at Rome to the American Legation at Vienna. The document was subsequently of some use to me in the way of preventing examination of my

baggage, by custom-house officers, at various frontiers.

At Rome I met ex-President Fillmore, who was socially a very pleasant gentleman. He spent the evening before his departure at my rooms, remaining till the small hours of the morning. A convention at Baltimore had just nominated him as the candidate of the American Party for President. Notwithstanding his long political experience, he really believed that his chances of election were good. I advised him, as a personal, not political, friend, to keep his mouth reasonably well closed on his arrival home. He soon forgot the admonition in his suicidal Albany speech.

From Rome I went to Naples, rapidly, with post-horses. There I remained several weeks, making excursions to all points of interest in the neighborhood. In strange contrast with the squalid city was the scenery, which is not surpassed in all the world for magnificence and beauty. One excursion to Sicily lasted ten days. I landed at Palermo, crossed the island with post-horses, round the base of Mount Etna, to Catania, and thence along the ravishing shore of the sea to Messina. I think the view at Taormina was the loveliest that I have ever seen. From Messina I crossed over to Reggio, the southernmost city of Italy, from whose orange groves the view, at morning and evening, along the eastern shore of Sicily, with smoking Mount Etna in the distance, was enchanting as one's dreams of paradise. At Reggio I embarked

on a dirty little Neapolitan steamer, which stopped at every port on the Calabrian coast, on the way to Naples, for the purpose of picking up conscripts for King Bomba's army. The pleasure of seeing a coast, three hundred miles long, almost as beautiful as the Bay of Naples, rarely visited by travelers, compensated me for the garlic smells and extreme discomfort of the ship.

At Naples I met, among others, the American minister, Robert Dale Owen, a cultivated, vivacious, agreeable gentleman. I had seen his father, the enthusiastic reformer, in his old age, during my first visit to London. The aged hero of New Lanark had lived all his life an atheist, but the Mrs. Hayden, of whom I have already spoken, had restored for him God to the universe and the soul to man, by rapping on a table in her mystic cabinet. Robert Dale Owen, finally, many years afterwards, went clean daft in his unquestioning devotion to "spirits" that revisit "the glimpses of the moon."

The sun was mounting the heavens and I hastened northward with post-horses, through Rome, Sienna, Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Mantua, to Verona. At that point I turned off and again visited Venice. Returning westward to the lower end of Lago di Garda, I took a boat and sailed sixty miles into the bosom of the Alps, then resumed my post horses and went to Trent, famous in ecclesiastical history; thence to Botzen, where I turned off through a long, circuitous,

magnificent mountain valley, famed for delightful Tyrolese towns and the scenes of Hofer's heroism, finally coming out at Innsbruck.

At Mals, on the way, I engaged of an innkeeper a suitable vehicle and went over the Stelvio Pass to the Baths of Bormio, in Italy. It is the highest road in Europe, thirty-five miles long, built by the Austrian government, for military purposes, at a cost of thirty-five millions of florins. The vast Oertler glacier, the grandest in all the Alps, was seen from all points of view, while ascending the mighty mountain, in places steep as a house-roof, by a series of zigzags made with engineering skill. If you can imagine Niagara Falls to be twenty times higher, several times wider, many times vaster in every way, and to be suddenly frozen solid, you can form some conception of the Oertler glacier. Human speech cannot describe the grandeur of the view from the top of the Pass. On the Italian side, slender, rocky mountain spires, ice-clad in all their depressed inter-spaces, looked like a city of cathedrals in the sky, extending on either hand as far as the eye could reach. With a good glass, one could see the marble dome of Milan Cathedral and the waters of the Mediterranean flashing in the southern sun. In strange contrast, the forests of the Tyrolese side presented an interminable sea of softest green, broken here and there by cleared spaces with their villages, like irregular patches of gold set in emerald.

My driver proved to be a drunkard. He nursed

a black bottle all the way up the mountain, and when we reached the summit he was not in a condition to guide his horses along a precipice more than fifteen hundred feet plumb down. Neither would he give up the reins to me. The only alternative was to pitch him out into the snow and drive myself. I drove down on the Italian side till I reached the first Austrian military station, three miles below, where my experience was very like that already described, on crossing Lago Maggiore. The enraged driver came up on foot while I was drinking a bottle of wine with the commandant of the station. At my request he was locked up in the guard-house, on bread and water, and the polite Austrian officer detailed a soldier to drive me down to Bormio. The next morning, on my return, the fellow was let out, quite sober and very penitent. He drove me back to Mals, without further mishap.

The journey of two days over the Stelvio and back was an episode of the long journey from Botzen to Innsbruck.

From Innsbruck I went on to Salzburg, through a region both picturesque and famous for its extensive salt works. The cathedral bells chimed forth, every quarter of an hour, a snatch of Mozart's lyric music, as if welcoming me and inviting me to tarry.

It was not far to Ischl, in Upper Austria, where the imperial court was already assembled in summer. I remained there till the beginning of autumn,

making delightful excursions, far and wide, among the Styrian Alps. In one of these excursions I fell upon the Austrian Emperor and his suite of jägers. We took a mid-day meal in a mountain inn, at a common table. It was the custom of the dull host to collect a florin from each guest during the meal. The good-natured Emperor handed a florin over his shoulder, remarking: "I suppose I must pay here like the rest." The handsome Empress, an excellent horsewoman, looked very gay with her attendants, as the shadows began to stretch themselves across the picturesque roads in the after part of the day. Ischl is really one of the most charming summer resorts in all Europe.

As summer ended I went back to Salzburg, thence by Königsee, the pearl of lakes, set in lofty mountains, and Rosenheim, to Munich (München), where I remained a fortnight to study the products of the new school of Bavarian art. It amused me very much to see in a fresco, on the wall of a recently built church, the devil painted with the head of Goethe. The great German poet will live long after frescoes and church have crumbled into dust. It is not worth while to lose temper over such impotent attempts to defame immortal genius.

At Augsburg I spent a couple of days with the best connoisseur of wine in all Europe, who kept an excellent hotel in the ancient palace of the Fuggers, the Rothschilds of the middle ages. He was an excellent classical scholar, and had searched

through the poets of antiquity for apt passages to quote in his wine list, which made a thick pamphlet.

I then went to Donauwerth, the head of navigation on the Danube, and embarked for Ratisbon (Regensberg). At that superb old city I remained several days, to inspect the best preserved torture chamber in Germany, and to study King Louis's Walhalla, which is an exact reproduction of the Parthenon. One essential thing was wanting, to-wit, the clear sky, the "pellucid air," of Greece. Long afterwards, when among the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens I was trying to reconstruct the Parthenon, in imagination, a clear memory of the Walhalla served me well.

Down the beautiful "blue" Danube I went to gay Vienna, passing castles and dorfs, vineyards loaded with purple grapes, and convents crowning the wooded hills, in the midst of scenery surpassing that of the Rhine. The high society of Vienna is the coyest of any capital in Europe. At Rome I had been a guest at receptions and balls in princely houses, but at Vienna I received but one invitation. The Congress of Scientists, from all parts of the world, held a meeting that year in the Austrian capital. Count Thun, the minister of public instruction, gave a great ball in honor of the congress. I was present and saw the élite of scientific Europe, as well as many of the Austrian nobles. The Emperor and Empress appeared for a few minutes.

It is not a part of my plan to describe Vienna here. The elder Strauss, a small jumping frog of a man, animated to his finger ends with the spirit of lively music, was then living, and I went often to hear his well-trained band play in the open air. The cathedral of St. Stephen's, the great park of the Prater, and the beautiful suburbs, received the attention of an enthusiastic tourist. All Vienna seemed to dance every night in the great beer halls, some of which ran far and wide underground, beneath the streets.

From Vienna I went on down the swift-flowing Danube to Buda-Pesth, in Hungary. There I saw the Emperor Franz Joseph, and his brother, Maximillian, who subsequently met his fate in Mexico under the auspices of Louis Napoleon, disembark from the royal yacht and drive up the long hill to the castle of Buda. The two, sitting side by side, drove in an open barouche, without guards or attendants. The multitude was so dense that they frequently crowded persons in front between the wheels of the barouche, when the attentively observing monarch would touch the coachman with a light bamboo cane, as a signal to stop, till the unfortunates could extricate themselves. There was not, at that time, another sovereign in all Europe who would have thus trusted himself to his own people. And that, too, was not very long after the great Hungarian revolution. The young men were brave, and the high-strung Hungarians would not disgrace themselves

by touching a hair of the undefended Emperor's head, although at heart they might have hated him.

I took with me to Hungary Mr. Olmsted, of Hartford, father of the well known landscape architect, and his two daughters, whom I had met at Rome. At that time it was necessary to obtain a special permit to visit Hungary, from the Austrian police department at Vienna, in exchange for which one's regular passport was deposited. Mr. Olmsted's name had been found among the papers of Brace, who had been arrested in Hungary a year or two previously for violating some Austrian police regulation. The affair led to sharp correspondence between the governments of Vienna and Washington. For that reason the police authorities refused Mr. Olmsted a permit, although his passport was perfectly regular. I interceded in his behalf, and explained that the only offense of Mr. Olmsted was having innocently lent some money to his townsman, Brace. Still the obstinate head of police was inexorable; yet, in consideration of my good record in crossing the Austrian frontier under especially trying circumstances, he would insert Mr. Olmsted's name in my permit, if I would be personally responsible for him. All this seemed very ridiculous to an American, but it was the only way in which my friend could go to Hungary.

From Buda-Pesth I retraced my steps to Vienna, and went on, by the way of Prague and the Saxon Switzerland, to Dresden. On the way I responded

to a masonic sign from a Turkish gentleman, who proved to be the finance minister of the Sultan, going to Berlin, on some special business of his government. He was an exceedingly polished gentleman, well-informed, with the characteristically unimpassioned manner of all high-bred orientals. My training with Bell, and his financial friends at London, had prepared me for engaging in conversation with the Turkish official on his especial topic.

A Russian professor and his wife, from Moscow, who had been to the Scientific Congress at Vienna, entertained me, on the same journey, with an exceedingly intelligent and interesting account of the progress of university education in their own country. The lady, who was very handsome, very bright, very brilliant in conversation, was a female Thersites, a compound of hornet stings. Her sarcasm was exhaustless. She seemed to be enjoying a holiday from the silence imposed by the atmosphere of her own country, and indulged herself in caustic criticisms of everybody and everything, much to the terror and discomfort of her husband. Conventional politeness did not restrain her polished, envenomed tongue towards an interlocutor. Looking me in the eye, she said in faultless French: "I have traveled in all civilized lands and have never found gentlemen except among the Russians." Imitating the self-poise of my Turkish acquaintance, I responded serenely: "I, too, have traveled in all civilized lands and have everywhere found ladies

except among the Russians." Her husband looked furtively grateful, and the conversation went on as though nothing had happened.

I remained at Dresden several days and then went to Berlin. Things of interest were there seen and an excursion made to Potsdam. The climate of Berlin seemed to me damp, cold and harsh, and I remained there only a fortnight. Besides, the general social atmosphere of the Prussian capital was chilly and repulsive, like the climate itself. I went back to Dresden and took rooms at a hotel for the winter.

At the outset I procured a proper master and entered upon a systematic study of the German language, although I could read it very well and speak it with tolerable fluency already. The society of Dresden was charming, and its rich picture gallery was constantly attractive. The theatre, taken all in all, was then the best in Germany. The best plays of Shakspeare, in Schlegel and Tieck's excellent translation, with such actors as Davidson and Devrienne, were put upon the stage thoughtfully and well. The interpretation of Shakspeare by Gervinus, the best critic of the great dramatist in any language, was carefully studied. Every presentation of a play threw new light upon it from the highest intellectual standpoint. The best dramas of Schiller and Goethe were put upon the stage, to the satisfaction of very exacting audiences.

At Dresden I had opportunity to hear the earlier operas of Glück and others. Elsewhere I

had heard the best later operas rendered by the greatest singers of Europe. The symphonie concerts of Dresden, to which one could get access only by formal invitation, were the finest in the world. At one of these concerts Jenny Lind appeared, whom the royal family went forward from the audience to personally greet. I met Jenny Lind there again, whom I had known quite well in America, having been introduced to her by Mr. Barnum, who, by the way, is much more than the successful showman to those having the honor of his intimate acquaintance.

At Dresden I met Berthold Auerbach, the well-known German novelist. He was a very genial gentleman, short, rather stout, with a decided Hebrew nose, to which race he belonged. He read poetry with fine interpretation of voice and manner. At my rooms he read to me Goethe's lyric poetry by the hour, bringing out the latent meaning with extraordinary elocutionary skill. His wife was a Vienna lady, of the same race, fine-looking, even handsome, with a rather saltpeterish temper. One day they were driving with me in the Grosser Garten, the great park of Dresden, when a sudden quarrel broke out between them, with a sharp fusilade of Hebrew words, which I did not understand. Auerbach asked me to stop the carriage, which I did, and he jumped out, slammed the door to behind him, and ordered the coachman to drive on. The situation was embarrassing. I stopped the carriage again, got out myself, and ascended the

box with the coachman. I left madame at her house with a very formal salutation, and drove home. When I met Auerbach again he was just as cordial as though no such episode had taken place.

I met, at Dresden, Rietschel, the eminent German sculptor. He was a large, bony man, with rugged face, rather taciturn, with the dreamy, far-off look of genius in his sunken eyes. Through Auerbach he offered to present me with my bust, if I would procure for him a proper block of Carrara marble. I did not wish to rest under a heavy obligation to him, and did not feel able to give him a suitable present, costing a thousand dollars, in return, and therefore regretfully declined his generous offer. He was the first sculptor in Germany.

The house of the Frau von Brantenstein was the center of all that was best in the intellectual German society of Dresden. I frequently met there the Baron von Rönne, who had been eighteen years Prussian ambassador at Washington, who had sought the Saxon capital as a pleasant residence on retiring from the diplomatic service. Always with him were his accomplished daughters, fair specimens of the quiet, cultivated, refined, unobtrusive German young ladies of the noble class. Always there was Dr. Karl Andre, formerly editor of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, then one of the writers on the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who frequently entertained the company by reading a skilled summary of some remarkable English book, prepared for

his journal. The husband of Frau von Brantenstein was rich, rather dull, and quite irascible. The bloods of Dresden, for the amusement of the company, would sometimes start a discussion with him, pretend to get vexed at being worsted in the argument, and call him a *Kalbkopf* (a calf-head), in order to provoke him to a comic exhibition of his wrath. On one occasion he lost temper to the extent of seizing a carving-knife, when madame was obliged to interfere, pointing out to him the terrible consequences of shedding the blood of a guest in his own house. After this, I believe, the little comedy was not reenacted.

The English and American residents of Dresden came near being disgraced by a duel. Morris Moore, a wandering correspondent and art critic of the *London Times*, brought to me a letter of introduction; I have now forgotten from whom. He was a man of marked ability and of very pugnacious temper. I showed him especial attention and became rather intimate with him. Sir Arthur Shea, President of the Academy at London, was spending the winter at Dresden, with his family. He and Morris Moore got into a controversy, in the *Times*, about some picture. The controversy became personal and led to a quarrel. They determined to fight a duel over it. Morris Moore applied to me to be his second. Sir Arthur Shea applied to a friend of mine, from Boston. They thought that we, being Americans, would know all about the code. We were both Northern men and

neither of us had ever smelled social gunpowder. We conferred together and determined to prevent a meeting. It was represented to Morris Moore that his art criticisms in the *Times* were regarded as a finality by the whole British public, which it would be absurd to attempt to make more certain by an interchange of shots with any presumptive disputant. It was represented to Sir Arthur Shea that his antagonist had a murderous temper and was a fatal shot; that he had no right to run the risk of leaving his beautiful and all-accomplished wife and daughters to mourn his possibly untimely fate. The belligerents cooled off some, and while we failed to effect a reconciliation we succeeded in bringing about a permanent truce.

Bayard Taylor and Alexander Ziegler called on me at Dresden, and pressingly invited me to go with them to Berlin, for the purpose of visiting Humboldt. It would have delighted me to see the venerable and renowned scientist, but I had lately been to Berlin and had no appetite to go there again at that time. I sympathized heartily with the *London Times*, in its ridicule of some testy Englishman who complained of having been sent away from Berlin by the police; "if he had been detained in Berlin by the police, then he would have had just ground of complaint." So I excused myself. They went, and came back delighted with their visit. Bayard Taylor, especially, could not talk of anything but Humboldt. On his return home he wrote magazine articles about Humboldt,

and lectured on the subject of Humboldt all over the country. By-and-by Humboldt died and his diary was published. At the date of Taylor's visit was a ruthlessly sarcastic entry about the American traveler, who had gone so far about the world to see so little, evidently written on purpose to enjoy the secret luxury of making a caustic antithesis. From that time Taylor ceased to write and lecture about Humboldt, and got laughed at a great deal by malicious paragraphists at home. But it did not hurt him at all. No man of merit can be hurt in that way, though his feelings may be wounded by the injustice. Taylor lived to be sent as American minister to Berlin, where he was received with more consideration than was due to the representative of another government.

In the spring I received a letter from Mr. Bentley, the well known London publisher, announcing that a manuscript book, which I had sent him, had been accepted, and requesting me to come to London and superintend its publication. The book had been written at odd hours during my travels. I started immediately, but lingered by the way at Leipsig, Hanover, and Düsseldorf. I was in London six weeks, in May and June, at the height of the season, but was too busy to visit anybody, except occasionally the Carlyles. I went, however, frequently to hear the debates in Parliament. A respectful note, addressed to some prominent noble lord or distinguished member, sent by mail in the morning, was almost sure to bring a response

the same evening, usually by a page, containing the desired ticket of admission. My book, published anonymously in two volumes, was reasonably successful. Only a few trusted friends know the authorship of it to this day.

From London I went to France, made the tour of Normandy, then hastened to Paris. I remained there till late in autumn. One of the memorable sights in Paris was a grand review of the veteran French army, on its return from the Crimean war. Of one regiment, only three soldiers survived, who marched in their places, with wide intervals, indicating by the vacant spaces the everlastingly absent. I was near the Emperor and saw the tears roll down his cheeks at the pathetic sight.

After the leaves had fallen, I returned to America. My last absence had been nearly four years. My pleasant *Wanderjahre* were ended, and before me was an unknown future of toil.

PART II.

EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

OVER THE SEA.—IMPROVED OCEAN NAVIGATION.

EARLY in the spring of 1887, after an interval of many years, I sailed eastward from New York, determined to realize a long cherished desire of making a journey round the world. The steady, stately, defiant movement of the great steamship, out upon the stormy Atlantic, led to many reflections on the discoveries and inventions of man, on the gradual ascendancy of mind over matter.

Man discovers, but does not create. The mere discovery is, in a certain sense, new, but the *thing* discovered has existed from the beginning of creation. For example, our chemistry is recent, but its facts are as ancient as the universe of matter. Our knowledge of affinities dates back only a century and a half to Geoffrey; our knowledge of the relations of heat and light, back to Boerhaave; our knowledge of gases, back to Hales and Black; of oxygen, scarcely a century, to Priestly; of chlorine, to Scheele; of combining proportion, to Kloproth and Dalton; of electro-chemical laws, to Berzelius; but all of these things, and many others still undiscovered, are as old as

the material universe that was created according to "weight and measure."

The first savage who pried up a stone practically demonstrated, yet in utter ignorance, the old law that was made new to human knowledge by the intellect of Archimedes. When Ajax hurled a "rock's vast weight," the missile obeyed in its flight a law as ancient as the earth, a law that was first construed to thought in the later ages by Torricelli, Pascal, and Wallis. The primary mechanical principles that rule the motion of the planets did not spring into existence with the publication of Newton's Principia. The principle of "varying action" was just as true when Eve plucked the forbidden fruit as when Sir W. R. Hamilton, in our times, deciphered it and translated it into modern science. The same meteorological laws that the simultaneous observations of many patient men, in different parts of the world, are now elaborating, ruled the evening breeze that sighed through the cedars of Lebanon and governed the winds that swept over Salamis and scattered the fleet of Xerxes. Werner's science of minerals did not change the properties of iron, and gold, and quicksilver. It was not the Abbé Hauy, the founder and perfecter of crystalography, who made salt and platinum crystalize in hexahedrons, alum and the diamond in octahedrons. The succession of the strata of the earth was just the same in the days of Pythagoras and Aristotle as when Murchison and Lyell had completed grouping

them in chronological order. The beautiful limbs of Helen looked crooked in the bath, according to the old optical law of refraction, which the world waited many ages for Snell to discover. It was only the other day that Leverier, by mathematical calculation, weighed an unknown planet, in an unknown region of space, measured its orbit, arranged a meeting with it in the heavens, turned his telescope thither at the appointed time and place, and discovered it at the precise moment; yet the planet and the laws whereby it was discovered date from the time when the Almighty created the earth and the stars. It was not the tap of Galileo's foot that set the world turning on its axis. It was not the science of Copernicus that started the planets on their journey round the sun. The lily of the valley, when described by the Redeemer as toiling not, spinning not, yet robed with a glory beyond that of Solomon, bloomed just as sweetly, followed the same laws in its growth as when Linnæus classified plants and the Jussieus pointed out their natural affinities. The Creator, when he walked in the Garden at the cool of evening, was a better botanist than Von Mohl, or Schleiden, or Gray. When swift Achilles leaped and ran he used the muscles, bones and nerves first described in the modern science of anatomy. Bichat and Claude Bernard have only discovered the physiological functions that are as old as organized beings. The sculptor only translates into marble the old forms furnished to

his hand by nature. The best paintings are but shadowy transcripts on canvas of pictures made by Him who hung the rainbow in the sky and foreordained the scenes of real life. The newest piece of architecture, both in its materials and the laws of its structure, is as old as the world. The jurisprudence of the Romans and the Common Law of England are nothing more than the shadows of the Eternal Justice. Plato and Kant only described the laws of mind according to which the first man reasoned in Paradise. The Gospel of Christ was as old as the Maker of heaven and earth: "The Word was in the beginning with God." Omniscient wisdom could forecast the oak in the acorn, and the whole history of the race in the physical and mental organization of the first pair. Electricity was ready to become the swift messenger of mankind long before Benjamin Franklin conducted it from sky to earth by flying his kite in the clouds. Just so far as man discovers and applies to his own needs the forces of the universe, he enters into partnership with the Creator, becomes a god, "knowing good and evil."

And water existed in solid, liquid, and gaseous form, long before the fact became known to mortals. Fire blazed in the sun, flashed in the lightning, and flamed from the volcano, ages before Prometheus revealed it to men. He who first threw water on a heated stone, had before his sealed eyes the problem of steam as a medium of mechanical force. Mankind knew how to chain

Prometheus, but it was long ere they learned how to chain the mightiest product of his priceless gift. Ages passed away before the sons of earth discovered the uses of iron. The carbon generated by the sun was buried deep in earth during countless years, before the slow process of evolution brought the non-human primate to perceive its use as fuel. "Art is long, but time is fleeting," and it was more than sixteen centuries after Hero, who produced rotary motion by causing steam to issue from orifices, when the Spaniard, Blasco de Garay, showed a steamboat in the harbor of Barcelona. At Nuremberg, in 1562, the preacher Mathesius prayed for a man who "raised water by fire and air." It is only a little more than a century since the steam-engine became a serviceable instrument in the hands of Watt. Men fooled away thirty years more of precious time, till 1807, when Robert Fulton made his first voyage, in trying to propel boats by the application of steam to oars, although even the Romans knew how to turn paddle-wheels with oxen and horses. Just half a century ago, the Sirius, from Cork, and the Great Western, from Bristol, made the first voyages to New York, the former in nineteen, the latter in fifteen days. That was the beginning of steam navigation on the ocean. Only fifteen years later I crossed the Atlantic in a paddle-wheel steamer. It was a long way from the steamboat of Blasco de Garay, propelled on the principle of Hero's Ælopile, to the Clermont of Robert Fulton, with which he

sailed from New York to Albany; a long way from the Clermont to the Great Western; a long way from the Great Western to the Niagara, in which I crossed the Atlantic in 1853; and again a long way from the Niagara to the Trave, in which I crossed in 1887. For the interesting history of the transition the reader will have to seek elsewhere.

It must not be forgotten that steam is not a motor-power. The real force is heat generated by combustion of coal, or of other fuel. The steam, or water in the form of vapor, is only the medium through which the real force is transmitted. It is more convenient, more economic in use, than air, or some other gas. The boilers, the engines, the various kinds of apparatus, are only the means of controlling and distributing steam, the vehicle for conveying the heat, the real motor, to the proper point for propelling the ship. In the beginning there was enormous waste of heat, the real motor-power, by reason of the imperfection of the machinery. In 1830, it required the combustion of nine pounds of coal per horse-power, to propel a ship one mile. Now a pound and a half of coal will do the same work.

In the steamships of to-day the heat, generated by the combustion of coal, does many other things besides propelling the boat. Conveyed by the proper apparatus of iron or steel, it enables the officer in charge to steer the ship, simply by turning a crank with one hand. The power,

quickly and easily applied to a dynamo, generates electricity with which the floating palace is lighted, like day, from end to end. It distils wholesome fresh water from the brine of the sea. It loads and unloads the ship. It maintains an arctic temperature in an ample refrigerating chamber, wherein is preserved in a state of purity the most delicate food for a long voyage. It lets go and hauls up the anchor. It pulls, with the force of hundreds of men, on the hawser that binds the ship to the shore. It howls warning in a fog, and calls off the code of signals when boats meet on the highway of the ocean. It warms the cabins in winter, and blows cool air through them in summer. It helps cook the meals, and does everything but keep the log.

Many, who have not given the subject much thought, wonder why among the great number of steamships now on the seas of the world so few are American. There is certainly no want of skill in the marine architects of this country. American seamanship is not at fault. Time was when American captains of clipper ships stood highest at Lloyd's. Thirty or forty years ago the steamers of the Collins line were the favorites on the ocean, and excelled all others in speed. For half a century America stood at the head of the nations in amount of steam-tonnage. As late as 1860, the steam-tonnage of this country was 867,937, while that of Great Britain and all her colonies was only 500,149. Eight years previous it was three

times as much. While our steam-tonnage on inland waters and in the coast trade is still large, our steamships have almost disappeared from the ocean. The causes are not far to seek. America, having plenty of cheap timber, adhered to wood as the material of construction, while England changed to iron and steel. We long adhered to the paddle-wheel, while foreign nations adopted the more economic screw. It is a curious fact that a young Swede of genius built, in London, the first successful screw-steamer, the value of which was not appreciated by the English. Commodore Stockton persuaded the disappointed Swede to migrate to America, where, some time afterwards, his genius saved the republic by the invention of the monitor. The English adopted the screw after Ericsson left and America neglected it. The English had the wisdom to abandon, as early as 1849, the old navigation laws enacted in the time of Cromwell. Our navigation laws, founded upon the British laws, are still adhered to. Great Britain, France, and Germany have encouraged the construction of steamships, by granting lucrative contracts for carrying the mails to foreign countries, or by direct subsidies, while we have protected this home industry by a heavy tariff on all the materials used in ship-building.

A great ocean steamer, like the Etruria, the Trave, the Victoria, or the Ormuz, is perhaps the most striking symbol of our wonderful material civilization. It is the product of all the ages. When

a savage of genius, taught by the attempts and failures of countless generations, dimly handed down by tradition, launched the first successful canoe, a new era dawned upon the struggling race. Unnumbered centuries vanished before the bold Phœnicians sailed through the Pillars of Hercules out upon the Western ocean, or the daring Norsemen rowed their boats over the rough Northern sea to Iceland. As the Roman poet sang:

"In oak or tripple brass his breast was mailed,
Who first committed to the ruthless deep
His fragile bark, nor inly shrank and quailed,
To hear the headlong south-wind fiercely sweep,
With northern blasts to wrestle and to rave;
Nor feared to face the tristful Hyades,
And the wild tyrant of the western wave,
That lifts or calms at will the restless sea."

Inventions "grow by what they feed on," and with accelerated pace comes the floating palace of our day, graceful, swift, beautiful, yet strong enough to keep its course unharmed in a tempest that would destroy any city on earth. The perils of the deep have become less than the perils of land.

I pity the man who finds the voyage across the ocean, in a modern steamship, devoid of interest. He is carried on the most wonderful machine constructed by the genius of mankind. In it are combined the accumulated discoveries of all time. Let him imagine himself to be drawn by six thousand, ten thousand, even twenty thousand horses, all harnessed to a colossal swan, galloping

fourteen, sixteen, eighteen miles an hour, night and day, through storm or calm, and he can begin to form some conception of the mighty power, transmitted millions of years ago from the sun, stored for countless ages in the earth, set free by regulated combustion in the furnaces of the ship, and applied by cunningly contrived and complex machinery to the steady movement of the little world on which he floats. The mariner's compass, under his eye, is itself one of the wonders of the world, with a history stranger than that of Aladdin's lamp. Above him are the bending heavens and the everlasting stars that reveal his location on the sea. Around him is the ocean, "old and gray," hoary with the antiquity of the earth. Beneath him are unfathomable depths, concealing mysteries that will not be revealed till the last day. The perfected ocean steamship is as sublime and beautiful, in its way, as a tragedy of Sophocles, as the Divina Comedia of Dante, as the Faust of Goethe, or the Hamlet of Shakspeare.

More than a hundred thousand people now cross the Atlantic every year, and it would be out of place here to describe an ordinary voyage. The great steamer, moving like the elements, "making no haste, taking no rest," in fog or storm, landed the mails at Southampton, on the eighth day, according to regulation time, then went on to Bremerhaven, where it arrived in the midst of a great downpour of rain. Passengers for the Continent were sent by the steamship company thirty

miles farther by rail, to the city of Bremen, which they reached in less than ten days from the time of starting from the Western Continent. The ends of the earth are brought together by means of the accumulated discoveries of the forces of nature applied to the needs of practical life.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE.

I REMAINED a couple of days in Bremen, for the purpose of rest after an ocean voyage and of exploring an interesting commercial city. Then I went to Hanover, the beautiful capital of a once famous little kingdom, which has given to England its present reigning family. From there I went up the lovely valley of the Weser, through charming Münden and stately Cassel, to Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The guide-books will give ample description of the enjoyable city, renowned for finance and wine. My good host of the Swan showed me the room in his hotel where the treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed in 1871. From Frankfurt I went, through Würzburg, to Munich. The capital of Bavaria had not improved in thirty years. The famous beer was just as good, but a spirit of decay seemed to rest upon the city which, thirty years earlier, I found alive with a new school of art. My next journey was to Innsbruck, by way of Rosenheim. The spring day was exquisite. The cherry-trees were in blossom. Our course was along the swift-flowing river Inn, that tried to look glad with its

turbid waters in the sun. Streams, swollen with the melting snow, ran down the wooded mountain sides, like bands of silver, gleaming through the ever-green forests. White clouds, sun-illumined, rested on the higher mountain peaks, like crowns of glory. Innsbruck had grown since I had last seen it. New railroads had been built, leading off into the Engadine, over the Tyrolese Alps to Italy, to Munich, etc. After a short delay, I went over the Brenner Pass to Verona. A very useful red-headed German, with a small party of friends, was in the same railway compartment with me, while crossing the mountain. He read aloud a minute description of the Pass, as we went along. The rest of us listened and looked out, getting the double benefit of eyes and ears, while the poor fellow saw little besides the pages of his book. Perhaps he was trying to reconstruct the wonderful Brenner Pass out of his own inner consciousness.

Some weeks later, I entered Germany again, from Copenhagen, through Slesvig-Holstein, at Hamburg. I remained there several days, interested in a large city of great commercial importance and industrial activity. Hamburg, like Bremen and Lübeck, was still a free city, but it will soon be brought within the Zollverein of Germany, for which the inhabitants were already making preparations. From Hamburg I went to Berlin, which I found transformed from a muddy, unsanitary city of half a million, to a dazzling capital of a

million and a quarter. New streets, new pavements, new hotels, new hospitals, new buildings of every kind, new monuments, new animated faces in place of the old Prussian faces of iron or stone, greeted one everywhere. It had been transformed from the repulsive capital of a minor kingdom into the attractive capital of the most powerful empire of Europe. After some time agreeably and instructively spent there, I went from Berlin, through Magdeburg, Brunswick, Hanover, and Osnabrück, to Amsterdam, in Holland.

I entered Germany once more, after several days, from the side of Switzerland. From Basel, I went, by rail, down the valley of the Upper Rhine, through Freiburg, stopping at Baden-Baden, and at Heidelburg, to Mayence. All was changed for the better since I was there before. From Mayence, the most strongly fortified city of Europe, I went by boat to Coblenz. The river was skirted, on either side, by railways, which, in case of need, could distribute armies swiftly to any point on the frontier of France. The useless old castle of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblenz, had been transformed into a solid fortification. On every hand were forts, constructed with consummate engineering skill, according to the recent principles of military science. The same vineyards were there, the same sky, the same storied hills; all else was changed. From Coblenz I went off, through the sweet valley of the Ems, to Cassel. There I stopped long enough to get a view of Wilhelmshöhe, on a neighboring eminence,

where Napoleon III. was imprisoned after the battle of Sedan. The beautiful castle was built, and its charming grounds laid out, with money obtained by the mercenary Duke of Hesse from the English monarch for the hire of soldiers to help fight his revolted subjects in America during our Revolutionary war. From Cassel I went on through Gotha and Weimar, made memorable forever by Schiller and Goethe, to Leipsig. There I met American friends, and we celebrated the founding of the new German Empire by a night in the famous Auerbach's Keller. If in America we had the pure wine and sound beer of Germany, we should have as little drunkenness here as there. From Leipsig I went to Dresden. The city had grown and improved in every way, since my long sojourn there, years ago. Once more I went to Berlin, and again feasted my eyes on a city that is only second to London and Paris. Then I went to Cologne, and gazed all day long in awe and wonder at the finished cathedral. It is the mightiest monument of Gothic art in the whole world.

I first traveled in Germany when it was still divided into numerous Kingdoms, Grand-Duchies, Duchies, Principalities, and Free Towns. The inhabitants were then enjoying the doubtful blessings of local government. One could not say local self-government, for the people had very little to do with the governments, except to obey their rulers, under sharp penalties. The old holy Roman Empire, which, as Voltaire mockingly said, was neither holy,

nor Roman, nor empire, had ceased to exist in 1806, when Francis II. formally resigned the crown. Each state had its coinage, its separate laws, its independent sovereignty, its own court, its police system, its well-defined boundaries, its peculiar methods of annoying travelers. It was a luxury to get into France, or Austria, where one could make a journey of some days in succession without crossing a frontier, without change of money. The people, although indulging themselves in mild dreams of German unity, were for the most part as narrow and spiritless as the little countries in which they dwelt. There was no national life, except in the measured and guarded effusions of the patriotic poets. The melancholy failure of the recent revolutionary attempt had sent the leaders of the people into exile or to the scaffold, and over the Fatherland brooded the depressing spirit of the moribund ages.

Even Prussia, the leading kingdom, containing half the area, and more than half the inhabitants of Germany, was divided into two separate parts by intervening territory. It was united only when Slesvig-Holstein was annexed in 1864, and Hanover was acquired by the war with Austria in 1866. Saxony was rich in art treasures, attractive in scenery, had an enlightened and scholarly King, yet it had no weight in the councils of Europe. The Grand-Duchies of Oldenburg, Mecklenburg, Saxe-Weimar, and Hesse-Darmstadt; the Principalities of Reuss, Lippe, Schwarzburg, and Waldeck;

the Duchies of Anhalt, Brunswick, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and Saxe-Altenburg; all in Northern Germany, served little purpose besides holding the land together and furnishing worthless rulers with the means of riotous living at the expense of sorely taxed subjects. In the south, Bavaria was of some account as a triton among minnows, but had no political power on the Continent, and was subordinate to Austria or Prussia in the affairs of Germany. Würtemberg and Baden were of still less account than Bavaria. The independent cities of Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck, all that remained of the great Hanseatic League of the middle ages, the earliest trades-union of Europe, once embracing eighty-five towns, were of commercial importance, were encouraging examples of prosperous home rule and of free trade, yet they were of no account among the nations.

In a single generation, all these minor states have been merged into the new German Empire, by the enlightened policy of the Prussian King, by the genius of Von Moltke and Bismarck, by the fortunes of war. The work begun by Stein has culminated in consolidated Germany, in the mightiest empire of modern Europe. And fair German lands on the left bank of the Rhine, seized and long held by the French, have been reannexed to the Fatherland. The old German Kingdom, not the old Empire, has been restored, and Germany has again become a conscious, as for centuries she was an unconscious, or semi-conscious, nation.

It is worth while to pause for a moment and enquire what a nation really is. The enquiry will be found to lie at the root of all fruitful study and sound judgment of the state of the world, in the present as well as in the past.

We often speak of such or such a nation; frequently discuss the affairs of nations; yet few of us ever pause to think about a nation, to ask ourselves what a nation means. History is an account of the rise, progress, achievements, decline and fall of nations. Each nation, each people, has its individual characteristics, its peculiar life, political institutions, literature, language, laws; its own local habitation and name.

It is quite evident that a nation is not merely a territory; is not simply a portion of the earth's surface. The place occupied by a nation, a people, is no more a nation, a people, than the house a man lives in is a man.

> "O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
> There where the long street roars was once
> The stillness of the central sea."

Yet nations have seen more changes than the earth. Many a kingdom has passed away, while surrounding sea and land remain substantially the same. The same clouds gather on the brow of Olympus, the same sun shines on the plains of Thessaly, the glorious atmospheric haze rests on the hills of Attica, the same tempest lashes the Ægean Sea, the same stars keep nightly vigils

over Delphi, the same winds sweep over Salamis and Platæa, as of old, but the real Hellas is no longer there. The mariner on the Mediterranean, now, as in the days of Æneas, gazes upon Italy "lying low," yet that wonderful land has been the habitation of successive nations, successive peoples, that exist no more. The Israelites were a nation in their bondage, in their wanderings, in the Babylonish captivity, as well as when they possessed the land "round about Jordan." They are a people still, although dispersed over the whole globe. The portion of the North American Continent now occupied by our nation, has existed from the formation of the sea and the dry land; yet its fertile soil, its lakes, its rivers, its mountains, its long lines of coast, failed to produce a people, till causes above the earth planted here a great republic.

Neither is a nation a form of government. Not only rulers and dynasties change, but governments change in their most essential forms, while nations live on. Rome was at first a monarchy, then a republic, then an empire, but the nation continued. The Israelites remained the same people, while governed by patriarchs, by law-givers, by judges, by kings, by foreign rulers. France, within a comparatively recent period, has been a monarchy, a republic, a kingdom, again a republic, an empire, and once more a republic; yet the French people, the French nation, has preserved its distinctive characteristics, whether governed by Louis XIV.,

by a National Assembly, by a military chieftain, by a Bourbon King, by Napoleon III., or by M. Carnot. Even England was once a republic, without change in the strong individuality of the British people. The Italian nation remained distinct while ruled in sections by different dynasties, or cut up into many turbulent republics. It has retained the peculiar features of its individual life —a people different from all others—during repeated conquests, during the tumultuous changes of a thousand years. Greece remained the same nation, the same wonderful people, during as many mutations in government as the wit of man could invent. The government of the United States was once a loose confederation, then a constitutional union; yet we remained the same American people, the same nation, differing essentially from all other peoples, all other nations. A nation, therefore, is not a mere form of government.

Again, a nation, a people, is not a mere collection of human beings, is not an aggregation, thus to speak, of individuals, any more than the world is "a fortuitous concourse of atoms." No subject of Augustus Cæsar was ruled by Antoninus Pius, yet they were both emperors of the same Roman people. No Frenchman living in the time of Descartes is living to-day, yet who believes that France has ceased to live? The Englishmen of the nineteenth century are standing on the graves of the Englishmen governed by the Tudors, yet who doubts that England still exists? Who ques-

tions that Homer and Pindar, though separated by many vanished generations, sang to the same Hellenic people? We speak of Moses and David as heads of the same nation of Israelites, though widely divided by the shadow-land of perishing mortality. A dark stream of time separates Castellar and the Duke of Alva, yet the stream is bridged with the Spanish national life. Not a soul of us will be here in a hundred years, yet, I trust, the American people will be here. Generations come and go like the shadows of summer clouds, but the nations live on, obedient to laws that have a wider sweep than the laws that govern individual life.

If, then, a nation, a people, is not, essentially, a territory, a form of government, or "a fortuitous concourse" of individuals, what is it? The house a man lives in, the clothes he wears, and his material body, are not the real man. His continuous life, that which gives him through all external changes a consciousness of his identity, is his soul, his spirit, his intellectual and moral being. Just so is it with a nation. A people, a nation, has an inner life, an organic existence, that preserves its identity, through all changes of territory, of government, of passing generations. It is an idea, a great generalizing principle, a predominant thought, an organizing sentiment, a vital force, a mode of evolution, call it what you will, that constitutes the soul, the essence of a nation. This principle, this dominant idea, gathers men around it, animates them with a common national life, educates them,

gradually forms their speech, directs their efforts in a certain course, co-ordinates their energies, produces through them peculiar laws, shapes literature and art, builds political and civil institutions, determines forms of religion, molds social life, creates manners. Loyalty to this central sentiment, this reigning idea, constitutes the soul of patriotism; disloyalty to it, begets rebellion. When this sentiment, this idea, perishes from the minds of men, the nation animated by it, ensouled by it, inevitably perishes and passes away.

The tap-root of the Germanic national life is an all-pervading sentiment of personal liberty. This sentiment, modified in its manifestations, as embodied in various institutions, by the surviving Roman jurisprudence, by the ancient Hellenic culture, and by the Christian religion, constitutes to-day the soul of the new German empire. As in the days of Tacitus, the Germans prefer individual freedom to life itself. They are big blonde Aryans, constituting the central host of the second migration, from Asia, of the leading race of mankind, after the Celts and before the Slavs, and are now, as of old, simple in their daily life, truthful, hospitable, and brave. They have not forgotten, since the days of Arminius, how to punish treachery and wrong with terrible vengeance, how, on occasion, to be fierce and cruel. Others, besides the Roman Varus, have fallen victims to that spirit of personal liberty, which becomes desperate and reckless of life when assailed. Bismarck touched the very core

of the German heart, when he said the other day, in the Reichstag: "If we are attacked, then the *furor Teutonicus* will flame out. . . . Threats do not frighten us. . . . We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world. . . . He who breaks the peace will arrive at the conviction that the warlike and exultant love of the Fatherland, such as summoned the whole population of Prussia to arms in 1813, is the common possession of the entire German nation; and he who attacks us will find it armed to a man, every man having in his heart the firm belief that God is with us."

In the Germans, is repeated the strong individualism of the ancient Greeks. They both sprang from the same Asiatic, Aryan stock. They are the two philosophising nations of the world. The Germans, like the Greeks, have abundance of self-will, of mental self-reliance. Like the Greeks, they undertake to measure the universe of mind and matter by their own intellects. In them we find the same mental daring that philosophises God into or out of the universe, and the soul into or out of man. Like the Greeks, they are fond of endless discussions and glory in displays of dialectic skill. They are the scholars of modern times. Their abundant legends and fairy tales spring from the same fecund imagination that peopled Greece with divinities. In Leibnitz we have a repetition of Pythagoras; in Schelling a modern Plato; in Hegel a new Aristotle. The Niebelungen Lied reminds us of the Iliad. If Sophocles could have appeared

after two thousand years, he might have produced Goethe's Torquato Tasso. There are points of resemblance between Euripides and Schiller. The godless lyrics of Heine are a far-off echo of the heathen Pindar. Germany, ensouled with a genuine spirit of individualism, animated with an enlightened sentiment of personal liberty, has protested against every species of mental authority. She has been a standing menace, in modern Europe, against the persistent principle of Roman organization, that requires complete and unquestioning subordination of the individual to the State and to the Church. The Teutons, with tough will, independent thought, and indomitable courage, have more than once fought out the battle of mental freedom, when it was no single summer's work. Rationalism, whether it is a good or an evil, springs from this same principle of mental liberty, which assumes that the intellect of the individual man is the measure of God's relationship to the race.

The government of a country is, in the long run, a product of the people. A nation chooses for itself, directly or indirectly, in the course of time, the political garment it prefers to wear. The German government, recognizing the spirit of the people, itself participating in it, accords to everyone the right of education. Excellent schools for the masses are everywhere provided, throughout the empire. Every citizen of Germany must send his children to the primary schools, unless he has provided for their education elsewhere, to the

satisfaction of the State. The result is that one can scarcely find, in the whole land, a person unable to read and write. It is a practical maxim that man cannot live by bread alone. Minds, as well as bodies, must be fed. And the mental food provided is both good and abundant. Technical schools, *Real-schule*, for scientific and practical education, of a higher grade, abound in the centers of population. The gymnasia of Germany are famous in the whole world. They are within the reach of all who seek solid learning and thorough mental culture. In them the youth of the nation are well prepared for the universities, of which there are twenty-one in the empire—at Königsberg, Berlin, Breslau, Greifswald, Kiel, Halle, Göttingen, Münster, Bonn, Marburg, Rostock, Giessen, Jena, Leipzig, Heidelberg, Freiburg, Strassburg, Tübingen, Munich, Erlangen, and Würzburg. Professional education, of the highest quality, is abundantly provided for in the universities. Academies of art, music, mining, forestry, agriculture, navigation, military science, etc., are within the reach of all who wish to prepare themselves, in the most thorough way, for special occupations in life.

The Germans are in advance of the whole world, not only in the universality of education, but also in the severity of culture. Among the whole people, hands are guided by trained minds. Division of labor has been established in every department of science and learning. Cultivated intellect doubles the productive energy of the forty-

eight millions of the German people. Every field of active life is presided over by men taught and drilled for their especial work. German bayonets think, and know when, where, and how to strike. "We have the material," said Bismarck, "not only for forming an enormous army, but for furnishing it with officers. We have corps of officers such as no other power has."

Germany is taking the lead in commerce, as well as in every branch of science, on account of the superior training of her people. German clerks are employed in the business houses of London, and other foreign centers of trade, in preference to natives, because they are better linguists and have a more extensive and accurate knowledge of their duties. The British consul at Malaga, recently reported to his government: "German clerks are sent to Spain to acquire a knowledge of the language and business, and on their return home they will be well prepared for employment in German firms having business with the country." The vice-consul at Uddevalla, in Sweden, wrote: "English merchants do not offer their goods by travelers so much as some other nations, especially Germany." The consul in the Canary Islands stated, that "the imports which in former years were almost all from England have greatly decreased, while a considerable increase has taken place in German imports." He explains this by the circumstance that "German houses send out to the Canaries, as agents, clever linguists, who make it their business, by associating

with the natives, to learn exactly their requirements and tastes." The consul at Corunna refers to "the manner in which Germany is rapidly securing the major part of the imports into Spain." He "cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that the secret of this success lies in superior organization for business purposes with agents on the spot to give every facility and information to consumers." Recently published consular reports of the British government give a great amount of testimony in the same direction.

Every observant traveler in Germany is struck with the all-pervading officialism, the omnipresent hand of the government. It regulates everything. An enlightened people, a people better educated than any other people in the world, recognizes the benefits, and not only acquiesces, but feels gratitude for a paternalism founded on exact scientific knowledge and having honestly in view the general good. The German, whose love of personal liberty would lead him to the cannon's mouth or the gallows for its maintainance, understands much more clearly than an uneducated man can understand, that the enjoyment of personal liberty depends on the establishment of public order on a basis of justice and general convenience. The government regulates inn-keeping, the running of railroads, the sale of provisions, the sanitation of cities, etc., for the protection of all, for the common good. The following items, selected from an official document handed to every householder

on the registration of the birth of a child, will show the minute care of the government over the people:

"Keep the room free from dust, smoke, and bad odors; don't dry washed linen in it, nor cover the child's head with veil, clothes or bed cover.

"The light should be softened somewhat during the first week or two, but care must be taken not to leave the room in total darkness. The night light must not smoke nor flicker; great care must be taken with petroleum lamps, not to turn them too low. The temperature should be a little over sixty degrees Fahrenheit.

"Cleanliness is the condition of health. Wash the child once a day regularly; eyes, ears, nose and mouth as often as necessary.

"Carrying-cushions are to be used during the first three months, but guard against tying in too tightly. No tight clothing, no pins Child to be carried little, and never 'dandled.' North and east winds to be avoided. Mattresses of horsehair or hay, and often to be changed.

"A carefully chosen foster-mother strongly advised.

"Very injurious to 'suck the bottle,' rags of any sort, and probably the thumb.

"Diet: avoid bread, potatoes, or meat.

"In cases of prolonged crying, sickness, or shortness of breath, promptly send for the doctor. Mark any redness of the eyelids as the child may lose its sight for life."

Such minute supervision over the people by the government, seems at first sight ridiculous, but its value is most apparent to the most enlightened. The all-important point is that the paternal government must exercise its authority and give its advice, according to scientific exactitude of knowledge, with benevolent good sense, and, above all, with manifest justice. The German government clearly understands that it has a thoroughly educated public to deal with, and therefore does nothing carelessly or thoughtlessly. A brave people, trained to think,

would soon rebel against a government that undertook to treat its subjects wich caprice, ignorance, or injustice. Thus government and people act and react upon one another for the advancement of the nation.

Owing to the universal and solid education of the people, pretense, quackery, humbug, finds less encouragement in Germany than elsewhere. It is the poorest place in the world for one who tries to live by his "wits." The advertising fiend fares better in England or America. The government co-operates with the people in suppressing false pretense, in branding public deception with infamy.

As one runs about Germany, he is everywhere struck with the robustness, the physical stamina, of the people. Perpetual toil, without hurry, would account for this among the masses; but in the towns, as well as in the rural districts, there is the same spectacle of bodily strength and endurance. The universal system of physical training in the turn-halls, buildings for gymnastic exercise, accounts, in large measure, for the health and power of body exhibited by the Germans. The training maintained by the numerous turner societies, is constant, systematic, and scientific. Method, accurate knowledge, patience, perseverance, scientific adaptation of means to an end, are characteristic of the Germans in their gymnastics, as in everything else. Here again we unexpectedly meet with a wise provision of the ancient Greeks for the development of perfect men. Among the Germans, the effort to secure the

"sound mind in a sound body" pertains, not to a class, but to the whole people.

Climate and soil have something to do with the physical endurance of the Germans, as well as the athletic training so generally adopted. Germany, as at present constituted, comprises a territory about five hundred miles square in the center of Europe. The area is more than four times greater than that of the State of New York; four times greater than that of England. It extends from the slopes of the Alps and the Bohemian mountains, on the south, to the German Ocean and the Baltic Sea, on the north. It also extends from the borders of Holland, Belgium, and France, on the west, to the boundaries of Austria and Russia, on the east. The number of square miles of territory is 208,500. The southern portion is more or less hilly and mountainous; the northern portion is a vast sandy plain, interspersed with fertile tracts in the valleys and deltas of rivers, and with wide bogs, especially about the lagoons of the seas. The Danube, rising, for the most part, in the Black Forest, flows into the Black Sea. Nearly all the other rivers flow northward. The country is fertile, producing enough for the food of the people. It abounds in useful minerals, making Germany independent of other nations for implements of war and peace. The uplands and mountain valleys are rich in mineral springs, famous all over the world for their medicinal virtues. The climate is healthy and conduces to the vigor of the people.

This comparatively small territory, about one-fifteenth of that of the United States, supports a population of nearly forty-eight millions, the best educated, the most vigorous, in the whole world.

The political boundaries of Germany do not quite correspond with the ethnographical boundaries. On the western and north-western frontiers are more than two hundred thousand Romanic French and Walloons; on the northern frontier, more than a hundred and fifty thousand Danes; and on the eastern frontiers, at least three millions of Slavonic Czechs, Wends, Lithuanians, and Poles. And within the boundaries of Switzerland and Austria there are several millions of Germans. During the last fifteen or sixteen centuries, the boundaries of Germany have been perpetually changing. They will probably change often in the centuries to come. At different periods the Germans have swarmed westward over France, into Spain, and across the Straits of Gibraltar into northern Africa. They have frequently crossed the Alps into Italy. Germanic tribes have flowed eastward, around the head of the Adriatic Sea, into the Balkan Peninsula. The foundation of England was really a German-colony. The Germans, again like the ancient Greeks, are migratory, and hunt the ends of the earth. Between 1820 and 1880, more than three millions of Germans emigrated to the United States. Wherever they go, they stand in their own shoes, earn their own bread, demand respect for their sentiment of personal liberty, and carry with them

great wealth of industry, thrift, physical vigor, intelligence, and solid education.

The large emigration from Germany is not due to any want of affection for the Fatherland. As Germany lies in the center of Europe, surrounded by other nations, it is a necessity to maintain a great army. Every able-bodied citizen must be trained to arms, must bear arms a certain number of years, and must be always ready to help defend the country in case of war. Every German who is capable of bearing arms (*Wehrfähig*), must be in the standing army from his twenty-first to his twenty-eighth year. Of these seven years, three must be spent in the active service and the rest in the army of reserve. Then for five years longer each belongs to the *Landwehr*, liable to be called into the field in case of exigency. "The whole land-forces of the empire shall form a united army, in war and in peace, under command of the Emperor," says the preamble to the Constitution. As Bismarck said, Germany can speedily place a million of well-armed and well-officered men on her eastern and as many on her western frontier. It is the desire of the Germans to escape the heavy burthen of military service that leads them to seek a new home in other lands.

The new German Empire, like the former Bund, is nominally a confederation of the German States; but these are shorn of all sovereign power. The government is constitutional, not absolute. The German Parliament is composed of two bodies,

the *Bundesrath*, or Federal Council, consisting of fifty-nine members annually appointed by the various States; and the *Reichstag*, or Imperial Diet, the members of which, 397 in number, are elected by universal suffrage for three years. The election is by ballot. All laws of the empire must receive an absolute majority of both houses, must have also the signature of the Emperor, and when promulgated must be countersigned by the Imperial Chancellor, *Reichskanzler*, who is, *ex-officio*, president of the elective branch of the Parliament. Through the *Reichstag*, the executive department of the government is in continual touch with the people. In the preamble to the Constitution of the Empire it is expressly declared that all the States of Germany shall "form an eternal union for the protection of the territory of the Bund, and for the care of the welfare of the German people." The Empire, under the Constitution, has the exclusive right to legislate on military and naval affairs; on imperial commerce and finance; on railways, posts, and telegraphs, so far as the defense of the nation is concerned. The centralization of the government is much greater than in the United States, for the laws of the particular States of the Bund are held as abrogated when they come in conflict with laws of the Empire, and in all disputes the imperial jurisdiction is final and supreme. Thus, in the formation of the new German Empire has been blotted out a very complete system of home rule, greatly to the advantage of the German people.

During my first visit to Germany, I found the inhabitants of all the smaller States subdued in manner, rather tame in spirit, and not at all inclined to self-assertion. In them the sense of German nationality was only latent. During my last visit I found them especially demonstrative in their consciousness of citizenship in the foremost empire of Europe. Victories over the Austrians and the French have awakened in them a proud sense of German superiority. The union of Germany under a strong, central government, has given them a feeling of aggregate strength. Thirty years ago the Germans were quiet, unobtrusive, agreeable traveling companions. To-day, the manners of some, outside of their own country, are rather assumptive. The personal liberty which they pugnaciously demand for themselves, they sometimes forget to respect in others. Many influential people who have come in contact with the ruder class of Germans on the highways of Europe, would like to see them beaten on the Rhine or the Vistula, for the sake of correcting their behavior. The *furor Teutonicus*, however admirable on the battle-field, is not so agreeable at a *table d'hôte*, in the cabin of a steamship, or on a railway train. It is a wise people who knows how to use victory with moderation, or to enjoy great triumph with modesty of bearing. However, only a few Germans behave so ill, and the new is wearing off from the robes of a resplendent national resurrection. Some allowance must be made for a people that comes to a

full fruition of its aspirations, after a thousand years of struggling, suffering, and failure.

I have thus written down a brief description, have drawn an outline picture, of the new German Empire, as I can form it in my own mind, from my observations, study, and reflection. The government is economic, honest, enlightened; choses as its instruments men who are capable and especially educated for the service; gives its subjects wholesome bread for mind as well as body; encourages every kind of learning; grants freedom of the press for everything except attacking the foundations of the State; wrestles with the mighty problem of defending a country, exposed on all sides, with as little burthen to the nation as possible; and directs the trained energies of the people, without friction, without waste, in all the ways of a noble civilization.

Enquiry is frequently made, what will become of the new German Empire when Von Moltke, Bismarck, and others die, who have created it? The following cable from Berlin, to a leading American journal, throws light on the situation and lifts a little the veil of the future:

"A man of 29 years, erect, square shouldered, lithe, powerful and austere, strode out of the railway station here to-day after seeing a batch of royal guests depart. The guard presented arms, and a brilliant retinue of generals hurried after the masterful-looking German. It was the Crown Prince, who will soon be Emperor of the nation of warriors. The waiting multitude at sight of him gave a single yell that came from their very hearts. The prince turned toward the sea of faces and looked intently at the people. His moody, surly eyes flew rapidly from face to face. Then he slowly touched his cap. Cheer after cheer rose wildly in

quick succession and with passionate fervor. The prince listened with a rapt look, then threw back his head with a sudden motion and showed his teeth in a smile of savage exultation. The action was almost theatrical. The people fought to get another look at him, and he was whirled away amid the hoarse and frantic shouts of his worshipers.

"The fierce light that beats about the German throne leaves the dumb and sickly monarch in the shadow, plodding slowly on toward the nearing and inevitable end, while it throws the stalwart, warlike, and aggressive figure of Crown Prince William out with vivid distinctness. The name of the coming Emperor is heard in the councils of all the sovereigns and diplomats of Europe. Not since the first Napoleon has a young man wielded such tremendous power as will fall to the lot of the headstrong, violent, and revengeful prince.

"He will have 2,000,000 men and 2,000,000 muskets at his back. He hates the English and he hates the Jews. So do the German people. When he was ordered to San Remo by the late Emperor to visit his invalid father the royal party started to walk to church, and Prince William's English mother, the present Empress, attempted to take his arm. He shook her off roughly in the presence of the crowd.

"'I represent the person of the Emperor,' he said haughtily, 'I walk alone!'

"Von Moltke, the 88 year-old field-marshal, has a shrewd, brilliant and ambitious assistant, Count Waldersee, a hater of the English, who is only 40 years old, but a general in whom the great German army places absolute confidence. The count and prince are warm friends. When one is Emperor he will make the other field-marshal. Both are schemers, and their power will be tremendous. Hence knights and diplomats all over Europe watch Berlin with weary eyes, and when William II. ascends the throne the map-makers may get ready and sharpen their tools, for they will have work to do."

CHAPTER III.

UNITED ITALY.

AFTER crossing the Alps by the magnificent Brenner Pass, I went on, through Botzen, where long before I had turned off into the Engadine; through Trent, where the famous ecclesiastical council held sessions, at intervals, from 1545 to 1563; through Ala, the frontier town of Italy, where a brigandish-looking custom-house official fined me six francs for carrying four ounces of smoking tobacco; to Verona, *la degna*, "the worthy."

At Verona I remained a day, to take another look at a famous Lombard city. It had not changed since my two previous visits. I went again to see remains of Diocletian's Amphitheatre, still in a good state of preservation after eighteen hundred years, more than five hundred feet long, more than four hundred feet wide, more than a hundred feet high, with forty-five rows of inside steps and seventy-two arches still remaining. The great solid stones were in place, as piled by Romans before the might of the empire had been broken. Interesting to me were statues in the Town Hall, of Cornelius Nepos, Vitruvius, Pliny the younger,

Catulus, and other natives of Verona. In their company was a modern statue of the great Dante. An equestrian group of five figures in metal, the Scaliger monuments, represented the della Scalas, who ruled the city in the middle ages. At a convent in Vicolo Franceschino, I was again shown the tomb of Juliet, quite as apochryphal as the monuments of William Tell at Altdorf. Infinitely more interesting to me was Gargagnano, on a height overlooking Verona, where Dante wrote his Purgatory. The winding Adige ran down, from the vine-clad hills and the far-off mountains, swiftly through the city that has witnessed the tramp of armies to and fro, from the earliest invasion of the Gauls to the fleeing Austrians in our day. But of all these things, and many more, the guide-books and school histories will inform any one who has an inclination to read.

From Verona I went on to Venice, where I remained several days. The first thing I did was to visit the Manfrini Palace, to see again Titian's portrait of Leonardo da Vinci, one of my pet pictures, spoken of before. It was no longer there. It had been sold; the servants knew not to whom. One thought it had been purchased by an English nobleman; another thought it had gone to America. I felt very much as I can conceive a mother to feel who is bereft of a child. I pray that whoever in the wide world has it may be tender and good to my lost little one. After that, Venice seemed to me more silent and mournful than ever. The cry

of the gondoliers and their snatches of song were more deeply pathetic. The very comic operettas on the Grand Canal, by moonlight, seemed like the chanting of dirges. A companion by my side in the silently moving gondola, in whose eyes I read the tender history of many vanished years, seemed also changing, and unconsciously preparing for an everlasting departure.

The decay of Venice during one-fourth of a century was apparent on every hand. The beautiful Piazza of San Marco was there, but the gay crowds at evening were no longer listening to the stirring music of an Austrian military band, and the windows of the shops attracted fewer loiterers. The Cathedral of San Marco, with its bronze horses dating back to the time of Nero, with its gilt mosaics, with its five hundred marble pillars, seemed to have grown dingy and somber. The Bridge of Sighs recalled a past growing deader year by year. The very marble of the Ponte di Rialto seemed to have become weather-worn. The Campanile seemed to have lost the benediction of the bending heaven, and to stand out like a sepulchral monument over a buried city. The pigeons of the Piazza seemed, like the beggars, to have learned to discriminate between the natives and more generous strangers. The paintings of Veronese, so rich in coloring, and the bright pictures of Titian, seemed to have faded into somber hues. The splendid palaces had become commercial schools, hotels, courts of law, or municipal offices.

The Mocenigo, where Byron lived, was still there, but over it brooded the spirit of Missolonghi. Even to see real Venetian glass, one must journey far off, to the cold capital of Denmark. The palace where Othello wooed and won the fair Desdemona has been turned into a hostelry.

Venice flourished during all the middle ages, because it was the best stand for the distribution of the rich goods of the east to western Europe. Its ships traded to all oriental ports on the Mediterranean and Euxine. Its people were brave and among the foremost fought back the Turks from Europe. Its decay dates from the time when western navigators opened a new highway of trade. Napoleon, at Campo Formio, only ended what Vasco da Gama had begun. The Venetians are now living on the memories and accumulations of the past, and on such tribute as the curious wanderers of other nations willingly pay for a view of the faded glories of the republic.

From Venice I went on by rail, around the head of the Adriatic, to Trieste, which still belongs to Austria.

Some months afterwards, I again entered Italy at Naples. Beautiful land and lovely sea were there, still meeting in sweet, passionate embrace, but Bomba's kingdom had departed. The southern Italians were beginning to learn how to toil, and, consequently, for them the *dolce-far-niente* was losing its charms. Even the lazzaroni were rubbing their eyes and looking out upon a new dawn. The

picturesque and romantic brigands, the militia of a lost cause, were wanting, but their place was better filled by the disciplined soldiers of an Italian army. Beggars still swarmed in the streets and highways, but they were growing less importunate, and signs were not wanting that the race might in time become extinct. As I entered the bay of Naples I met one of the great ironclads, with its 100-ton guns, coming out. The omen was good and significant of many things. At Reggio and Messina, the screaming of locomotive whistles announced the transition from a dead or barbarous past to the living present and the enlightened future. As I sailed away from the familiar shores towards Egypt, I thought much about the wanderings of Ulysses, and shall recur to them again. Both from the north of Italy, and from the south of Italy, it was my fortune to seek the East.

During my earlier travels in Italy, an account of which has already been given, the country was divided into several States, nearly all of which were governed in a despotic way, under the guidance of Austria. In the south, was the Kingdom of Naples and Sicily, ruled over by King Ferdinand, who had acquired the nickname of King Bomba, on account of his bombardment of Messina and Palermo, and for shooting down his own subjects in the streets of Naples. In central Italy were the Papal States, extending from sea to sea. Farther north was the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. The Duchies of Parma and Modena were still

farther north. The little Republic of San Marino, on the confines of the Papal States, far up in the Apennines, was of no account. The richest part of Italy, Lombardy, and Venetia, belonged to Austria. In the north-west was the Kingdom of Sardinia, governed by King Victor Emmanuel, *Il Re Galantuomo*, the honest King, in whom were centered the hopes of all wise Italians who desired a union of the nation under a single government. The tiny Kingdom of Monaco, on the Mediterranean, east of Nice, had an independent existence. I saw the monarch review his army of sixty men. Everywhere, except in Sardinia, the people were held in subjection by despots. The revolution of 1848 had been put down by the aid of Austria. Italian patriots were in dungeons, in exile, or in their graves. The King of Sardinia was helpless against the might of Austria, and the indifference of the rest of Europe. The political societies were in existence, but, watched by the secret police and armed minions of tyrants, were apparently helpless. The exiled leaders seemed to be only a hinderance to the moderate statesmen of Turin.

It is not necessary here to give even an outline of Italian history up to the period of which we are speaking. Among the ruins of the crumbling Roman Empire, amid the invasions of barbarians, amid the growth and decay of various local republics, amid the alternating conquests of the great Powers of Europe, an Italian people had been formed, developing a national speech, pro-

ducing a wonderful literature, achieving renown in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, opening up highways of commerce, discovering new continents, leading the rest of mankind in diplomacy, taking the initiative in all the arts of peace and war. How such a people grew up, homogeneous in the midst of distracting antagonisms and disintegrating political conflicts, is one of the mysteries of human history. The Niobe of nations has eaten her bread in sorrow, and has learned to know and feel the "heavenly powers" that preside over the destinies of men.

It required the prophetic vision of Mazzini and the clear insight of Cavour to discover whence any new light might dawn on Italy. They and others of a gifted race knew well that the same fire of unity was burning in the hearts of thirty millions. Might and genius were there in abundance to conquer liberty, if they could be co-ordinated and directed to a single end. Nations grow, and are not made. Italy had grown in the storm and sunshine of centuries and was ripe to take its place among the peoples of the world.

Let us shift the scene a few years, to the midsummer of 1871. A different and a brighter picture will meet our eyes. We can then trace more easily the steps of a wonderful transition.

Victor Emmanuel at that time entered Rome and took formal possession of the future capital of the Kingdom of Italy. It was the last gorgeous scene in the last act of a mighty national drama.

Italy at length realized the hope of a thousand years. The peninsula, from the "Alps all around to the sea," for the first time since the downfall of the Roman Empire, was united under one government. The land of Scipio and Cæsar, of Cataline and Nero, of Virgil and Horace, of Gregory VII. and Borgia, of Dante and Petrarch, of Vitruvius and Michael Angelo, of Raphael and Machiavelli, of ancient Etruscan civilization and Papal dominion, of Roman discipline and mediæval anarchy, of antique virtue and modern laxity, of political freedom and political despotism, of Rienzi and Savanarola, of Vico and Galileo—the land where the "orange and the citron bloom," where the shores are laved by the warm waters of the Mediterranean, where the luminous atmosphere rests on the mountains like a halo of paradise, where the plains are fertile and the uplands are clothed with perpetual verdure, where the grape hangs in clusters by the wayside and the fig ripens in the sun, where nature and art strive for the mastery in the realm of beauty—the land of all glories and all miseries, of ignorance and genius, of barbaric invasions and civil wars—the land that every civilized man longs to see, finally became the undisputed home of the Italian race. Thirty millions of people were united under a constitutional monarchy.

The first booming of Herr Krup's steel guns on the Rhine was a summons to France to recall her troops from Rome. The citizens of the Papal States hastened to throw off the unnatural yoke

of an ecclesiastical government, as soon as the janissaries of Gaul had taken their departure. The house of Savoy was invited to extend its mild dominion over the remnant of central Italy. A bloodless revolution was effected. The work of Cavour, the greatest of modern European statesmen, was completed. The luckless Emperor, whose arms had helped to drive the hated Austrian from Lombardy and Venetia, was overwhelmed at Sedan, and the rapid victories of Germany over France obscured for a season the glorious achievement of Italian unity.

At noon, Sunday, July 2nd, in that midsummer of 1871, a railway train brought the King to Rome. We all remember how the ecclesiastics of the Eternal City once deprecated the introduction of the iron-horse. Louis Kossuth rightly called the steam-engine a "democrat." The successor of St. Peter, under the circumstances, might well view the locomotive with apprehension and anathematize it as an instrument of the devil. In this case it brought the Pope's political successor. The station was decorated with flags and flowers. There was one bouquet "as tall as the first story of a house." Representatives of clubs, of city governments and of the Italian parliament were there to welcome the *Re Galantuomo.* Pio Nono, at the outset of his Papacy, so Italian, so liberal, then, under the influence of Austria, after the dismal failure of 1848, so reactionary, obstinately forgetful of his exalted spiritual dignity, shut himself up in the Vatican,

exclaiming piteously, "all is lost." The city of the Cæsars was alive with curiosity and drunken with joy. The royal procession—the King's coach, five court carriages, the national guard of honor, the King's guard of mounted cuirassiers—moved through the living streets, greeted with multitudinous *vivas*, to the Quirinal. The whole city had assembled there. An obelisk, four thousand years old, looked down upon the living mass. Colossal horses in stone coldly viewed the pageant. A superb fountain unconsciously cooled the hot air of summer. Shouts of enthusiastic greeting arose from tens of thousands, and rolled from the Quirinal Hill down over the deserted and silent streets of the city. Victor Emmanuel entered the palace, and soon appeared on the Benediction Balcony, from which the election of a new Pope was wont to be proclaimed. He said not a word, but from his homely face shone the eloquence of intense emotion. He disappeared, but the multitude insisted upon his return. He reappeared for a moment, accompanied by Prince Humbert and several Italian gentlemen, who pointed their field-glasses towards St. Peter's and the Vatican in the distance.

Towards evening the King went out of the city to Acqua Acetosa, near the ancient classical Antemnæ, to inaugurate the *Tiro Nationale*, or target-shooting. He also took a hand at it, and acquitted himself well. In the evening there was a state dinner at the Quirinal. After dinner the King went to the opera; nobody listened to *Norma*,

but everybody shouted, and all sang the national anthem.

The next morning the King of United Italy held a council, received deputations, signed state papers—did all that was necessary to inaugurate the capital at Rome. The sovereign remarked: "Now that we are in Rome, we must maintain ourselves here." Late in the afternoon there was a royal review of national troops in the Piazza del Popolo, not far from the place where the great Cæsar reviewed and punished his turbulent legions. Early in the evening the artists serenaded the King. They bore in their midst a superb Italian flag, made in 1860, and kept hidden among themselves during eleven years. Around this central banner floated the flags of all civilized nations. Rome was ablaze with illumination. The Capitol Hill seemed a mass of fire. The Column of Trajan stood out against the sky like a memory of the past. The streets were filled with torchlight processions, and the air was rent with shouts. The ruins of the ancient city reverberated with the sound of modern music. The whole ended with a magnificent municipal ball at the Campodoglio. Humbert, the Crown Prince, appeared with the beautiful wife of a fashionable greengrocer on his arm, thus paying court to the people. Italy's capital gathered there its beauty and its chivalry. And when music arose with its voluptuous swell, it sounded over the Forum which had once thundered with the eloquence of Cicero, and echoed

among the ruins of the Flavian Amphitheater. The patter of glowing feet might have been heard in the dungeon where St. Paul had once been imprisoned. The lamps that shone o'er fair women and brave men lit up the dreadful Tarpeian Rock, and cast a glare over the scene of Cæsar's murder. Soft eyes looked love to eyes, while the ghostly forms of a hundred generations of conscript fathers seemed to be creeping among the shadows of antique statues. All went merry as a marriage-bell, while the anxious King was thinking of the terrible anathemas of his church. Victor Emmanuel remained at the ball only an hour, and then took train for Florence.

It is foreign to my purpose here to give an account of the rise and growth of the house of Savoy. It is a long and intricate story, involving much of European as well as Italian history, during many centuries. It will be interesting, however, to trace the steps of the Sardinian King from Turin to Rome.

In the year 1853 Count Cavour was made prime minister. With the instinct of statesmanship, with breadth of view, with the genius of leadership, with a patriotism embracing all Italy, he at once took steps to gain the confidence of the people, and ultimately to unite the nation under a liberal constitutional government. He saw that, with all Europe against any general revolutionary movement, it would be madness to encourage the methods of Mazzini and Garibaldi. They and

their followers, however, might be controled and made useful to the country. His first step was to form a coalition with Urbano Ratazzi, the head of the democratic party in Piedmont. He thus strengthened his position at home. He next remonstrated with Radetzky for his severe rule, as the representative of Austria, at Milan, and with King Ferdinand II. for his brutal treatment of his subjects in the two Sicilies. As he expected, his remonstrances were spurned, but thereby he gained the goodwill and confidence of Italians suffering under tyranny. And just to that extent he diverted the minds of the most thoughtful, the most prudent, the most conservative, and therefore the most influential, from the dangerous ways of revolution. His next step was to place the portion of Italy under his direction in such relationship with great European powers as might secure foreign influence, if not interference, for the advancement of his plans for the good and ultimate union of his dismembered and distracted country. An opportunity soon presented itself. England and France were engaging in war with Russia, whom Cavour looked upon as the chief pillar of absolute government in Europe. His colleague, La Marmora, had already brought the Sardinian army into a state of good discipline and efficiency. Count Cavour, without hesitation, joined the allies against the Muscovite. The Sardinian contingency did good service in the Crimea, and won laurels, especially on the field of Tchernaya. When the war was over, Cavour found his oppor-

tunity in the Congress of Paris. He was doubtless the ablest man in that assembly of diplomats, and with consummate skill laid before the representatives of the great European Powers the wretched state of his countrymen under the King of Naples and Sicily. France and England listened. Both endeavored to persuade the tyrant to behave better to his subjects, and withdrew their ambassadors when he refused to listen. Count Cavour no doubt foresaw the result, but he had pleaded the cause of Italy before Europe, and had strengthened his hold upon his countrymen.

Louis Napoleon, from the time he had assumed the reins of government in France, had studied the means of weakening Austria. It suited his purposes to make a close alliance with the reigning family of Sardinia. His cousin Joseph married the daughter of Victor Emmanuel. In 1859 the Emperor of France determined to make war upon Austria. Of course Count Cavour seized the opportunity to advance his plans for the unification of Italy. He demanded that Austria should grant to Lombardy and Venetia a separate national government, and should cease to meddle in the affairs of the rest of Italy. As he desired, the demand was rejected. Sardinia then joined France in the war. The Sardinian King and his general, Cialdini, defeated a detachment of the Austrian army which had crossed the Ticino. The victory of the French at Magenta drove the Austrians out of Lombardy. Already the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the

Duchess Regent of Parma had fled from their capitals before their revolted subjects. After the battle of Magenta the Duke of Modena left his people, never to return. The Austrians were again defeated at Solferino, by the allied armies of Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel. Just when Count Cavour was feeling certain that the hated enemies of Italy would be speedily driven beyond the Alps, as the Emperor of France had promised, Prussia appeared on the scene and warned Napoleon to advance no further, under penalty of war on the Rhine. Consequently Napoleon, without the concurrence of his ally, met Francis Joseph, at Villafranca, and arranged terms of peace. Among other things stipulated was the establishment of an Italian confederation, of which the Emperor of Austria would necessarily be a member. Lombardy, to the west of the Mincio, was given up to Sardinia. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena were to return. The two Emperors might propose, but the people of Italy were determined to dispose. The revolt continued in Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Romagna, and the people asked to be united to Sardinia. It was time for Cavour to take a hand in the game. Victor Emmanuel refused to be a party to the return of the petty rulers of central Italy. Napoleon acquiesced, in exchange for Savoy and Nice. By a vote of the people, Tuscany, Romagna, Modena and Parma were annexed to the Kingdom of Sardinia. Cavour snatched a very substantial vic-

tory from the jaws of defeat. Sardinia lost a little and gained much. The able minister of Victor Emmanuel understood better than any other Italian, that statesmanship is the science of exigencies. The great powers of Europe growled at the result, but concluded not to break the peace. The major excommunication was thundered from the Vatican, but the good Pope was powerless.

It is not necessary to recount here, in detail, how, soon after the Franco-Austrian war, Garibaldi, starting out with a mere handful of volunteers, against the mild protest of Cavour, protected by the indifference of Napoleon, conquered Sicily and Naples from the new Bourbon King, Francis II., and passed them over to Victor Emmanuel, against the protest of the more fervid republicans, and in spite of the conscious and unconscious machinations of friends and foes. It was the noblest gift made by any man to the unity of Italy. He was the idol of the people and might have spoiled everything by personal ambition. The Italian people should build him a monument as enduring as an obelisk. He was the hero, as Count Cavour was the statesman, of united Italy.

Neither is it necessary to recount the difficulties of administration encountered by the government of King Victor Emmanuel in southern Italy. The untimely death of Cavour was a loss that seemed irreparable. But the *Re Galantuomo* steadied everything by keeping faith with everybody. He was acknowledged as King of Italy by the French

Emperor in exchange for the little Principality of Monaco, which was added to the Department of Nice.

The Austrians still held Venetia and the famous quadrilateral of fortresses in the valley of the Po, at Mantua, Peschiera, Vicenza, and Verona. The Pope still ruled over Rome and the adjacent territory. It was not easy to see how Italy could acquire either. The revolutionists, even the more moderate Garibaldians, proposed to take them by force. Count Cavour was no longer living to restrain them, or guide them, with the wisdom of statesmanship. Rome was garrisoned by French troops, and an attempt to take the city by force would involve a conflict with the Emperor. The English were in hearty sympathy with the Italians; there was a powerful public sentiment in Europe against the occupation of Rome by the French. Louis Napoleon, feeling the force of the general sentiment, entered into an agreement with the government of Victor Emmanuel, called the September Convention, to gradually evacuate the territory of the Pope, but exacted an agreement from the King to defend the temporal power of the Holy Father, in case of need. It is evident that the advisers of the King were less wily than Cavour. Garibaldi had no respect for the September Convention, and it became necessary to oppose him with arms when he landed from Sicily with an attacking force in southern Italy.

But Providence helped the fortunate King, and

a dangerous drift of public opinion was turned in another direction by the outbreak of war between Prussia and Austria, in 1866. Prussia had arrested the conquest of northern Italy in the war between Austria and France. Now she needed Italy as an ally and promised to guarantee the cession of territory which she had forbidden Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel to conquer some years before. An Italian army held Austrian forces in Italy and made the decisive victory of Königgrätz a possibility. In the peace which followed, Austria gave up all her Italian territory except Istria, Aquileia, and the possessions of Venice on the Dalmatian coast—more than Prussia had promised—to the French Emperor, who passed the same over to his former ally.

All Italy was then one, except the portion still held by the Pope. In order to protect the Holy Father in his temporal possessions, Louis Napoleon felt it necessary to send another army to Rome. The Italian patriots were furious, and no doubt the government sympathized with them. The Emperor, who needed the support of the ultramontanes in France and elsewhere, informed Ratazzi, the minister of the King, that if any attack were allowed to be made on Rome, he should regard it as a declaration of war. The Italian government was therefore reduced to the humiliating necessity of arresting Garibaldi, and protecting Pio Nono with its army. Dangerous riots broke out at Milan and elsewhere. The cause of Italian unity seemed to be in danger on the very eve of triumph.

Again Providence helped the patriot King. In 1870, war was declared between France and Prussia. The Emperor needed his whole army on the Rhine, and withdrew his troops from Rome. The disaster of Sedan ended for ever the power of Louis Napoleon. Victor Emmanuel announced to the Pope that he assumed the duty of preserving order in the whole of Italy. The Pope made an appeal in vain to the new Emperor of Germany. Florence had been made the capital of Italy by the September Convention. But henceforth Rome was to be the seat of government of United Italy. The formal entry of the King has already been described.

I have no inclination to discuss here the relations of the Holy See to United Italy. It may be said, in passing, that Christianity has built for itself no nationality. It tempers and modifies more and more the nationalities that come within its influence. It is not an idea, creating a distinct people in the world, but a life, transforming the old life of the race, universal in its aims and influence, recognizing man not only as the *viator*, the sojourner in time, but as an immortal soul, the heir of eternity. It failed to save the nations of antiquity, because the partial ideas on which they were founded could not be made to conform to its universality. To Jews, Greeks, and Romans alike, all beyond their own borders were barbarians, with no human rights as distinct from and above national rights. Christianity recognizes all as the children of God, equal in natural rights, and thus it carries in its bosom the

seeds of political equality and universal liberty. The Church of Rome, as a political power in modern Europe, or as a polity, is the joint product of the Roman idea of organization and of the Italian idealism that irresistibly seeks unity.

During the last sixteen or seventeen years, united Italy has advanced in all directions. It is now recognized as a first-class European power, and has its influence in the counsels of the nations. With a territory, including the islands, of only a little more than 120,000 square miles, it has a population of thirty millions. It has an army of about 200,000 men in active service, which can be increased to 2,500,000, to meet the exigencies of war. It has a powerful navy of nearly eighty ships, more than twenty of which are ironclads. It has a commerce employing about 8,000 ships, of which 200 are steamers, with nearly 200,000 sailors. Its total exports and imports amount to $500,000,000. Its revenues are not far from $300,000,000, and its expenditures are about the same. A national debt of $2,000,000,000 implies heavy taxation, which is cheerfully borne. The ends of the country are united with 6,000 miles of railway, and brought within speaking distance by 20,000 miles of telegraph. Manufactures are backward, but constantly advancing. The mass of the people are still lamentably ignorant, but the State is constantly at work throwing light into the dark places of the country. Funds obtained from the confiscation of church property have been devoted to schools for

the people, to which government adds every year $5,000,000 more. Higher education is provided for by twenty-two universities, attended by 10,000 students, some of which have been renowned for centuries. The parliament of Italy consists of 270 senators and 508 deputies. The government is constitutional and well adapted to the needs of a free people. All religions are tolerated and the press is free. Revolutionary propagandism has ceased and the people are contented with the enlightened rule of Victor Emmanuel's worthy heir. Brigandage has been suppressed, order everywhere reigns, beggary is diminishing, poverty is becoming less distressing, and industry is bearing fruits of comfort and self-respect throughout the beautiful peninsula. The thoughtfulness, the political sobriety and prudence of Italians, are remarked by all recent travelers.

Notwithstanding the low state of agriculture, the general prevalence of the Metayer (half-and-half) system, which reduces the farmer to a worse condition than that of the day laborer, and notwithstanding the heavy taxation of a country not over rich in resources, Italian emigration is comparatively less than that of most other European countries.

From the character of the people great things may be hoped for the future of United Italy. The sentiment that is dominant in the Italian nation, that constitutes its inner life, that shapes the institutions of the country, that gives direction to the

main currents of activity, is an idealism which seeks unity in the midst of all discouragements and all failures—"the eternal gospel of oneness to the people," as Mazzini expressed it. This idealism is a genuine product of the imagination, and is essentially creative in its character. Hence the Italians, even in the midst of their political disintegrations, have taken the lead in modern civilization. I do not mean that they have reached the greatest excellence in everything, but that they first opened the highways traversed by other European nations. It was an Italian in whose mind was working this idealism that hungers after unity, that thirsts for completeness, who surmounted the terrible superstition, the leaden inertia of the scientific incredulity of his times, and sailed out in a frail ship on the western ocean into the appalling darkness of the unknown, till he discovered for mankind the new world. Antiquity has recorded no achievement equal to that of the Italian, Columbus. An Italian first turned a telescope towards the stars and measured off great spaces of the universe. An Italian of transcendent genius sang of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, producing a national epic equal in grandeur to the Iliad, giving "voice to ten silent centuries," while the rest of Europe was dumb in semi-barbarism. The modern university is a creation of Italian genius. Italy was adorned with a new architecture before other modern nations began to build. Her painters had rivaled the splendors of nature, creating a new and unapproach-

able school of art, before the great painters of northern and western Europe were born. Whole armies of exquisite sculptured figures sprang from the quarries of Carrara, under the magic touch of the Italian chisel, long before other modern peoples had thought of imitating the creators of the Parthenon. Modern music is a product of Italy. Italian scholars resurrected ancient literature from its grave of centuries.

Animated by their national spirit, by the creative idealism that ensouls them as a people, the Italians have taken the lead in practical things as well as in the more showy productions of art. The first bank was Italian. The Italians invented bills of exchange. They introduced the compass into navigation from the East, and established modern commerce. The first *Monte-de-Pieté*, which in our times has degenerated into the pawnbroker's shop, was established by the Italians for the benefit of the unfortunate and the poor. Modern diplomacy is a product of Italian genius. Modern juridical science was an outcome of the Italian universities. To the same source must be referred anatomy, the foundation of a real science of medicine. An Italian wrote the first political history In Italy were established the first republics of modern times, and from the annals of Italy the fathers of the American nation caught the inspiration of liberty.

CHAPTER IV.

GREECE, SEEN FROM THE SEA.—ATHENS.—THE ACROPOLIS.

At the north-eastern extremity of the Adriatic Sea, is Trieste, the ancient Tergeste of the Romans. It is a beautiful city, of about 140,000 inhabitants, including the suburbs. Trieste is the largest seaport of Austria, with much commerce to the Levant, and some to India. Entering and clearing the harbor are 14,000 vessels annually, with a tonnage of more than twenty millions. The Emperor Charles VI. made it a free port in 1719.

The population and the language of Trieste are mostly Italian. It is a curious fact that there are four times as many Slavs in the city as Germans. Of the latter there are only 5,000, while of the former there are more than 20,000—nearly one-sixth of the population. Near the Hotel de Ville is a neat Greek church, S. Niccolo dei Greci. Down the eastern coast of the Adriatic we shall find the Slavs increasing, affording a foothold for Russian influence.

Always more interested in persons than places, I ascended the Via della Cathedrale to the open-air Museo Lapidario, in a disused burial-ground,

to find the tomb of Winckelmann, the great German writer on ancient art, who was murdered at Trieste, in 1768, by an Italian fellow-traveler, for the sake of plunder. The murderer was caught and executed. A monument was erected to Winckelmann, in 1832, in a small temple here, with medallion portrait, and allegorical relief.

Five miles away from Trieste, to the north-west, near Grignano, is the Château of Miramon, formerly occupied by Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico. The view from it, of the city, over the bay of Trieste, and down the Adriatic, is superb. The gardens and grounds are exquisite. The mountains shelter the château from the north winds, and the breezes of the sea cool it in summer. Maximilian was rear-admiral of the Austrian navy, and, before his unfortunate adventure in Mexico, usually resided in Trieste. A monument was erected to him there, in the beautiful Piazza Guiseppino.

At Trieste I took passage on an Austrian Lloyd steamer for Corfu. The spring weather was fine, and the moon was nearly at the full. The Adriatic Sea, usually rough, and sometimes dangerous, with fierce north-west winds, in winter, was placid as a river. The boat was not at all crowded, for it was the season of the year when everybody was coming north from Egypt, the Holy Land, and Greece, and very few were traveling south.

The view of Trieste, of the bay, the adjacent Quarnero Islands, and the peninsula of Istria, as

we sailed away, was beautiful as a pleasant dream, heightened by the incipient haze of the warm springtime, when there is a "deeper red on the robin's breast." There was not a ripple on the sea. The setting sun and the great rising moon illumined the rugged coast and the mountains in the background.

On the left, coming down to the sea, between the Carnic Alps and the Julian Alps, is Croatia, in earliest times inhabited by Pannonians, conquered by Augustus Cæsar, in the highway of northern tribes breaking into the later Empire. Although a part of Hungary, Croatia turned loose its warlike population on the Magyars, in the revolution of 1848–9. The atrocities of the Ban, at that time, are not yet forgotten. The House of Hapsburg has reason to feel grateful to the Croatians.

Further on is Dalmatia, the fartherest Austrian land, on the borders of Turkey, with its barren mountains rising dark against the eastern horizon, with numerous rocky islands in the foreground, behind which small ships find shelter from the north-west blasts. Considerable streams break through the mountains and fall seaward over cascades that send a gleam of silver even to our ship. The inhabitants are fierce, brigandish, and given to drunkenness. Italians still predominate, although Slavs become more numerous than in Trieste and Croatia. The Dalmatian soldiers are brave and faithful to their engagements. The Slavonians conquered the country from the Goths,

and six centuries later had to give it up to the Hungarians, who in turn were despoiled of it by the Turks and Venetians. The Venetian part of it was passed over, by the Treaty of Campo-Fornio, to Austria. Again it was annexed, after its cession to Napoleon, successively to the Kingdom of Italy and to Illyria. It was returned to Austria when the battle of Waterloo caused the reconstruction of the map of Europe.

Farther on, the little Kingdom of Montenegro now comes down to the Adriatic, in the district around the port of Antivari, since the treaty of Berlin. The very name of the country, in the native tongue, and in its Italian translation, means "Black Mountain." The inhabitants are Slavs, belonging to the Greek Church. The Russians paid their public debt more than a century ago, and allow the Prince about $7,000 a year, on condition of harrassing their common enemy, the Turk. Montenegro can raise an army of more than thirty thousand splendid fighting men. The mountains beyond Antivari looked dark and grand, from the deck of the steamer. In San Francisco, which is a rendezvous of all nations, there is a colony of Montenegrins.

The long coast of Albania marks the south-western boundary of Turkey on the Adriatic Sea. The famed Acroceraunian promontory, lofty, desolate, suggestive of storms, is a conspicuous object from afar. Northern Albania occupies the site of the Roman Illyria; southern Albania, the site

of the Greek Epirus. I noticed that along the ancient Epirotic coast there are no habitations, not even huts of fishermen. The lofty mountain slopes, facing the sea, are barren, and any narrow reaches of flat land along the shore are malarial marshes. The Albanians are the best soldiers in the Turkish army. They are brave, hardy, half-civilized, more given to robbery than to tilling the earth, constantly at feud with one another, and fanatical Mohamedans, though once nominally Christians. They are excellent seamen and furnish many of the Austrian Lloyd steamers with officers and crews. Our captain was an Albanian, well-trained in his profession, speaking all the languages of the Levant, polite to his passengers, and severe with his subordinates. A slice of Albania, south of Atra, was ceded to Greece by Turkey, after the Berlin Congress, under pressure of the western powers.

As we sailed out of the Adriatic into the Ionian Sea, through the Straits of Otranto, the shore of Italy, the coast of Albania, and the Island of Corfu (the ancient Corcyra), were in full view. That was the ancient crossing-place between Roman and Greek territory. Clearly to be seen were the starting and landing place of the great Cæsar when he went to meet Pompey, on the field of Pharsalia, where was decided the empire of the world. Brundusium and Dyrrhachium were the Dover and Calais of antiquity, and the sight of both at the same time, from the deck of a modern steamship, on a clear afternoon,

filled the mind with visions of two thousand years ago.

The Bay of Corfu, from which there is no visible outlet to the sea, looks like a magnificent lake surrounded by lofty mountains that are mirrored, especially as evening approaches, in its placid waters. The mountains on the Albanian side are rocky and barren. On the Corcyrean side the mountains are dark with forests of cypress, olive, and ilex. There is no lovelier spot on the wide earth. The island is shaped something like a sickle, forty miles long, twenty miles wide at the northern end, running narrower toward the southern point. The convex side is turned towards the Ionian Sea. The winding strait between the island and the shore, on the east, varies from two and a half miles wide, at the entrance from the Straits of Otranto, to a dozen miles, as one leaves it for the south. As Homer sang, the island is—

"Spread like a shield upon the dark blue sea!"

Corfu, for ages, was a gateway between the East and the West. It is the key to the Adriatic Sea, and many nations have fought for its possession. Corinth sent there a colony, which flourished and extended its dominion over neighboring places. The prospering colony and the mother city, becoming rivals in trade, finally came to blows on the sea. This earliest naval battle of the world was fought twenty-five hundred years ago. Two centuries later Corcyra invoked the

aid of Athens against the Corinthians and thus became the occasion, if not the cause, of the Peloponesian war. Its somber heights looked down upon the review of the splendid fleet destined to perish in the harbor of Syracuse, in the great naval conflict so vividly described by Thucydides. In view of its heights, four centuries later, on the waters of Actium, a world was lost and won. Long afterwards, the Crusaders seized Corfu and its fruitful soil was trod by Robert Guiscard and Richard I. of England. The Byzantine Emperors and the Princes of the House of Anjou alternately possessed it, till it passed into the hands of Venice, in 1386, where it remained till 1797. The Turks tried desperately to get possession of it. The High-Admiral of Turkey, with sixty ships, and the General-in-Chief, with thirty thousand picked troops, laid siege to Corfu in 1716, but were repulsed with terrible loss, and the Sultan beheaded them for their failure. A statue of Schulemberg, the brave defender, stands to-day on the esplanade of the city, erected by the Venetian senate. With the rest of the Ionian Islands, Corfu was seized by Russia and Turkey in 1800, by France in 1807, and by Britain in 1809. In 1815 it became, under British rule, part of the Septinsular, or Ionian Republic, till it was ceded to Greece in 1864.

I had no time to explore the island and seek out its many points of beautiful view. Somehow, I preferred to gaze in imagination on the dark

stream of time flowing swiftly past, freighted with the debris of three thousand years of human history. In rather an exalted mood, I chose to take the side of Homer, against the modern critics, and regard Corcyra as the real home of Alcinous and the Phœacians, who treated Ulysses so hospitably and sent him in a swift ship to his native Ithaca. Scheria, the name used by Homer, was identified by the ancients generally with Corcyra. Why should we presume to know better than they, who were to the manor born? The antiquary tells me in vain that a tiny rock in the sea, not far from the shore, still pointed out as the Phœacian ship returning from its voyage with Ulysses to Ithaca, blasted and petrified by the angry Poseidon and fastened to the bottom, cannot be that or any other ship. I know that as well as he. But the imagination, just as faithful to truth as the logical faculty, seizes upon a natural object and a fancied resemblance and with them associates a tradition that has a remote origin in reality. How came a hundred generations of men, one after another, to think of such an event at all when seeing such a tiny, ship-shaped rock in the sea? The readers of Homer, half-a-dozen centuries before the Christian era, were not children nor dunces. Not one of them believed that the tiny rock was the petrified Phœacian ship that bore Ulysses to Ithaca; but all did believe, and they were not an over credulous and uncultivated race, that the Homeric Scheria was really Corcyra, the home of

the Phœacians, that they nobly entertained the hero returning by devious ways from the siege of Troy, and sent him to his neighboring island-home rejoicing.

"And even as on a plain a yoke of four stallions comes springing altogether beneath the lash, leaping high and speedily accomplishing the way, so leaped the stern of that ship, and the dark wave of the sounding sea rushed mightily in the wake, and she ran ever surely on her way, nor could a circling hawk keep pace with her, of winged things the swiftest. Even thus she lightly sped and cleft the waves of the sea, bearing a man whose counsel was as the counsel of the gods, one that erewhile had suffered much sorrow of heart, in passing through the wars of men, and the grievous waves. . . . And now the vessel in full course ran ashore, half her keel's length high . . . and first they lifted Odysseus from out the hollow ship. . . . Then themselves departed homeward again. But the shaker of the earth forgot not the threats wherewith at the first he had threatened the godlike Odysseus. . . . Then nigh her came the shaker of the earth, and he smote her into a stone, and rooted her far below with the down-stroke of his hand."—(*Od.*, *xiii.*, *81*)

After leaving Corfu, Corcyra, or the Homeric Scheria, we passed Paxo (Paxos) and the rocky islet of Antipaxos, noted for myriads of quail in the springtime, which are consequently the delight of sportsmen. Cephalonia (Cephalenia) next came

in sight, the largest of the Ionian Islands, noted for a dark mountain crowned with a forest of pine, from which the view is said to be very fine. It looked magnificent in the morning sun. The polite captain of the boat also directed my attention to Leucadia, or Santa Maura, to the northward and eastward, which is called an island, for it is separated from the main land by a narrow and shallow lagoon. A headland projecting into the outer sea is called Sappho's Leap. It is, as Tom Moore sings:

> "The very spot where Sappho sung
> Her swan-like music, ere she sprung
> (Still holding in that fearful leap
> By her loved lyre) into the deep,
> And dying quenched the fatal fire,
> At once of both her heart and lyre."

All of which is, to my mind, much more apochryphal than King Alcinous and his Phœacians in Corcyra. The captain seemed to regard it as a good joke when I proposed that we sail over there in search of Sappho's remains, and also to get a view of Ambracia's Gulf—

> " . . . Where once was lost
> A world for woman."

Both the ancient and modern history of Paxos, Cephalonia, and Leucadia have been sufficiently indicated in the previous account of Corfu.

To the eastward of Cephalonia was in view the island of Ithaca, the home of the great Ulysses, or Odysseus, the hero of Homer's Odyssey.

"As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the vale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

Ithaca is a ridge of limestone, seventeen miles long, four miles wide, at the widest, rising into barren heights, with a population of twelve thousand. It is one of the most interesting islands of Greece, on account of the Homeric descriptions of Ulysses' home. As I could not go on to it and make original observations, I will not undertake to repeat modern descriptions made by Schliemann, Wordsworth, Mure, Sir William Gell, Bunbury, and others. It will be sufficient to take some descriptive passages from the Odyssey, in which Homer pictures the home of his hero, and tells us how, to use the language of Cicero, "the wisest of men preferred even to immortality that Ithaca, which is fixed, like a bird's nest, among the most rugged of rocks."

Telemachus says to the son of Atreus, rejecting a gift of horses: "In Ithaca there are no wide courses, nor meadow land at all. It is a pasture-land of goats, and more pleasant in my sight than

one that pastureth horses; for of the isles that lie and lean upon the sea, none are fit for the driving of horses, or rich in meadow-land, and least of all is Ithaca."[1] (*Od., iv., 603*). "Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, spake to him again: 'Thou art witless, stranger, or thou art come from afar, if, indeed, thou askest of this land; nay, it is not so very nameless but that many men know it, both all those who dwell toward the dawning and the sun, and they that abide over against the light towards the shadowy west. Verily it is rough and not fit for the driving of horses, yet it is not a very sorry isle, though narrow withall. For herein is corn past telling, and herein too wine is found, and the rain is on it evermore, and the fresh dew. And it is good for feeding goats and feeding kine; all manner of wood is here, and watering-places unfailing are herein. Wherefore, stranger, the name of Ithaca hath reached even unto Troyland, which men say is far from this Achæan shore.'" (*Od., xiii., 242*). "I am ODYSSEUS, SON OF LAERTES, who am in men's minds for all manner of wiles, and my fame reaches unto heaven. And I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca, wherein is a mountain, Neriton, with trembling forest leaves, standing manifest to view, and many islands lie around, very near one to the other. Dulichium and Same, and wooded Zacynthos. Now Ithaca lies low, furthest up the sea-line toward the darkness, but those others face

1. Here, as elsewhere, I use the exact and spirited version of Butcher & Lang.

the dawning and the sun: a rugged isle, but a good nurse of noble youths; and for myself I can see nought beside sweeter than a man's own country." (*Od.*, *ix.*, *17*). "But come, and I will show the place of the dwelling of Ithaca, that thou mayest be assured. Lo! here is the haven of Phorcys, the ancient one of the sea, and here at the haven's head is the olive-tree with spreading leaves, and hard by it is the pleasant cave and shadowy, sacred to the nymphs that are called the Naiads. Yonder, behold, is the roofed cavern, where thou offeredst many an acceptable sacrifice of hecatombs to the nymphs; and lo! this hill is Neriton, all clothed in forests. (*Od.*, *xiii.*, *45.*)

From the heights of Ithaca may be seen the open water-space where was fought the famous naval battle of Lepanto; where the battle of Actium was fought, sixteen centuries earlier, for the empire of the world. The battle of Lepanto was not fought in the Gulf of Corinth, but off the Echinades—

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea,"

which are between Ithaca and the main land. Pope Pius V., Philip II. of Spain, and the Venetians united in opposing the unspeakable Turks after their capture of Cyprus. The Christian fleet was under command of Don John of Austria, the natural son of Charles V. The Turkish fleet numbered 230 galleys. The forces were nearly equal on both sides. The battle, which took place

October 6, 1571, was long, fierce, and bloody. The Turks lost 25,000 men and 200 galleys. Perhaps the most gratifying part of the victory was the liberation of 15,000 Christian slaves who were found chained to the oars in the Ottoman galleys. The loss of the allies was great, but the victory was decisive, and the Turkish naval power never recovered from the disaster.

We next passed Zante (Zacynthus), the flower of the Levant, the fragrance of whose vineyards, gardens, and orange groves, floats far seaward in the spring time. The Homeric description of "woody" Zacynthus is still true after three thousand years. I recalled that Vesalius, the founder of modern anatomy, is buried here. He was born in Brussels, got into trouble in Spain, on account of his dissections, was required to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as an expiation, and died of exhaustion, at Zante, on his return.

As we sailed southward we were too far off from the mainland to see much of the shore of the Peloponnesus. With a good glass could be discovered the valley of the Alpheus and thus located the famed Olympia, where, for nearly twelve centuries, were celebrated, at the first full of the moon after the summer solstice, every four years, the Olympic games, thus forming a thread of chronology on which to string the history of the world. "To the Olympic games," says W. G. Clark, "we owe not merely the odes of Pindar, but the chronology of all history, literary or political.

Amid all the intricacies or complications of fortune in the component States, in spite of pestilence and war, the Olympic festival recurred with the regularity of a solar phenomenon."

Farther on, however, we approached the shore of Messenia, whose plains were famed in earliest times for fertility. In two bitter wars with Sparta, the Messenians were beaten and many of them sailed away to Sicily, where they founded a colony on the present site of Messina. On the call of Epaminondas, three hundred years afterwards, many of their descendants joyfully returned.

Turning Cape Matapan, the ancient Tœnarium Promontory, the most southern point of the European Continent, we came upon the island of Cerigo (Corcyra), the favorite dwelling-place of Venus, where she was received when she arose from the sea. The Phœnicians had there a purple fishery of such magnitude that heaps of shells are still found at their dye-works.

On we sailed by the Malea Promontory, called by the Italians Capo Diavolo, on account of the fierce gales that usually sweep around it from the Ægean Sea. We passed it by moonlight, and the sea was calm as a river. There "ruinous wind" drove Ulysses and his ships ten days away to the land of the lotus-eaters.

Although wearied with looking, remembering, thinking, I kept the deck of the ship all the way up the eastern coast of the Peloponnesus, the modern Morea, to the Piræus, the port of Athens.

The light of the full moon, in the clear atmosphere, added a weird beauty to the islands and the shore. The Bay of Nauplia projected far inland, to the town of the same name, which was the capital of modern Greece till King Otho went to Athens, in 1834. A little farther inland, above the apex of the bay, is the site of the ancient city of Argos. The harbor is the best and most commodious of any in Greece. We coasted along the ancient Argolis, the earliest civilized State of Hellas, famed for horses, sculptors, and musicians. The lowland, near the shore, on the peninsula projecting between the Bay of Nauplia, on the south, and the Bay of Salamis, on the north, is an extensive marsh. There Hercules, in the Greek mythology, strangled the Lernean hydra and overcame the Nemean lion.

As the morning sun illumined the rocky heights of Salamis, flashed on the Acropolis, and shone over the hills and plains of Attica, we sailed across the very waters where the mighty naval battle was fought between the Greeks and Persians more than twenty-three centuries ago, into the harbor of Piræus. The curious pointed to a rock, on our left, where Xerxes, seated on a throne, witnessed the defeat of his fleet and sadly realized that his costly expedition had come to nought.

The harbor of Piræus is good, but the entrance is narrow. The town is new, having been built up since 1835. The history of ancient Piræus can be found in the general history of Greece. Of the

ancient walls, connecting it and Munychia with Athens, there are but few remains. A railroad, four miles long, to Athens, which conveys one there in twenty minutes, is rickety, dusty, and uncomfortable.

I did not stop a moment to look at the modern city of Athens. It has been built since 1835, like modern Piræus. It is raw as any town in California or Australia, without the sumptuous expenditure and magnificence. The King's palace is a huge, square, plastered edifice, that would not be tolerated in San Francisco or Melbourne as a public building. All modern Greece is in a state of dilapidation. There are no roads, and the products of the country and imported goods are carried on the backs of mules and men. A few miles of railroad have been constructed to nearer points of interest, but the service is not very good. The living Greeks are only a hopeless reminiscence of their great ancestors. About two millions of them live a sickly life in the narrow mountain valleys and around the undrained malarial marshes of the scanty lowlands. Two millions more are scattered about the Levant, generally engaged in trade and commerce, for which they exhibit great aptitude. They talk politics very bravely in the coffee-houses, but are not very dangerous, except as highwaymen. The people are very superstitious and all over the land they will destroy the precious remains of antiquity for material to build huge ugly churches, without a trace of architectural

beauty, ten times larger than needed. There is little steady industry, especially in agriculture and manufacturing. The public debt is enormous and a very large percentage of the heavy taxes is squandered, or worse than squandered, in the collection. There are people of worth and culture among the modern Greeks, but they are exceptions to the rule. The Greeks of Athens, to-day, are no more like the Greeks in the time of Themistocles and Pericles than gray night is like the sunny day. The people are changed quite as much as the city itself.

The first thing I did was to ascend the Acropolis. It was the only thing in Athens that I cared to see. The Acropolis is about 1,100 feet in length, 450 feet in greatest width, and 300 feet at the highest point, above the level of the surrounding town. It is a solitary rock of semi-crystaline limestone and red schist, that doubtless stood above the old Pliocene Sea, washed for ages by the waves. The brightest race of mankind made it, in the bygone centuries, the point of all the world richest in art. As one stands upon it, in the midst of desolate ruins, and begins to reconstruct in imagination its temples, theaters, and statues, if he happens to cast his eyes down upon the modern town, he feels very much like a peacock glancing at its toes. The southern side of the Acropolis is slightly curved outward, without indentations or projections, and was doubtless the lee side of the rock in the Pliocene Sea. The east end terminates in two

cliffs, with rather a deep indentation between them, now partly filled with debris. The north side is jagged and steep, and considerable masses of the rock have evidently from time to time fallen down. The western end slopes downward, and with the western part of the southern side forms a natural or artificial terrace.

The view from the top of the Acropolis is superb. On the south is the Saronic Gulf, with Salamis in the foreground, and Ægina, the fabled home of the Myrmidons, in the distance. A breeze comes up from the sea, tempering the heat of the sun shining "through pelucid air." On the south-east is Mount Hymettus, still renowned as of yore for its honey. Away to the north-east and north is Mount Pentelicus, where marble was quarried for temples and statuary. On the north-west is Mount Parnes, dark with forests of pine. To the south-west appears Mount Ægaleos, near the beautiful Bay of Salamis. Within this panorama of distant hills, following the same circuit from the south-east round to the south-west, one observes the Temple of Olympian Jupiter, begun by Peisistratus and finished after seven hundred years by Hadrian, of whose 130 columns, in Pentelic marble, sixteen still remain; Hadrian's Triumphal Arch, also of Pentelic marble, in the Corinthian order; the monument of Lysicrates, called the Lantern of Demosthenes; still nearer, the Prytaneum or Senate House; close by, the ruins of the Theater of Bacchus, the proscenium and orchestra well

preserved, built by Hadrian on the site of the ancient Theater of Dionysus; and right at one's feet, the remains of a Roman Music Theater, erected on the site of the Odeium of Pericles, of which no trace has been discovered. Turning to the northward, are seen the remains of the Doric Temple of Theseus, with six columns on each front, thirteen on each flank, and the Tower of the Winds, which still has a sun-dial. On the west, reversing the order from the nearer to the more distant objects, appear, in succession, the Areopagus, a steep rock between the Acropolis and the Hill of the Nymphs; then, beyond the Areopagus, the Pnyx, where the public assemblies of Athenian citizens were held, from which was heard the voices of the greatest orators of Greece, where St. Paul preached his wonderful sermon; the prison of Socrates, and the tomb of Philopappos, on the Museum Hill, with its ruined walls, beyond which was the Academy, where Plato taught. In the valley of the Illissus, which winds around the southern side of the city to the west, may be observed the modern villa and gardens of Ilissia, on the site of the ancient Lyceium, where Aristotle had his school. On the west of the city is the little river Cephissus, running south, in the valley of which the great dramatist, Sophocles, spent his youth. "Sophocles was born," says the historian Curtius, "in the suburban district of Colonus, . . . and grew up amongst the rural beauties of the Cephissus, under the shade of

sacred olive-trees, the witnesses of the earliest national history, but at the same time in the neighborhood of the busy capital, near the sea, which he overlooked from the rocky height."

The Acropolis was the citadel of Athens, and to the natural defense of the steep sides of the rock were added walls at different periods. One can still see remains of walls built by Themistocles, Conon, and Valerian. Even fragments of Pelasgic walls may be found. At the western end one passes through the ruins of the Propylæa, built as a worthy gateway to the enclosure leading up to the Parthenon. The exquisite little Temple of Athene Nike, or Nike Apteros (wingless victory), 27 feet long by 18 feet broad, arrests the eye, and is seemingly entire. It was removed in 1684, but in 1835, some enthusiastic antiquaries and students of art collected the materials and built them up again on the old foundation, which had remained undisturbed. Abundant remains of the Erectheium, the most sacred of all the Athenian temples, finished by Alcibiades, small, but worthy of an artistic age, are standing in the midst of sculptured fragments of Pentelic marble. On the highest part of the Acropolis stood the Parthenon, the finest building ever constructed in the world, of which the west side still remains. I counted six columns standing entire at the Posticum. Eight columns on the front, and seventeen on the sides, of the Cella also remain. The Turks used it as a powder-house, and it was blown up during a bombardment in 1687.

Nothing remains of the master-work of human genius but mournful ruins. My eyes have never beheld a sadder sight.

I have endeavored to describe, in meager outline, the Acropolis and the wonderful panorama visible from its summit, as they exist to-day. Nature has not changed. All else is crumbling rapidly into final decay.

I sat down in the midst of the ruins and tried to reconstruct in imagination the Acropolis as it existed during the closing years of Pericles' life. The vision was gorgeous, but doubtless very wide of the reality. Instead of attempting to translate my day-dream into words, I shall serve my readers more faithfully by copying some paragraphs from Curtius, who, among the historians of Greece, has best understood her plastic arts.

Recounting the glories of the age of Pericles, summing up the achievements of mighty men of genius in every department of intellectual activity, he says: "All these men—philosophers and historians, orators and poets, of whom every individual marks an epoch in the progress of art and science, were not only contemporaries, but fellow-inhabitants of a single city; partly born in it and nourished from youth up in the glories of their native town, partly attracted hither by these glories; nor did they remain standing merely externally by the side of one another, but worked consciously or unconsciously, for the accomplishment of a great common cause. For, whether they were personally intimate or not

with the great statesman, the center of the Attic world, or whether they were even among his adversaries, they yet could not but help essentially to support him in the accomplishment of the task of his life, viz.: the elevation of Athens to the position of the intellectual capital of Greece. Here the germs of culture introduced from foreign countries acquired new vitality; the Ionic study of foreign countries and nations became the art of historical writing, as soon as Herodotus came into contact with Athens; at Athens the Peloponnesian Dithyrambus was developed into tragedy, and the farce of Megara into comedy; the philosophers of Magna Græcia and Ionia met in Athens, in order there to supplement one another, and prepare the growth of an Attic philosophy; even sophistry was nowhere turned to so profitable an account as at Athens. While formerly every country, every town, or island of Hellas had its separate school and tendency, now all vigorous tendencies of mind crowded together at Athens; the local and tribal differences of character and dialect were reconciled with one another; and as the drama, the most Attic of all branches of art, received with it all the earlier forms, in order to combine them for the purpose of an organic co-operation, so there grew out of the union of all the acquisitions of the Hellenic intellect a universal culture, which was Attic and national-Greek at the same time. However greatly the other States opposed the political preponderance of Athens, yet no one could but

perceive that here, where Æschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, Zeno, Anagoras, Protagoras, Crates, and Cratinus were beheld working in unison, was the common hearth of all higher efforts, the heart of the whole fatherland, a Hellas in Hellas."

"The most important scene," again says the historian, "on which Pericles and Phidias developed their creative genius was the citadel. . . . The most sacred spot on the citadel was at all times the double sanctuary of Poseidon and Athene, on the northern rim of the flat of the citadel, where the priests of the house of the Butadæ administered the worship of the divinities united under one roof. . . . We are without any information as to the measures which were taken in the age of Pericles for the adornment of this the national sanctuary proper of Attica (the Erectheium, the ruins of which have already been mentioned). At all events the principal attention was directed to another structure, viz., to the splendid restoration of the Hecatompedon (the Parthenon). . . . It was not intended to build an edifice which should attract attention by the colossal nature of its proportions or the novelty of its style. The traditions of the earlier building were followed, and its dimensions were not extended more than 50 feet. In a breadth of 100 feet the edifice extended, in the form of a temple, 226 feet from east to west; and the height, from the lowest stair to the apex of the pediment, amounted to only 65 feet.

"Through the hall of Doric columns surrounding the whole edifice, the visitor, coming from the east, approached the entrance-hall, of six columns; from which again a lofty portal of bronze led into the interior space, the Hecatompedon properly so-called, which was by a double row of columns divided lengthwise into three naves. Above was a second series of columns, forming a double gallery and supporting the stone ceiling. This ceiling, however, instead of extending over the whole length of the cella, was partly open, and admitted sufficient light from above to illuminate the entire space. Next to this cella, 100 feet deep, was the back part of the building (the Opisthodomos), an equilateral hall, with four columns, opening into the western entrance-hall.

"The architectonic spaces adorned with sculptures were of a threefold kind; and a corresponding distinction as to style and execution also prevailed among the sculptures themselves. The grandest of these spaces was the great triangle formed by the oblique ledges of the roof on the shorter, *i. e.*, the east and west fronts of the building. The area of these pediments was filled with colossal sculptures. . . . The area of the pediment on the east side was filled by the assembly of the Olympian gods, encircled by the divinities of daylight and night. In the midst of the Olympians appears Athene, new-born but perfectly matured, beautiful, and fully armed, by the side of her father Zeus, the luminous center of the great

assembly; upon whom the gods and goddesses on either side gaze in wondering admiration. The western pediment, on the other hand, is marked out as Attic ground by the divinities of Attic rivers, who, as recumbent figures in the corners, bound the entire group. In the midst stands Athene, by the side of Poseidon; the former accompanied by her following of Attic national divinities, the latter by the dæmons of the sea. They have been contending against one another for the prize of Athens. The contest is decided; the more savage god has to give way; but the fortunate land, the possession of which is an object of envy among the immortal gods, has received the gifts of unperishing significance from either combatant, and to it even the contest has in the end brought blessings. Under the roof of the temple extends the architrave, which was adorned on either side by gold escutcheons on the two flank sides; and over this the trygliph frieze. The surface of the metopes, let in between the trygliph blocks, were throughout adorned with sculptures, forming ninety-two tablets, nearly square in shape, each of which required a composition complete in itself. Phidias generally chose groups of combatants; battles between the divinities, particularly between Athene and the Gigantes; battles of the Heroes, fighting as the prototypes of the youths of Attica, with their whole strength against the powers of rude force opposed to moral order in the life of the State—such as the Amazons, who

are hostile to marriage, and the Centaurs, the disturbers of peace and the robbers of women, the foes of Theseus, the founder of order and law. But the deeds of peace were also represented, such as the establishment of sacred statutes on which the religious system of Attica was based.

"Finally, within the circuit of columns a frieze passed along the outer walls of the cella, encircling them like a narrow band in a length of 528 feet. For a space of this kind no representation could be better adapted than that of a continuous procession of many figures—of a festive procession naturally connected with the building. Hence the panathenæan procession could be made use of for the purpose. It was not, however, intended to give a faithful description of it in marble. This would have deprived the inventive artist of freedom of selection; solemn but wearisome repetition would have been inevitable; and any representation of the kind would have, as a feeble imitation, fallen below the living reality. A representation of the preparations for the great festive procession appeared incomparably more imposing; for it offered evidence of the serious purpose animating the Athenians in the celebration of their festivals of State. Thus it became possible to introduce in a natural manner the groups of horsemen and four-horse chariots, the band of sacrificers and musicians, the ministering personages, . . . and the officers of State, whose duty it was to superintend and regulate the whole. The gods themselves are seated in confi-

dential proximity among the people, which honors them with so solemn an ardor.

"These grand temple-sculptures display to us in full figures and in relief the plastic art of Attica, with the peculiar character impressed upon it by Phidias. In the sculptures in relief a clear distinction of style is equally recognizable. For from the surface of the metapes the gymnastic figures spring out in vigorous alto-relievo, so that their bodies occasionally stand forth perfectly free from the background; while on the frieze, on the other hand, the figures rise only a few lines breadth from the surface, and the eye glances along them as along a drawing. We have here the gentle flow of an epic representation; while in the groups of the pediments our eye is met by dramatic movement, culminating in a highly significant phase of action.

. . . "The design of the Hecatompedon had included the erection in the latter of a new statue of Athene; a work of colossal splendor, destined to call forth astonishment and admiration, and to bear full witness to the wealth of a great trading city, to the flourishing culture of arts within her walls, and to the union of religious and political feelings animating her citizens. Therefore simple materials were disdained, and the most splendid of all species of plastic representations chosen—the work in gold and ivory. . . . The mild luster of the plates of ivory forming the nude parts of the surface was heightened by the effulgency of

the gold; the selection of the variegated precious stones for the eyes, the coloring of the hair, the distribution of light and shade in the arrangement of the drapery—all this and much else required the experienced artistic taste of a painter.

"Such a work of art—of sculpture, architecture, and painting combined—was the Athene of Phidias. . . . She is the goddess of the Athenians' home; therefore the serpent of the citadel, the symbol of the land, was seen winding his coils on her left; she is the warlike goddess, with helmet, shield and spear, and the brighter victory, with a figure of Nice on her stretched-out right hand; but her attitude is calm and peaceable, not bold or provocative; with bent brow she casts a calm and collective glance before her; alone she stands, but needing no helper; her features are gentle and open; and her helmet, under which the ample locks flow forth, is marked by the symbols of sphinx and griffins, signifying power of thought and quickness of intelligence. Hence this Athene was no allegorical figure (like those by which in ancient and modern times it has been attempted to personify a country or city), but the figure of a goddess, who had from the first beginning of the State been its protecting deity; but this divine figure was endowed with all the great qualities of which Athens felt conscious, and with all the virtues which were to distinguish the Attic citizen. . . .

"In order to complete the buildings on the Acropolis in a manner worthy of the State, there

was needed in the last instance a new entrance-portal, which should mark out the entire district of the citadel as a festive locality sacred to Athene. This, by the side of the Odeum and the Hecatompedon or Parthenon, constituted the third great architectural creation of Pericles, viz., the halls of the portal, or Propylæa, together with the staircase ascending to them. The architect of the Propylæa was Mnesicles. His task was to span the western end of the rock of the citadel, where alone the latter is accessible, with an edifice intended to complete the boundary line of the citadel at its narrowest point, but at the same time to provide it with a worthy and solemn beginning. A row of Doric columns, with a pediment in the form of a temple, received the visitor on ascending. He next entered a hall fifty feet deep, whose splendid marble roof was supported by six Ionic columns. This hall was shut by a wall running horizontally across it, and with five gates of lattice-work, forming the entrance (open or closed at will) to the citadel. Passing out of this, the visitor again entered another Doric hall of six columns, and through it the inner space of the citadel. From the right and left side of the central building of the Propylœa, the portal proper, a wing projected to the right and left, for the purpose of completing the edifice bounding the work of the citadel; the northern wing comprehended the chamber painted with frescoes by Polygnotus, the Pinacothece. Either wing opened by halls of

columns towards the broad open staircase, which led in a gentle ascent to the hall of the portal and united the upper with the lower city. . . . The Acropolis opened its hospitable galleries of columns to all who wished to visit the temples and festivals of the Athenians; rising from the lower city, as the crown of the whole, like a great dedicatory offering, with its colossi, temples, and halls, and with the marble edifice of the Propylæa shining like a precious frontlet on its brow."

I hastened away from the mournful ruins of the Acropolis to the Piræus, there to take ship for Constantinople. Not the least mournful of the ruins of Athens, as it exists to-day, is the population, the modern Greeks themselves. The wonder is that so much of them still remains after two thousand years of despoliation and bitter oppression. The Israelites alone have suffered more during all the centuries of the Christian era. The weary traveler speedily becomes impatient of them, but his mood easily turns to one of pity and sympathy. I have little hope of their future, yet no man more heartily wishes that their dreams of rehabilitation might be realized.

We sailed out into the Ægean Sea between the promontory of Sunium and the island of Zea. The boat was crowded, and the wind soon freshened into a gale. Tired nature asserted her dominion and I slept away the journey past the islands of Andros, Chios, Skyros, and Lemnos, and did not see them at all. The next morning the sun shone

on Mount Olympus, far to the west, and illuminated Mount Ida, to the eastward, on the Asiatic shore. In the foreground was Tenedos, from which the serpent crossed over and crushed Laocoon and his sons, in sight of the Greek camp on the plains of Troy. Somehow, I was dreadfully weary and could not arouse myself to the pitch of enthusiasm over the scenes of the Iliad. The reaction of an over-strained imagination had come on me, and I felt very indifferent about the wrath of Achilles, or the fate of Priam. It seemed to me that the gods on Olympus or Ida might have been in better business than bothering their heads about a Trojan dude who had run off with the giddy wife of a Grecian kinglet.

"Homer, thy song men liken to the sea,
With every note of music in its tone,
With tides that wash the dim dominion
Of Hades, and the light waves that laugh in glee
Around the iles enchanted."

I was not seasick myself, but scenes of distressing seasickness all around me did not dispose my mind to the enjoyment of epic poetry, even in full sight of Troy.

As we entered the Dardanelles, a channel forty miles long, from less than a mile to four miles wide, running from the Sea of Marmora to the Grecian Archipelago, separating Asia and Europe, the waves subsided and the passengers came out to sun themselves, looking fairly cheerful. The channel is strongly fortified on both sides. By a treaty between

the five great powers and Turkey, in 1841, it was stipulated that no ship of war, unless belonging to Turkey, should pass the Dardanelles without Turkey's consent. The stipulation was renewed at London in 1871, and at Berlin in 1878. Merchant ships must also show their papers to the Turkish authorities. Opposite to Sestos, in Europe, near Abydos, in Asia, Xerxes crossed the Dardanelles by two bridges. Near the same points Alexander the Great crossed the other way. It was there that Leander swam across to visit Hero. It was at the same place that Lord Byron swam the channel, to show that there was nothing improbable in the story of Leander and Hero.

We were detained at Gallipoli and did not enter the Sea of Marmora till after nightfall. I slept off the journey, and slowly we entered the Golden Horn the following morning.

CHAPTER V.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Bosphorus enters the Sea of Marmora directly from the north. We passed the Seraglio Point about two miles from the sea. There the magnificent panorama of Constantinople broke in its completeness upon the view. The Golden Horn, a narrow bay, was seen extending inland, to the northwest, five or six miles. The farther end bends round to the right, somewhat like a horn; hence the name of the inlet, or bay, which, with its deep water, forms a magnificent harbor. From the mouth of it you look up the Bosphorus, which comes down with a current like a river from the north-east. You look back a couple of miles, due south, upon the Sea of Marmora. South of the Golden Horn is the essentially Turkish part of Constantinople, Stamboul, or Istamboul, on an isthmus between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora. As the shore of that sea trends away to the south-west, and the shore of the Golden Horn trends to the north-west, the peninsula, of which the eastern end borders about two miles on the Bosphorus, widens out to several miles at the old wall marking the

western limits of Stamboul. The roundish, widish point of projecting land on the north, between the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, on a flatish reach of ground, is the old Venetian Galata, which is occupied by merchants, in the Frankish or European part of Constantinople. Ascending a hill, about 250 feet high, from Galata, you reach Pera, where dwell ambassadors and European residents. Across the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic side, is Scutari, which is properly a suburb of Constantinople.

The population of Constantinople may be 600,000; it may be 1,000,000. The Ottomans give us no reliable enumeration of inhabitants.

The whole of Constantinople, west and east of the Bosphorus, north and south of the Golden Horn, is built on a series of hills two or three hundred feet high. This makes the city look very picturesque and imposing. At a little distance, from the water, one sees the numerous mosques with their minarets, the palaces of the Sultan and his family, the public buildings of all kinds, and the habitations of nobles, and does not see the hovels of the poor and the dilapidated structures intervening on every hand. Distance lends enchantment to the view. Stamboul, like Rome, has its seven hills. The suburb of Scutari is very much like the rest of Constantinople.

When our steamship dropped anchor in the Golden Horn it was immediately surrounded by a thousand craft of all sizes and forms, from which the boatmen set up a multitudinous howl that

echoed from either shore. The Babel of voices and tongues beggars all attempts at description. The prospect of getting ashore was not very encouraging to an inexperienced traveler. Fortunately the boatmen were not allowed to come on board the ship. They were like a vast pack of hungry howling wolves, with no police regulations among themselves. The boats ran into one another and some of them were turned over. Judging by the sound, the Turkish, Armenian, Greek, and Albanian vocabularies must be rich in blasphemy. Thieves abounded. Unwary passengers who descended the ladder on the side of the ship without guidance, were seized by the pirates, who fought over them as for prey. They would find themselves in one boat and see their satchels disappearing in another. They were fortunate to escape without being maimed. The officers of the ship did what they could to take care of the passengers, but for certain conceited dunces no human forethought could provide. I saw one burly Englishman knock down three Turks, who undertook to wrest his portmanteau from his hand, then shove off in a caique and start for shore alone. He was soon arrested by a revenue boat, and our captain remarked that they would pick his bones clean before letting him go. An ugly Swiss governess, who had been home on a visit from a Russian general's family in the Crimea, astonished everybody by descending alone, cigarette in mouth, among the yelling crew of a boat, sharply com-

manding them to silence in their own tongue, and aweing them into obedience by declaring herself to be under the protection of the Russian legation.

I had formed a partnership with two gentlemen, one of whom was a Hollander from Java, the other of whom I took to be an Englishman from India, to disembark together and go to the same hotel. We sat down quietly with our traps, smoking our pipes, looking at the noisy, motley crowd, having given a steward direction to send to us a commissionaire from the Hotel d'Angleterre, when he should arrive on board. He made his appearance in due time, took charge of our baggage, and put us on board a comfortable boat. We were in skilled and experienced hands and felt at our ease. The multitude of boatmen, by common consent and habit, did not attempt to interfere with the representative of a well-known hotel and those under his charge. On our way to the custom-house our commissionaire asked us for our passports, that he might have them ready and thus prevent delay. Myself and the Hollander handed him our passports, but the other said he had no passport. The experienced commissionaire told him it would be impossible to land without one. He said he came from a place where passports were unknown, but would procure one as soon as he could go to the legation of his country in Constantinople. Addressing the commissionaire in German, which happened to be his native tongue, he told him to *bakshish* him through the hands of

the Turkish officer, whatever it might cost. "You will be detained then," was the response, "till you can send to your legation for the necessary papers." "Tell the accursed Turk that I am a high German official, acting under the immediate orders of Bismarck, and that if he detains me it shall cost him his head." The German official, who had come up in haste from the eastern shore of Africa, spoke English so well that I had mistaken him for an Englishman; and Dutch so well, that our friend from Java had mistaken him for a native Hollander. He also spoke Arabic and the tongues of several African tribes. The Turkish official eyed him keenly while the commissionaire was explaining to him, and then passed us all without even requiring our baggage to be opened. The bakshish amounted to only half-a-dozen francs for all of us. So what promised to be a hinderance turned out to be a help.

A short underground railroad took us up the hill from Galata to Pera. The ascent is about 250 feet. A short walk along the Grand Rue Pera brought us to the Hotel d'Angleterre. That Grand Rue, or street, is about as wide as an alley in an American city. Two carriages can barely pass one another in it. In order to get out of the way of even one carriage, you must press up against the houses, with a fair prospect of a splashing, if it is at all muddy. There is no side-walk and the houses are built out even with the edges of the street. Mules and porters with packs

must in some way be avoided. The narrow way, with its strange buildings and the still stranger costumes of the crowd that pass to and fro along it, is picturesque enough, but the idea of its being called a Grand Rue is very funny.

The front of the famed Hotel d'Angleterre looked very much like the gable-end of a low livery-stable. On entering it, however, we found it spacious, and the rear end, far down the hill-side, was six or seven stories high. The views from the windows of the rooms on that end, over city and sea, were really superb. It was kept by a bright little Greek, who was also proprietor of the Hotel Royal, on a fine public garden, much more attractive externally, but not superior within. Two wealthy Americans were at the Hotel d'Angleterre when I was there, negotiating to furnish the money to rebuild it in the style of the best hotels at London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or New York. These men have an interest in many of the best hotels in Europe, and their plans will doubtless be carried out.

It was approaching eleven o'clock. At noon would take place the grand pageant of the Sultan going to a mosque to say his prayers, which would not again take place for a week. We ordered a carriage and drove rapidly two or three miles to the northern outskirts of Pera, and took a place in the front row, at a good point, where the procession would soon pass. Our commissionaire, through whom all orders had to be given to the

Turkish coachman, protested and informed us that we should soon be driven away, as we had no firman, which could only be procured through an ambassador. We, however, kept our place, awaiting events. It was not long before a fierce-looking officer rode up on a fiery steed and ordered us away. I bowed to him and with a smile beckoned him to the side of the carriage. A gold half-napoleon (a ten-franc piece), dropped deftly into his hand, had the effect of decidedly changing his manner. He asked me, in good French, to show him any piece of paper with writing on it. I handed him a letter, from my correspondence at the hotel, which he pretended to look at and handed back, with the remark that our permit was all right. We kept our good place without further disturbance.

Bakshish, a Persian term for gift, does everything at Constantinople. You can offend nobody with it. When an ambassador calls on the highest officials of the Sublime Porte, he is expected to give the attendants who open the door to him a bakshish. When he is admitted to audience with the Sultan himself, the bakshish must not be omitted. It was currently reported in diplomatic circles at Constantinople, when I was there, that Sir Henry Drummond Wolf, the special agent of England in negotiating the Anglo-Turkish Convention with reference to Egypt, gave the Sultan a bakshish of five thousand pounds for signing the document. I saw Wolf, but had no means of verifying the

gossip. It may have been merely an echo of the same gossip, when, in London, some months later, I heard it stated that Sir Henry Drummond Wolf had been unmercifully bantered in Downing-street for the loss of his £5,000. If the story is a fiction, it points to the fact that bakshish is recognized in the highest as well as the lowest quarters at Constantinople.

The palace of the present Sultan is high up among the hills, away from the banks of the Bosphorus, where the splendid earlier palaces have been desecrated by assassinations. Regiments of soldiers, the finest in the empire, soon filed into the avenues leading to the palace. After them came no end of cavalry. The superb horses filled my German friend with admiration. The music of the bands was excellent. The military evolutions were rapid, intricate and exact. Soon were formed two solid walls of soldiers, flanked with cavalry, extending from the palace to a neighboring mosque, between which the Sultan and his suite rode in state. The Sultan was alone in his carriage, with his back to the driver. The horses drawing the carriage were beautiful as the fabled steeds of the sun. The Sultan passed within a hundred feet of us and good field-glasses gave us a near view of his face, which was handsome yet prematurely old-looking, placid, like the faces of all who believe in fate. The "brother of the sun and moon" could have had little faith in his subjects, or he would not have found it necessary to protect himself with

solid military walls while on his way to say his prayers. Perhaps the display of a great mass of highly-disciplined and well-armed soldiers was in part a mere state pageant, but it is a fact well known at Constantinople, that the Sultan is in constant terror of assassination. I could not help thinking of the contrast, when, some months later, I saw the aged Kaiser of Germany appear on the balcony of his plain palace in Berlin, alone with his household, at the daily change of guard, and receive the respectful salutations of his subjects and strangers who chanced to be on the adjacent streets.

The Sultan was not long at his prayers, and returned by the same way. The outside crowd dispersed with some confusion and a good deal of dust.

In this connection may be given an incident, which will serve as a warning to inexperienced travelers in the East. On the ship from the Piræus to Constantinople, I met a German lady, the widow of an eminent professor in one of the most renowned universities, vivacious, rather fine-looking, old enough to travel with safety alone, intelligent, abundantly learned, a good linguist, an excellent talker, but rather given to criticism. On the boat was an Indian prince, the minister of a great rajah, with his suite composed of Englishmen and natives. The prince was an ungainly-looking gentleman, considerably over six feet tall, rather fat and weighty. It was soon rumored about the boat

that he was on his way to Constantinople to wed the daughter of a pasha. Credence in the rumor was strengthened when, in an almost childlike way, he exhibited on the open deck of the steamer a casket containing thirty thousand pounds worth of jewelry. The captain, however, soon took charge of the casket and locked it up securely in the ship's safe. The traveling lady made to me some remarks very uncomplimentary to the prince. I said to her that some one in the suite of the prince might understand German and overhear her, and that I should not like to be called on as her interlocutor to personally answer for her speech. She thanked me politely for my caution. When we were in position to view the pageant of the Sultan, I noticed the German lady in a carriage some distance down the hill, among the unprivileged crowd. I asked permission of my companions to bring her up and let her occupy the unused seat in our carriage. Herr Bismarck's African official gave a prompt and decisive refusal. His explanation was brief and final. He was standing near when the lady made her disparaging remarks concerning the Indian prince. Her German words and sarcastic tones had struck an ear abnormally acute and alert. He seemed to be one of the suite of the prince and was speaking English with the rest. Therefore he had not been noticed. "That sharp-tongued woman, sir, cannot sit in the carriage with me, and it was your rebuke administered to her, then and there, that caused me to take to you as a

traveling companion. And perhaps you remember," he added, "when you recounted to a noted Italian, on board, the rumor that the prince was on the way to Constantinople, to marry the young daughter of a pasha, that he responded, *povera ragazza!*—poor girl! If I had really been one of the prince's suite that Italian would have apologized then and there, or there would have been a duel when we reached the shore."

On the border between Asia and Europe every human speech is sure to be known in a miscellaneous group. In no language can conversation be regarded as private. And caustic freedom of tongue may be unexpectedly resented.

We returned to the hotel, lunched hastily, and began our exploration of the city. We had the subject pretty well studied up in our guide-books, which may be called the "crazy-quilts" of information and are necessary companions. We were robust and good pedestrians, and therefore chose to dispense with a carriage, much to the disgust of our commissionaire, or guide, as it is easier to call him. We took a street car down the hill to the great bridge crossing the Golden Horn to Stamboul. Tramways traverse the city in various directions and are a ready, cheap, expeditious means of getting from place to place. It was Friday, the Mohamedan Sabbath. As it was also the last week in the Ramadan, the time was propitious for observing the worshipers in the mosques. Our guide said it was useless to attempt entering the

mosques at such a time without a firman, which could only be procured with considerable delay, trouble, and expense. We proposed to try the efficacy of bakshish. Money for a firman goes to the government officials. A small part of it given directly to the persons in charge of the mosques pleases them better than a piece of official paper.

Whoever wishes to find especial information on the subject of the Mohamedan Ramadan may look in the second *Surah* of the Koran, called "The Cow."

We went first to the remains of the Seraglio gardens, which cover the lowest of the seven hills of Stamboul. A destroying fire swept over the region in 1865. The splendid marble gate, Sublime Porte, which opened to the gardens, baths, mosques, cypress groves, suites of apartments, government offices, and residence of Sultans in former times, all enclosed with lofty walls, was still standing intact. This gate, Sublime Porte, gave the designation to the Ottoman government by which it is still known. The Mint, the Vizier's Divan, and some other things were spared by the conflagration, but we wasted no time in attempting to explore them.

Close by was the Mosque of St. Sophia, or of "Holy Wisdom," which at first was a Christian church, dedicated by Constantine II., son of Constantine the Great, in A. D. 360. Justinian rebuilt it, in the form of a Greek cross, in 532–48. A moderate amount of bakshish opened the portals to us. It was full of worshipers. It is a gloomy

marble basilica, 270 feet by 245 feet, vast in reality, looking still vaster by reason of the immense dome, 115 feet across. Sixteen bronze gates open into it. The dome, adorned with mosaic work, was illuminated, as alway during the Ramadan, with crystal globes and lamps of colored glass. The interior is adorned with many pillars; six of green jasper, brought from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; eight of porphyry, brought from the Temple of the Sun, at Rome, by Constantine, where they had been placed by Aurelian; and several from Baalbeck and Delos. The tombs of Selim II. and his sons Murad III. and Mohammed III. are imposing, and give the place an additional look of solemnity. The Mohamedan worshipers there, as elsewhere, all bowed with their faces towards Mecca.

We entered three other imperial mosques, remaining but a short time in each; the Amedieh, with its six minarets and the largest dome in Stamboul, from which pilgrims start for Mecca; the Mohamedieh, with two minarets and vast dome, with three naves, simple and grand; the Suleimanieh, with cupola seventeen feet higher than that of St. Sophia, with beautiful tombs of Sultan Soliman, the Magnificent, and his wife Roxolana, splendidly adorned with porcelain, with exquisitely wrought pulpit and mirah, built out of St. Euphemia of Chalcedon; the Osmanieh, with its huge red porphyra sarcophagus, called the tomb of Constantine.

There are in Constantinople 16 imperial mosques, 150 ordinary ones, and 200 inferior ones. In front of every considerable mosque is a large area, surrounded by a lofty marble colonnade, with gates of wrought brass, in the centre of which is a marble fountain, at which the worshipers wash their hands and feet before going to their prayers. Some of these fountains are exceedingly beautiful, with arabesque ornaments, and Chinese-like roofs. The water is brought from artificial lakes, twelve miles away, in the forest of Belgrade, near the village of Pyrgos, by means of subterranean aqueducts, constructed with considerable engineering skill to overcome the inequalities of ground.

Within the enclosure of most of the imperial mosques are schools, libraries, and hospitals. The Turks are not altogether a devil's people.

Towards evening we descended to the remains of the famous Hippodrome, taking in the subterranean cisterns of Philoxena on the way. They are supported by 1000 columns and half filled in with earth. The descent is difficult and not devoid of danger. Corners of the vast subterranean ruins were occupied by ominous-looking ropemakers. There are several other such caverns in Stamboul, originally built as reservoirs for storing water. A trap-door through a man-hole from the street above into one of these unused and rarely explored cisterns, managed by the initiated, might afford the key to many a Byzantine mystery.

The Hippodrome, begun by Severus and finished

by Constantine, was an imitation of the Roman Circus. The course has been cleared by the English, and partly railed in. It is 250 by 150 paces. Formerly it was two stadia by one, or 1007 feet by 503. Still standing there is the obelisk, brought by Theodosius the Great from Thebes, of rose-colored granite, 110 feet high, with hieroglyphs thirty centuries old. There stood the four famous bronze horses, which we saw the other day on the front of St. Mark's at Venice, until they were carried away by the Venetians in 1294. The Hippodrome is in front of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed, not far from St. Sophia. That tarnished little pillar of brass is what remains of the tripod at Delphi, that consisted of three twisted serpents made of metal taken from the Persians in the battle of Platæa. Mohamet II. cut the top off when the city was captured.

The Turks have had the good sense not to revive the Hippodrome. It was the most demoralizing institution at Constantinople during the existence of the empire. The combatants were divided into the factions of the "Greens" and the "Blues," who assassinated one another, demoralized men, and debauched women. The whole city was divided into their partizans, who fought one another with more than political fury. "Constantinople," says Gibbon, "adopted the follies, though not the virtues, of ancient Rome; and the same factions which had agitated the circus, raged with redoubled fury in the hippodrome. Under the reign of

Anastasius, this popular frenzy was inflamed by religious zeal; and the greens, who had treacherously concealed stones and daggers under baskets of fruits, massacred, at a solemn festival, three thousand of their blue adversaries. From the capital this pestilence was diffused into the provinces and cities of the East, and the sportive distinction of two colors produced two strong and irreconcilable factions, which shook the foundations of a feeble government. The popular dissensions, founded on the most serious interest, or holy pretense, have scarcely equaled the obstinacy of this wanton discord, which invaded the peace of families, divided friends and brothers, and tempted the female sex, though seldom seen in the circus, to espouse the inclinations of their lovers, or to contradict the wishes of their husbands. Every law, either human or divine, was trampled under foot, and as long as the party was successful, its deluded followers appeared careless of private distress or public calamity." *Roman Empire, Ch. xl.*

After a day of excitement and toil we expected to sleep well. Alas, while "tired nature" proposes, the howling dogs of Constantinople dispose. There are not less than a hundred thousand ownerless dogs in the city. Like other creatures of leisure, they turn night into day. You find them during the day, everywhere, sleeping, stretched out in alleys, on the sidewalks, in doorways, gaunt, ugly, pinched with hunger, so lean that the fleas forsake them, under foot, protected by the superstition of

the people, who hold them as sacred and guard them from abuse. At night the dogs are abroad, and just about the time one feels the desire of sleep they set up a multitudinous howl that resounds from end to end of Constantinople, hill echoing to hill the mournful concert of ululation issuing in discord from innumerable canine throats. I can sleep well on a steamship, amid the roar of machinery and the outside thunder of the ocean, with the ejaculations of a sea-sick passenger in a cabin on one side, with the song of a distracted nurse to a screaming baby in a cabin on the other side; but the howling of dogs in Constantinople is too much for me. There is no remedy. A ton of dynamite exploded at any point, even under your hotel window, would do no good. Imprecations, the solace of the irritated and the injured, are useless. There is no deity in Constantinople to hear and answer the prayers of the afflicted and the suffering. The only way is to bear the ills we have and not fly to other ills that would come from a Moslem mob by killing a sacred dog. It is said that the dogs do some good by eating up the garbage in the dirty streets, thus performing the work neglected by the municipal government. They may thus serve the same purpose as the bacteria of putrefaction.

The next morning we hastened down to the Golden Horn, cutting the acquaintance of every dog we met, and embarked on a little steamboat for the most inland point. We had on the way

an excellent view of the Turkish fleet, with many great ironclads, and a shipyard where repairs are made. The boat was crowded with natives, but the people were quiet and orderly. Many women of the lower classes were on board, but they were veiled, reserved, and modest in their bearing. There were no idle-looking men, no rowdies. Drunkenness is never observed in any public conveyance of Constantinople. At the numerous landing-places beggars were abundant enough, but they were not importunate and offensive. Each passenger was seemingly intent on business of some kind, but was in no hurry about it.

We landed near a mosque, which our guide told us was very sacred, as the place where the Sultans are crowned, receive the sword of the Prophet, and where many of them are buried. We proposed to see it, but were told that no Christian could enter there. A single gold napoleon, however, opened the door to us. My companion, the African official of Bismarck, capriciously muttered a Mohamedan prayer in good Arabic, with due ceremony, and the priest came to the conclusion that we had a right to visit the place where the defender of the faithful receives the insignia of office.

I follow here the information given by our guide, one of the best of his class, who badly mixed up stories of different times and places, and of no time and place, in order to show the importance of listening with discriminating scepticism to those

who make a trade of conducting travelers about strange cities.

We were exactly in the Mosque of Eyoob, the Prophet's standard-bearer. It is of white marble and has three cupolas. It contains splendid tombs of Eyoob and Sultan Selim. In this mosque a new Sultan receives the sword of Othman, the founder of the great kingdom and empire of the Turks, from whom the Turks are called Osmanli, Ottomans, or Othomans. It requires a special firman to visit the mosque. The priest who let us in believed that we were Mohamedan travelers from the East.

From the Mosque of Eyoob we ascended the long hills, by way of the Crooked Gate, Egri Kapousi, through which Justinian entered the city, to the great cemeteries, from the summit of which there is a magnificent view over Stamboul, Pera, Scutari, the Golden Horn, and the Bosphorus. The dark cypress-trees, a marked feature in all the landscapes of Constantinople and its environs, cast a heavy shade, shielding us from the morning sun. We climbed along the decaying walls, as far as the "Shot" Gate, Top Kapousi, formerly the Gate of St. Romanus, where Constantine Palæologus, the last Greek Emperor, was killed by a cannon-shot in 1453, when the Turks stormed and captured the city. The remains of the walls, begun by Theodosius II., are still seen on the western or land side of Stamboul, in a triple line, with a dry ditch thirty feet wide. From the Top Kapousi

we had a good view of the Sea of Marmora. The remains of the walls along the water's edge of the Golden Horn, the Bosphorus, and the Sea of Marmora, have nearly disappeared. Six of the seven gates, by which the walls on the land side were pierced, are still in a fair state of preservation. From the higher points we could see in the distance, the range of hills, some of them 500 feet high, running twenty miles, from the Sea of Marmora to Lake Derkos on the Black Sea, along which the Turks, under direction of an English engineer, built a line of modern fortifications, during the war with Russia in 1877.

We descended along the narrow, dirty, crooked streets of Stamboul to the great Bazar, Bezesteen, a labyrinth of corridors, built of stone, lighted by domes, miles in extent, walled in with thirty-two gates. The goods are displayed in the most tempting manner. Each nationality and each trade is by itself. The whole world of commerce is represented. Whatever is made, and is for sale in shops, from England to Japan, is here exhibited. For one who could speak a hundred tongues, it would be the nicest place on earth to shop. I am afraid, however, that it would be impossible to find any corner in the grand Bazar of Stamboul where the goods have a fixed price. We spent hours in looking at things that we had no inclination to purchase. For once we felt the feminine delight of shopping without any definite object in view.

We returned towards evening to the hotel, foot-sore and wearied. My friends were preparing to start early the next morning for Vienna. The prospect of parting with them was a real grief. We had seen together more of Constantinople in two days than is usually seen in two weeks. Each supplemented the knowledge, the observation of the others. Mutual support gave us courage in a city where so many things were strange and new. When we come to the parting of the roads with pleasant traveling companions, they seem to be leaving us for ever. Henceforth we must think of them as dead to us, and there is something more than of mortality in the feeling that we too are dead to them. A day's journey is practically just as wide a separation as the distance between the stars.

The next day I went to Scutari alone, not knowing how to spend the Christian Sabbath better than by visiting the places consecrated by the toil and genius of Florence Nightingale. Scutari very much resembles the main city on the other side of the Bosphorus, and contains a population estimated all the way from forty to one hundred thousand. Scutari is noted for its cemeteries, in the midst of great forests of cypress. During the Russian war of 1854–1856, Sultan Mahmud built there immense caserns, which were occupied by the English as barracks and a hospital, which lie on the southern side of the suburb. Still further south is the great burial ground of the English,

who died during the terrible Crimean war, where now stands the monument erected by the Baron Marochetti. Two miles farther south is the modern village of Kadiköi, the ancient Chalcedon, on the banks of the Sea of Marmora. Scutari contains many mosques, from the turrets of which I heard the Muezin calling the faithful to prayer.

Florence Nightingale, when stricken down with fever in the Crimea, refused to leave her post, but on her convalescence went to Scutari and remained there till Turkey was evacuated in 1856. Her *Notes on Hospitals* and her *Notes on Nursing*, that grew out of her experience in attending sick soldiers, have revolutionized hospital construction and the sanitation of armies in the whole civilized world.

I spent several subsequent days in exploring Pera in all directions. A great conflagration, in 1870, consumed two-thirds of it, and rendered 40,000 people homeless. Its former population of 70,000 was thereby reduced one-half. Its gardens, coffee-houses, and open spaces clothed with somber cypress, are still interesting and afford abundant opportunities of studying the manners and customs of a strange people.

The city of Byzantium was planted 660–670 B. C., by Byzas, a Megarian leader, in a corner of Thrace, where Point Seraglio now is. The Romans conquered it in the year 63. Constantine established the seat of the Roman Empire there, in 328–330, and called the city Constantinopolis, from himself.

In the reign of Alexis Comnenus, the crusader Godfrey of Bouillon, made his appearance in 1096–1097. The city of Constantinople was taken by the Venetians and Franks, under the blind old Doge Dondolo, in 1204, who held it till 1261. In the meantime the Greek Emperors established their seat of government at Nicæa and at Trebizond. The Turks, after several attempts, captured the city, in 1453, under Mahomet II., after a siege of fifty-three days, and have kept possession of it ever since.

How long will the Turks keep possession of it, and what will next become of the wonderful city that, better than any other, is adapted by location to be the seat of empire? Thus is opened up the "Eastern Question," which is not difficult to state, the solution of which no political prophet can foretell.

Several curious facts, of especial significance, present themselves at the outset.

1. Many intelligent Turks remove their dead to Scutari for burial, in the belief that their race is soon to be driven from Europe.

2. In European Turkey there are nearly as many Slavs as Ottomans, including the inhabitants of Bulgaria. In a previous chapter we found an increasing number of Slavs, as we went down the eastern coast of the Adriatic Sea from Trieste.

3. Also in European Turkey there are fewer Moslems than other religionists. Even before the last war with Russia, the Mohamedan population

of European Turkey was only 43 per cent. of the whole.

4. The hold of Russia on the population of European Turkey, by the Slavic race and the Greek religion, is quite as great as that of the Sultan by the Osmanli race and the Mohamedan religion.

5. No other government of Europe has any hold at all on the population of European Turkey, either by religion or race.

6. The Turks, although they conquered Constantinople and extended their dominion to the Adriatic and up the Danube to the walls of Vienna, single handed, less than four centuries and a half ago, defying all the western nations, are now powerless, in the face of Europe, to remain a single day longer, of their own strength. Their tenure depends upon the disagreement of the great powers as to what shall be done with their spoils. The "sick man" is not speedily sent to merited Asiatic sepulture, because nobody can be allowed to administer on his estate.

It would seem in justice that the lands wrested by the Turks from the Bulgarians and the Greeks ought to revert to them; but the Bulgarians and the Greeks are unable, without help, to drive the Turks back to Asia. Russia would drive out the Turks, but she would not pass over her conquest to the Bulgarians and the Greeks. Russia has a better title to European Turkey than any other power, by reason of race and religious affinities.

But the rest of Europe will not tolerate Russian aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey. In her last war with Turkey, the rest of Europe combined to deprive her of the most important fruits of her victory. No other power seems to desire European Turkey, or to be willing to aid Russia in her ambition in exchange for anything that Russia can give. The Greeks are opposed to the advance of the Russians to Constantinople, for they know well that no chance would then remain to them to extend the boundary of their country in that direction. The little Principality of Bulgaria seems to have been cunningly set up by the diplomats of the Berlin Conference, on purpose to interpose a barrier between Russia and the Turkish Empire.

Great Britain has no wish to possess herself of Constantinople, but is determined at any cost to keep Russia out. Commercial interest is more potent with her than considerations of race and religion. At any time she may have Russia as an enemy on the borders of India, in which case she would find Turkey a useful ally. An empire of forty millions can furnish a vast number of soldiers that would be very effective when armed, fed and clothed with British gold. Great Britain has a larger number of Mohamedan subjects than the Sultan of Turkey, and an alliance between the two great Mohamedan powers is not only natural but forms a bond of sympathy with the most active and warlike element of southern Asiatic life.

Germany, Austria, and Italy find it necessary

to combine against the further advancement of a colossal power, already sufficiently menacing in eastern Europe. Together they form a bulwark for the protection of the Moslem Empire.

The cunning Turk understands the situation perfectly well, and profits by it to retain his grasp on the Balkan Peninsula. A despotism of debauchery and brute force is allowed to exist in Christian Europe, because the nations interested in getting rid of it cannot agree upon any feasible method of co-operating against it. No solution of the question is apparent, but out of it at any time may grow a great war, or succession of wars, devastating all Europe. Even centuries of waiting will not divert Russia from her fixed determination to extend her dominion over the fair capital of the Byzantine Empire. She longs in her heart of hearts to escape from her frozen seas to the warm Mediterranean, to re-establish the worship of the Greek Church in the desecrated temple of St. Sophia. When a decay, like that of Spain, overtakes the other nations of western Europe, it may be the mission of a younger and mightier power to realize the splendid vision of Peter the Great.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLACK SEA.

SOME weeks before leaving America I had written to Hon. G. V. N. Lothrop, United States Minister at St. Petersburg, requesting him to procure for me, from the Russian government, a special permit to travel in the region beyond the Caspian Sea. At the American legation in Constantinople I received a letter from Mr. Lothrop, stating that he had made application for the permit but had not yet received it. The Russian Consul-General at Constantinople, to whom I showed the letter of the American Minister, informed me that the Governor-General of the Trans-Caucasus, who was the proper officer to issue such a permit, was away from his post on leave of absence, and that it was uncertain when he would return. As it was impossible for me to remain indefinitely at Constantinople, waiting for a document necessary to make a journey into Turcomania, I determined to set out at once for Tiflis, whither my regular passport would take me. The Russian Consul-General was very friendly and gave me some good advice for traveling with comfort in his country. It was a sore disappointment to me not to be able to visit

Khiva and Merve, and the region beyond as far as the Oxus River. The Russian Ambassador at Constantinople could not help me; in fact, no Russian official, at St. Petersburg or elsewhere, has the authority to issue a permit to travel in the Trans-Caspian region, in the absence of the Governor-General. The Czar might indeed issue a special order, but the exigencies of the case would not warrant an application to him through the American Minister.

I took passage on a small Russian steamer for Batoum, at the eastern end of the Black Sea. Its course lay along the coast of Asia Minor, at several points of which it was to stop. The voyage by way of the European coast would involve several changes and considerable delay. One might take a steamer to Odessa, and there take another for the Crimea, from which an occasional boat runs to Poti, a port on the north-eastern shore of the Black Sea, whence one could travel by railroad to a junction on the main line from Batoum to Tiflis. I preferred to take the direct route along the Asiatic coast.

The steward of the boat spoke Italian well, and I soon found passengers who spoke French; so I encountered no serious linguistic difficulties.

We got under way early in the morning. The sun flashed from the minarets and domes of Constantinople, which looked like a city of enchantment as it slowly vanished behind us. The little steamer breasted the strong current of the Bosphorus,

which is really a river running from the Black Sea to the Sea of Marmora. It is not any wider than the Hudson in the Highlands, and is not nearly so beautiful. Very picturesque it is, and the associations of twenty-five hundred years of history make it very interesting. Its very name comes from the mythological story of Io, enamored of Zeus, swimming over it in the form of a heifer. We first passed the Imperial Gun Factory of Tophana and two or three splendid palaces. After passing the famous Barbarossa Column, the current of five miles an hour almost stopped the movement of the steamer. Foreign residences were picturesquely grouped about the Bay of Bebek, a little farther on. On the heights of Roumelie-Hissar, beyond the Bay of Bebek, was a fine edifice that caused an American heart to beat with pride. It was the College, founded in 1863 by the liberality of Mr. Robert, of New York, where 150 boys, mostly from Bulgaria, are educated. The influence of the *American College* is very great, and the good it does is without alloy. We slowly passed the valley of "Sweet Waters," where stands a magnificent kiosk of the Sultan. Residences and kiosks of the pashas lined the shore, as we went on. The famous Giant's Hill appeared on the Asiatic side, at a bend in the Bosphorus. Byron ascended it and sang, in rather an incoherent way:

> "'Tis a grand sight, from off 'the Giant's Grave'
> To watch the progress of those rolling seas,
> Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
> Europe and Asia."

Against the cold current and chilly morning wind from the Black Sea our little Muscovite steamer was more than four hours in making a distance of about twenty miles. The unremitting flow of the water in the Bosphorus has been well described by Shakspeare:

> "Like to the Pontic Sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels returning ebb, but keeps due on
> To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

The Black Sea, or Euxine Sea, drains about one-fourth of all Europe, and also 100,000 square miles of Asia. It covers 172,000 square miles. It is 700 miles long from east to west, and 380 miles wide at the western end. There are no islands in it, except a small one lying off the mouths of the Danube. There are no shoals, except near the entrance of the Bosphorus. One of the great dangers of navigation is therefore wanting. In winter, sometimes in summer, fierce conflicting winds blow over the Black Sea, making it a terror to navigators. In November, 1854, a violent storm destroyed or disabled forty ships of the allies fighting against Russia in the Crimean war. One thousand lives were lost and many millions worth of property destroyed. Between the Crimea and the mouths of the Danube there is much floating ice in winter, rendering navigation difficult and dangerous. Owing to the vast volume of fresh water poured into the Black Sea from many mighty rivers, its waters are not so salt and there-

fore more easily frozen than the waters of seas connected with the ocean. The specific gravity of the waters of the Mediterranean is 1028, while that of the Black Sea waters is only 1014. Like an inland lake, the Black Sea has no tide. That it is not entirely fresh must be accounted for by the fact of a returning under-current through the deep channel of the Bosphorus. It is connected with the Sea of Azof by the Straits of Yenikale, through which pours a strong current, flowing, first south-westerly, then north-westerly, around the Crimea, to sweep along the western coast, increased by the influx of the Dnieper, the Dniester, and the Danube, to pass even by the exit of the Bosphorus far up the Asiatic shore. This great current, fed by large rivers, circling round the Black Sea, is often broken up by terrific gales sweeping down suddenly from the lofty, ice-crowned mountains at its eastern end.

The sea was tranquil as a sleeping tiger when we entered it. The next day, however, came on a sudden storm, when the little steamer "bucked" like one of Buffalo Bill's mad mustangs. The boat was very strong and in command of a bold and skilled navigator from the Baltic coast of Russia. The sanitary arrangements, the table, and the beds were the best of any that I saw on the inland seas of Europe. The storm lasted but one day, after which the sea was tranquil all the way to Batoum.

The first place of importance at which we

stopped, on the coast of Asia Minor, was Sinope. It was there that a Turkish squadron of thirteen ships was attacked and destroyed by a Russian fleet in 1853. Ancient Sinope was founded by a colony of Milesian Greeks, and, for two centuries after the Peloponnesian war, maintained ascendancy in the Euxine. In the walls of the half-ruined fortifications may be observed Corinthian columns, friezes, capitals, even statues, used as building material. Works of the Greek chisel there, as elsewhere, have been put to base Byzantine uses. The roadstead in the Bay of Sinope is the best on the Anatolian coast. From the little town of 10,000 inhabitants hundreds of small boats put out to meet the incoming steamer, and there, on a small scale, was re-enacted the landing scene of the Golden Horn.

The whole shore of Anatolia, the modern name for Asia Minor, near which we sailed, is exceedingly pleasant to the eye. A narrow margin of coast, sloping down from the mountains abruptly to the sea, is very fertile and clothed with green. Valleys, here and there, open up sublime views of the interior range of mountains, which, in places, rise into peaks eight to ten thousand feet high. The population of the towns on the sea consists of an admixture of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, with a few Osmanli Turks, which are dominant in the interior. The Greeks abound most in the western and the Armenians in the eastern coast towns.

The only other Turkish mart of the Black Sea

that demands special attention is Trebizond. It has a population of 40,000, most of whom are Moslems. Erzerum lies 110 miles to the south-east of Trebizond. The older part of the town is surrounded with walls, outside of which, on the picturesque hillsides, are the habitations of European residents. There is considerable commerce by sea, although the harbor is considered safe only in summer. Caravans from Syria, Tabriz, and Erzerum, bring the products of Asia, which are exchanged for the fabrics of Europe. We remained the greater part of a day in the roadstead, giving plenty of time to land and explore the city. It is an epitome of Constantinople, and is only second to Constantinople in commercial importance.

Trebizond was founded by a colony of Greeks from Sinope. It flourished under the Colchians. Xenophon arrived there in his retreat from Persia. The Romans conquered it from Mithridates. Trajan made it the capital of Pontus Cappadocicus. The Byzantine Emperor, Alexis Comnenus, established himself there when Constantinople was conquered by the Venetians, in 1204, and founded the Empire of Trebizond, which extended from the Halys to the Phasis. It maintained itself against the Turks till Mohamed II. conquered its last emperor in 1462.

It was a short night's sail from Trebizond to Batoum, which was wrested from the Turks by the Russians in 1878.

The Black Sea has been a highway of commerce

between Asia and Europe since the earliest history. Large quantities of corn were exported from its marts to the Peloponnesus and Athens in the days of Xerxes. The Romans traded extensively to its ports. The foundation of the great prosperity of Venice was laid by traffic with Asia, over the Black Sea. When the Turks gained a foothold in Europe they closed it to all navigation but their own. The Russians, however, obtained the privilege of trading in the Black Sea, by the treaty of Kinarji, in 1774. Ten years later the Austrians were admitted to the same privilege. British and French trading vessels were also admitted to the Black Sea, by the the Peace of Amiens, in 1802. Beneath the pretexts of diplomacy may be discovered the fact that the real cause of the Crimean war was the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea.

The original name of the Black Sea was Axine, or the Inhospitable; so called either from its tempests, or from the savage tribes that dwelt upon its shores. The Greeks changed the name to Euxine, the Hospitable, and established colonies all around it.

I am unwilling to close my brief account of the Black Sea without some reference to the Argonauts, who, according to the Songs of Orpheus, sailed over it in the ship Argo, long before the beginning of authentic history. A few paragraphs from Kingsley's fascinating narrative will tell the story of the Argonauts, so far as their navigation

of the Euxine is concerned. Of course, the story is only a Greek fable, but it contains wonderful symbols of even modern history.

"But the Argonauts went eastward, and out into the open sea, which we now call the Black Sea, but it was called the Euxine then. No Hellen (Greek) had ever crossed it, and all feared that dreadful sea, and its rocks, and shoals, and fogs, and bitter freezing storms; and they told strange stories of it, some false, and some half true, how it stretched northward to the ends of the earth, and the sluggish Putrid Sea, and the everlasting night, and the regions of the dead. So the heroes trembled, for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea, and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

"And first Orpheus spoke, and warned them: 'We shall come now to the wandering blue rocks; my mother warned me of them, Calliope, the immortal muse.'

"And soon they saw the blue rocks shining, like spires and castles of gray glass, while an ice-cold wind blew from them, and chilled all the heroes' hearts. And as they neared they could see them heaving, as they rolled upon the long sea-waves, crashing and grinding together, till the roar went up to heaven. The sea sprang up in spouts between them, and swept round them in white sheets of foam; but their heads swung nodding high in air, while the wind whistled shrill among the crags.

"The heroes' hearts sank within them, and they lay upon their oars in fear; but Orpheus called to Tiphys, the helmsman: 'Between them we must pass; so look ahead for an opening, and be brave, for Hera is with us.' But Tiphys, the cunning helmsman, stood silent, clenching his teeth, till he saw a heron come flying mast-high towards the rocks, and hover awhile before them, as if looking for a passage through. Then he cried: 'Hera has sent us a pilot; let us follow the cunning bird.'

"Then the heron flapped to and fro for a moment, till he saw a hidden gap, and into it he rushed like an arrow, while the heroes watched what would befall.

"And the blue rocks clashed together as the bird fled swiftly through; but they struck but a feather from his tail, and then rebounded apart at the shock.

"Then Tiphys cheered the heroes, and they shouted; and the oars bent like withes beneath their strokes, as they rushed between those toppling ice-crags, and the cold blue lips of death. And ere the rocks could meet again they had passed between them, and were safe out in the open sea.

"And after that they sailed on wearily along the Asian coast, by the Black Cape and the Thyneis, where the hot stream of Thrymbis falls into the sea, and Sangarius, whose waters float on the Euxine, till they came to Wolf the river, and to Wolf the kindly king. And there died two brave

heroes, Idmon and Tiphys the wise helmsman; one died of an evil sickness, and one a wild boar slew. So the heroes heaped a mound above them, and set upon it an oar on high, and left them to sleep together, on the far-off Lycian shore. But Idas killed the boar, and avenged Tiphys; and Ancaios took the rudder and was helmsman, and steered them on towards the east.

"And they went on past Sinope, and many a mighty river's mouth, and past many a barbarous tribe, and the cities of the Amazons, the warlike women of the East, till all night they heard the clank of anvils and the roar of furnace-blasts, and the forge-fires shone like sparks through the darkness, in the mountain glens aloft; for they were come to the shores of the Chalybes, the smiths who never tire, but serve Ares the cruel war-god, forging weapons day and night.

"And at the day-dawn they looked eastward, and midway between the sea and sky they saw white snow-peaks hanging, glittering, sharp and bright above the clouds. And they knew that they were come to Caucasus, at the end of all the earth; Caucasus, the highest of all mountains, the father of the rivers of the East. On his peak lies chained the Titan, while a vulture tears his heart; and at his feet are piled dark forests round the magic Colchian land.

"And they rowed three days to the eastward, while Caucasus rose higher hour by hour, till they saw the dark stream of Phasis rushing headlong to

the sea, and shining above the tree-tops, the golden roofs of King Aietes, the child of the sun.

"Then out spoke Ancaios, the helmsman: 'We are come to our goal at last; for there are the roofs of Aietes, and the woods where all poisons grow; but who can tell us where among them is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil we must bear ere we find it, and bring it home to Greece.'

"But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold; and he said: 'I will go alone up to Aietes, though he be the child of the sun, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go all together, and to come to blows at once.' But the Minuai would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

"And a dream came to Aietes, and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap; and that Medeia, his daughter, took it gladly, and carried it to the river-side, and cast it in, and there the whirling river bore it down, and out into the Euxine Sea.

"Then he leapt up in fear, and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the river-side and appease the nymphs, and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot, and his daughters by his side, Medeia, the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus' wife, and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

"And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw Argo sliding up beneath the bank, and many a hero in her, like immortals for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered around them in the level morning sunlight, through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all; for Hera, who loved him, gave him beauty, and tallness, and terrible manhood."

CHAPTER VII.

ASIATIC RUSSIA.

It was Sunday morning when I landed at Batoum; consequently I could not go on till the next day. There were eighteen steamships in the safe, capacious harbor. The Russian officials who examined baggage and received passports were polite, even helpful. Search was especially made for books and newspapers, but with discriminating intelligence.

An old French gentleman, who had lived at Trebizond thirty years as agent of the Messagerie steamships, who spoke Turkish and Russian with fluency, who knew the country well, was especially helpful to me as interpreter. We went together to a hotel, where I got a clean room and received civil attention.

The day was exceedingly sultry, and we remained in our rooms till toward evening. We then went to a large new park, by the sea-side, where a Russian military band was playing, where a cool breeze was blowing inland, where a large number of soldiers and civilians were promenading. A magnificent amphitheater of mountains, crowned with white snow, rising peak above peak, looked down

upon the town at no great distance. The lower slopes of the mountains were clothed in green forests. The dark waters of the deep Black Sea were reflecting the rays of the setting sun on the west. Batoum is a beautiful city of six or eight thousand inhabitants, clean and orderly. It was a very dirty Turkish village, but the Russians, since they took possession of it in 1878, have made it a neat seaport, of growing importance. The English, who call it a mosquito swamp, entirely misrepresent its character, as they misrepresent many other Russian things.

At the junction of the river, constituting the harbor, and the sea, and along one side of the park, are extensive new fortifications, not yet completed. The earthworks, mounting many heavy guns, are constructed according to the principles of modern engineering. It is said the Russians are fortifying Batoum in defiance of existing treaties, but it would doubtless be a very difficult task to dislodge them. Soldiers on every hand were seen in abundance, but I made no enquiries as to their number. If one wishes to travel in Russia without being turned back and expelled from the country, he must exhibit no curiosity as to military affairs.

Among the promenaders in the park were representatives of many oriental nationalities. They wore the costumes of their different countries and looked very picturesque. Most prominent were Russians in military dress. There were many mountaineers from the various tribes of the Caucasus,

whose long flowing robes set off well their tall, graceful forms. The Georgian men looked superb, but the Georgian women were not so beautiful as I expected to find them. The women of the more western Caucasian tribes were more attractive-looking. Persians, Armenians, and Turks were among the crowds, but, of course, no Mohamedan women were there.

My French friend pointed out to me the direction, among the mountains, of the great fortress of Kars, to the south-east of Batoum, which now belongs to the Russians. They took it in 1828, but had to give it up. They again besieged and took it in 1855, during the Crimean war, but the Treaty of Paris compelled them to return it to the Turks. Once more, in 1877, they drove the Turks out of Kars, and this time they have kept it, and will probably keep it for a long time to come. It is situated on a high volcanic plateau, can accommodate a garrison of 10,000 men, and, well defended, is almost impregnable. Much farther to the east is the great fortress of Alexandropol, equally strong as Kars. The frontier of Russia is well protected on the borders of Turkey by these two great strongholds. At the same time the fortifications on the sea at Batoum secure to Russia its newly acquired territory. An abundance of soldiers in the Trans-Caucasian territory will prevent the landing of soldiers, except in an improbable combination like that of the Crimean war, to threaten the defences of Russia from within.

I was at the threshold of the greatest empire in the world, containing eight and a half millions of square miles of territory and a hundred millions of inhabitants. Within its boundaries is one twenty-fourth of the earth's entire surface and one-quarter of all the dry land. Its magnitude, like that of the globe itself, is almost incomprehensible and inconceivable.

My amiable French acquaintance introduced me to a countryman of his, who had kept the leading hotel in Tiflis for many years, and was going there the next morning. We went together and I found him a pleasant and useful traveling companion. He spoke the Russian language fluently and knew all about the journey, which he was in the habit of making every week in the year.

The railroad runs from Batoum to Baku, on the Caspian Sea, a distance of over six hundred miles. Tiflis is about half way. In a few hours we passed the junction where a railroad comes up from Poti, a port on the Black Sea, some distance to the north of Batoum. At first we passed along the border of the sea, through a dense jungle with here and there a clearing. Then it strikes off into the mountains, over a pass more than 3,000 feet high, said to have the steepest grade in Europe —one in twenty-two. The mountains, on both sides of the pass, were dark with forests of fir. Engineers were busy at the pass, laying out a tunnel which would shorten the distance and lessen the grade.

The train was driven by huge engines, one

before, one behind, in which petroleum was used for fuel. No other fuel is used on the whole length of the road from Batoum to Baku. The same kind of fuel, which is found in exhaustless abundance on the shores of the Caspian Sea, is used on all the railways running westward from the Volga to the interior of European Russia. I afterwards saw great tanks of it in Moscow, for use in manufacturing establishments. It is the only fuel used on the steamers of the Caspian and the rivers emptying into it. One would suppose that burning petroleum would make much smoke and smell on a locomotive. On the contrary, it makes less smoke and smell than soft coal. We met on the way train after train of tank cars, carrying petroleum from Baku westward to the Black Sea.

After passing the summit of the mountain range we descended into the valley of the Kur, which rises in the western Caucasus, and is fed by torrents that come down from the lofty uplands on either side. It flows swiftly, and the valley looks as though it was subject to frequent inundations. The railroad is carried along the river with engineering skill, and frequently crosses it on high, substantial bridges of stone. The views over the mountains both on the Caucasian and on the Armenian side, were constantly picturesque, frequently sublime. We saw, at one point, a great caravan of two or three thousand camels, winding its way along for miles, on a narrow road at the foot of steep mountains, just across the river from the train.

We arrived at Tiflis late in the evening. My traveling companion passed me over to a commissionaire of the Hotel de London, formerly kept by himself, then kept by his successor, a German. One who travels much is grateful for a warm welcome at an inn. The hotel-keeper and his wife, both from Germany, received me as though I had been an old friend, prepared me an excellent supper, and gave me a good bed.

The next morning I engaged a native, who spoke French fluently, as an interpreter, servant, and guide. The city was not large and could be soon explored. The first thing I did was to ride on all the street-car lines, of which there were several, to the end of the track and back. In many places I have adopted that plan. It is economic, expeditious, brings one in contact with the people, and reveals all the untidy as well as the more showy parts of a city. The tramway service of Tiflis is as good as that of most cities of its size.

The city of Tiflis has about one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants. It is much more Asiatic than European. Some of the streets are narrow and dirty; others are wide and clean. All the streets are paved with rough cobble-stones. The river Kur runs rapidly through the center of the town, in a deep channel, on its course towards the Caspian Sea. It is crossed with numerous high stone bridges. The river, coming from a mountainous district, sometimes rises quickly to an

enormous height and as rapidly subsides. It is not navigable. Its waters are turbid, from the wash of the uplands from which it flows. The Hotel de London overlooks it, with a beautiful garden intervening adorned with fountains and flowers. Long lines of verandahs, on the different stories face the garden, and there guests take their meals or promenade.

The inhabitants of Tiflis are a mixture of many races—Russians, Armenians, Persians, Tartars, Jews, Caucasians of various tribes. People from the country come in with ox-teams, bringing their produce to market in very primitive vehicles. The costumes, for the most part very picturesque, are as varied as the nationalities. There is a beautiful wooded park, by the river, in the upper part of the town, where many congregate towards evening and listen to the music of a Russian military band.

Tiflis is the seat of an Armenian bishop, as well as a bishop of the Greek Church. It contains the palace of a Governor-General, who is generally a Grand Duke. It also contains a very interesting museum of the products and antiquities of the Caucasus. The newer part of the city is strongly fortified and garrisoned with many soldiers. A large number of high military officers took their meals daily at the Hotel de London. Large, fine banking-houses indicated a large volume of trade and the constant use of a considerable amount of money. Tiflis, in fact, is the center of an important

interchange of products and manufactured goods between Persia and the Caucasus.

Tiflis lies in a depression, "in a kettle," as they there say, surrounded on all sides by mountains, which concentrate the rays of the sun. The town is therefore insufferably hot in summer. As they have no system of watering streets, the dust rises in clouds and is exceedingly uncomfortable as well as unwholesome. At the eastern border of the town a great hot spring of very clear water gushes from the foot of the mountains, over which some Persians have built an immense stone bath-house. The water is not so hot as the water at Baden-Baden, and contains very little mineral matter of any kind. The temperature of the water is about right for a hot bath. The baths are of marble and very luxurious. Skilled Persians attend one in the bath and understand their art exceedingly well.

After remaining at Tiflis a week, I procured the necessary special permit and went over the Caucasian Mountains to Vladicavkas. This is the finest mountain journey west of the Himalayas, in central Asia. The distance is only 133 miles, but the Darial Pass, which must be traversed, is indescribably grand. It is the only road through the Caucasus, except one along the shore of the Caspian Sea. It required three days and a part of two nights to make the journey. I had secured two seats in the coupé of the diligence, which gave me a good elevated place for observation and room

enough to move about a little and make myself tolerably comfortable. My good host of the Hotel de London put me up a nice basket of provisions, cold chickens, wine, etc., so that I might have enough to eat and drink on the cold mountain road. There were only four passengers. The conductor of the diligence was a huge Tartar, in whose charge I was especially placed. With none of them could I communicate a single word, by any speech known to me and them. The language of signs and gesticulations was my only resource.

We started early in the cool morning and made the first stage along the tawny Kur, whose turbulent waters were kept in their channel, here and there, by heavy walls of masonry. Then we turned up the mountain road in the valley of a considerable affluent of the Kur. The sun shone out brightly and the torrent roaring over its rocky bed made music in the picturesque uplands. As we ascended, the view became more and more extended over the valley and the mountains on the opposite side. Huge eagles sailed from crag to crag, casting swiftly moving shadows along the grassy slopes. From an eminence, in the after part of the day, the conductor of the diligence pointed to the lofty Elburz, nearly 19,000 feet high, piercing the sky on the horizon to the north-west. With a good field-glass I could distinctly see Mount Ararat, far to the south, nearly 17,000 feet high, white with glacier ice, in which centers the corner boundary of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. Above us, directly ahead,

hung the mighty mass of Kasbek, nearly 17,000 feet high, around the eastern side of which we were to pass. The view was far grander than any in the Alps.

The valleys through which we had been passing were richly fertile, producing wheat, maize, vines, cotton, rice, and indigo. I saw the people plowing up fields with great plows, such as are used on the prairies in America, drawn by eight yokes of oxen, turning up the rich black soil to the sun. Such fields, that had evidently been plowed the year previous, were bearing heavy crops of grain. In the great forests were growing precious woods of various kinds. We had not yet reached the line of evergreen trees. The warm sun shone on the southern slopes, tempering the climate to a great altitude. In fact, on the sunny side of the Caucasus the line of perpetual snow is only reached at a height of 9,000 feet. Trees disappear more than a thousand feet lower, leaving an irregular circle of rock, which, however, is clothed with a shrub, looking somewhat like the sage brush of the Rocky Mountains, that creeps up the steep slopes between the glaciers.

At noon on the second day I dined in company with a Russian general who was traveling through the Caucasus in his own carriage, with his wife and daughter. With them I had a pleasant conversation in French. During the whole journey I had communication of speech with no one else.

Towards evening the same day, we met a

peasant returning from a mountain stream with a beautiful string of trout. By signs and gesticulations I purchased the trout for a paper ruble (about forty-five cents of our money, according to the rate of exchange at the time). The peasant seemed very much pleased with his bargain. The fresh beauties cost me not over eight cents a pound. The conductor of the diligence carefully wrapped them up in green leaves, and put them away under the seat for future use.

As night approached we were in the midst of overhanging peaks and "caverns measureless to man," climbing the steep road, by zigzags, towards the summit. The scene was desolate and awfully grand. Recently fallen snow skirted the road and hung heavy on the bending boughs of the dwarf pines that struggled their way up the precipitous valleys. Just after the dim lamps were lighted, we met a diligence coming down. The way was narrow at a sharp turn and the two vehicles collided. Each diligence had eight horses. One of our wheel-horses was thrown flat to the ground. There followed a scene of indescribable confusion in the midst of darkness rendered visible by the feeble lights. On one side was a precipice of vast depth, sheer down; on the other a perpendicular wall of rock of unknown height. Passengers shrieked. Postilions blasphemed. Horses neighed. Our huge Tartar conductor planted himself in the road between the two diligences, and, with Herculean strength, thrust back any passengers who attempted

to get out, admonishing them, as nearly as I could guess, that it was safer to remain quiet in their seats. The horses, beautiful animals, with small heads, small ears, clean limbs, stout necks, and strong bodies, seemed to know more than the gesticulating, screaming, swearing men. They watched the poor horse that was down and took care not to step on it. Whenever it struggled to get up, the others would pull a little in the harness, as if to help it. At length the big Tartar, having quieted the passengers, gave the poor fallen animal a lift, which, with its own intelligent exertions, brought it to its feet. The horse signified its pleasure by neighing till the echoes were awakened far and wide among the crags. The wheels were unlocked and we went on slowly, while the big Tartar gave a prolonged blast on his battered bugle that was answered by the distant howling of wolves.

We were two or three hours in reaching the summit of the road. The cold was intense. Owing to the darkness and steepness of the road, our progress was slow. The multitudinous howl of wolves grew nearer. The postilions were uneasy and the horses seemed to be apprehensive. The big Tartar carefully looked over his firearms to see if they were in order. The diligence was made strongly of wood and iron, and afforded a safe retreat in case of imminent peril. The greatest danger was that the horses might become terrified and run away.

However, we reached in safety the huge stone auberge among the eternal snows far up the side of mighty Mount Kasbek. It was near midnight, and we were chilled to the bone. The big Tartar hastily preempted the best room in the station for me. One of the passengers, a Russian merchant from Odessa, coolly removed my baggage from the bed in that room and replaced it with his own. Whereupon the big Tartar took him by the shoulder, led him out into the hall, and blew after him a terrible blast on his battered trumpet as the discomfited fellow retreated without saying a word. That battered trumpet was the noisy emblem of the conductor's imperial authority. The road was a military highway, over which no one could travel without a special permit. The conductor was in charge of a government vehicle. Moreover, he was also in charge of the imperial mail. I was under his especial protection. When he had preempted a room for me, another man, undertaking to seize it, got off cheaply by receiving only an admonishing blast from the big Tartar's trumpet.

The conductor of the diligence informed me by unmistakable gestures that he was hungry, and enquired of me, in the same manner, whether I was not also hungry. I nodded assent and pronounced to him the Russian word for trout, which I had picked up the day previous in my negotiations with the peasant fisherman. The big Tartar's "half-acre" of face smiled all over. He brought forth the trout and gave them to the three monkish-

looking keepers of the mountain auberge to dress. He and I cooked them ourselves. I had good wine, brought along from Tiflis. The inn furnished us with palatable black bread. We devoured the trout and had a supper fit for a king. One of the mountaineers who kept the auberge was over seven feet high. I called him the Czarevitch, the crown prince, at which the others paid him mocking obeisance, and he strutted about the great stone kitchen, amusing us while we eat. Excellent hot Russian tea warmed us up, and we went to bed comfortable and cheerful.

After a profound sleep of about four hours I was awaked by a great blast from the big Tartar's battered trumpet. The view of the mighty mountains, in the early morning sun, was glorious beyond description. We were in the midst of eternal snow and ice. A chill wind was blowing strongly from the north, which roared among the surrounding crags. The vast dome of Mount Kasbek lay before our wondering eyes. The slenderer shaft of the loftier Elburz was in full view beyond. Like swells of a tumultuous ocean an interminable field of mountain heights stretched away beyond the horizon on every hand. Those peaks had never been trod by foot of man. The wild ox browsed in the valleys and the wolf had its den in the lofty uplands, but neither ever climbed the cold summits that stood as sentinels between Asia and Europe, far above the clouds. We were right in the midst of mountains several thousand feet higher than the Alps.

The road was good and our descent was rapid. Torrents, dashing in stair-like foaming falls, from ledge to ledge, thousands of feet down the steep mountain sides, soon gathered into a considerable river, which we crossed, over high stone bridges, from side to side, as the configuration of the narrow gorge made it necessary. As we descended, the mountains seemed to grow more lofty and grand. Old strongholds of the mountaineers, who struggled for years against the power of Russia, appeared here and there in ruins. Modern forts, bristling with artillery, had taken their place. The wild tribes of the Caucasus will never dislodge the tenacious Muscovite. The wild dervishes will never chant again their Moslem war-songs in places where now the chamois-hunter climbs with peril and toil. No new Shamyl, priest-hero, will ever again summon the peasants from glen and dizzy height, to defend their country from the invader. The Aryan Christians of Russia broke the spirit of the wild heathen and Mohamedan tribes that had fought and robbed, many a century, in the mountain range that extends unbroken from the Black Sea to the Caspian.

In the afternoon we traversed the famous and wonderful Darial Pass. The road for some distance was made by cutting a groove, with dynamite, in the almost perpendicular face of the granite rocks. A thousand feet below us roared the river over the great boulders in its bed. The bold brow of the mountain towered ten thousand feet

above us. The road was worked smooth and was wide enough for two carriages to easily and safely pass one another. A little fort there, with a hundred men, could stop the progress of a hundred thousand. The winding chasm, dark in its dismal depth, was desolate as a great cavern in the hollow earth. The wind swept strong through that awful gorge, roaring like the howl of innumerable wild beasts chained in torture. Perhaps among the Andes or the Himalayas there may be another such a pass; certainly not elsewhere in the great world.

Near evening we arrived at Vladicavkas, on the European side of the Caucasus, and our journey was ended. Mine excellent host of the Hotel de London, at Tiflis, had the forethought to telegraph to the only clean inn in Vladicavkas to secure a room for me, which I found in readiness on my arrival. I parted with the big Tartar sadly and compensated him well for his faithful services.

The division of the Russian Empire called the Lieutenancy of the Caucasus, contains about one hundred and eighty thousand square miles, and more than five millions of inhabitants. It is about eight hundred miles long from east to west, and about five hundred miles wide from north to south. Its main feature is the lofty Caucasus, which runs in an almost unbroken range from the peninsula of Kertch, between the Sea of Azov and the Black Sea, a distance of eight hundred miles, to the promontory of Apsheron, which projects into the western side of the Caspian Sea. The Lieutenancy

crosses the valley of the Kur and runs far into the Armenian range on the south. The Caucasus has no transverse valleys, like the Alps. In this respect it resembles the much less lofty range of the Pyrenees.

The peoples of the Caucasus differ greatly in customs, dress, and language. Among them are at least four types of the human race. About twenty-six per cent. are Russians, consequently Aryans. Twenty-five per cent. are Mongols, Kalmucks, Turks, and Tartars. Thirty-one per cent. are Lesghians, Chechenzes, Grusinians or Georgians, and a variety of mountain tribes, all denominated Iberians by some ethnologists, Caucasians by the Russians. Nineteen per cent. are Armenians, Persians, Ossetes, Tati, and Kurds, under the general designation of Iranians. The whole population of the Caucasus is not more than a million and a half. The inhabitants were long supposed to be of the purest type of the Indo-European division of mankind. There are no Indo-Europeans among them, except the invading Russians. A greater number of distinct races are found there than within the same space elsewhere on earth. More than one hundred languages or distinct dialects are spoken. The Turkish-Tartar language serves as a general medium of communication. The tribes gathered in the Caucasus have the greatest affinity with the Mongolian races.

A better piece of work for mankind was never done than the subduing of these fierce, barbaric,

robber hordes, by the Russians. The conflict lasted more than half a century. The great hero of the resistance was Shamyl, the Moslem prophet of the Lesghians, over whom have been shed many tears of misplaced sympathy. During the earlier years of the conflict the Russians were many times defeated by the bold and warlike mountaineers. At length Prince Woronzoff, of whom there is a striking statue in one of the public squares of Tiflis, changed the Russian tactics by dividing his forces and fortifying every point gained. Shamyl ("Samuel" in English) was captured in September, 1859. The Russian government showed its clemency by allowing him to retain his wives and treasure. The Czar assigned him a residence at Kaluga, as a parole prisoner of war, with a pension of 10,000 rubles. Shamyl made a pilgrimage to Mecca, in 1870, and died at Medina in 1871.

Although Shamyl had been captured in 1859, it was not till 1864 that Russia extended her dominion over the whole region. More than five hundred thousand Cherkesses, at the western end of the Caucasus, migrated in a body to Turkey. The Russians were glad to get rid of them, as the exodus opened the region to immigration, and saved them the trouble and expense of controling a turbulent and hostile mass. The present inhabitants of the Caucasus are subdued, helpless, and peaceable. Robbery is no longer known and order everywhere reigns. It is as safe to-day to travel in the Caucasus as in any part of the world. The human

hyenas were driven from their mountain lairs, which they had occupied from the dawn of history, at a vast cost of treasure and fighting men, and one of the most interesting portions of the globe has been opened to civilization. From the lofty citadel of the Caucasus, Russia now controls a wide territory, given up for ages to turbulence, plunder, fanaticism, and savage murder of those who attempted to explore it. Under the courteous protection of a great and civilizing power I felt as secure in traveling there as in any part of my own country.

It would be interesting in this connection to give some account of the conquests of Russia in central Asia, but I was not permitted to go there, and do not wish to write about a region which I have not seen. Books abound on Turkomania, wherein the reader can seek information at first hand. It may be stated, as a general conclusion, that Russia has accomplished there the same work of civilization as in the Caucasus. Order reigns from the Caspian Sea to Samarkand, where, not long ago, Mohamedan tribes were fighting, plundering, and enslaving captives from neighboring peoples. The order maintained by military rule is infinitely preferable to the chaos of barbarism.

CHAPTER VIII.

EUROPEAN RUSSIA.

AT Vladicavkas I had had a good dinner and was smoking a cigar in my comfortable room, by a window looking out upon the mountains which reared their heads, white with glacier ice and streaked with the crimson of the setting sun, high above the dark rain-clouds, when a waiter brought in the card of the Russian General whom I had casually met at table in my journey over the Caucasus. He had a singular request to make. He had searched in all the hotels of the city for rooms without being able to find any. In the coolest possible manner he asked me to give up my room to his wife and daughter. I told him that I had secured my room at considerable extra expense and trouble, that I was fatigued with a long and continuous journey, that I needed rest, that, being an oldish man, I could not very well sit up all night, however glad I might be to serve ladies so distinguished as his wife and daughter. He was inclined to press his request, when I suggested to him that Vladicavkas was the center of an imperial military district and must be the headquarters of a brother-general, to whom he

might state his misfortune and ask for hospitality, saying to him at the same time that if he failed he could return to me and I would give up my room to him. He went away, thanking me politely for the suggestion. I met him the next morning at the railroad station, when he informed me that he had received very cordial hospitality, that he and his family had been made perfectly comfortable.

This incident, and many others which it is not necessary to narrate, led me to the conclusion that the Russian mind is not fertile in resources, that it is lacking in the inventive genius so characteristic of the American mind. The general was evidently a man of high breeding, of fine bearing, of solid attainments, but it did not occur to him that it would be more appropriate to ask a favor of a countryman of equal rank with himself than of a chance traveling acquaintance.

Vladicavkas is a flourishing city of 30,000 inhabitants, with one of the most magnificent situations in the world, right at the foot of the grand pass through the Caucasus, but it has scarcely a decent hotel, not a well-paved street, nor a good sidewalk. At the outskirts of the town are endless barracks and a large military force. It is at the end of the railway system running south-eastward from the interior. The Terek river, which runs past it to the Caspian Sea, is not navigable. The inhabitants seem entirely unconscious of the great wealth of mountain scenery at their doors and before their eyes.

The next morning I found a great commotion at the railway station. Two military bands were there playing alternately. The large waiting-room of the station, a splendid structure in stone, was gay with numerous officers in full uniform. The platform by the waiting train was adorned with flowers and spread with brilliant carpets. The whole town was in the adjacent streets, shouting *vivas* ready to split their throats. The "divine Theresa," an actress from St. Petersburg, was about to take her departure and everybody was there to do her honor. She had been playing a successful engagement, and the little provincial city had gone mad over her. She was an exceedingly beautiful woman, and I did not feel like blaming an ardent public for their enthusiasm. Good judges said she had great talent, and is it not pleasant to see talent and beauty honored anywhere in the world? I only thought that the taste of that community for fine acting had been better cultivated than their taste for fine mountain scenery.

We got under way on exact time. A Russian railway train waits for no one, not even the "divine Theresa." Most of the railroads in Russia are owned by the government, and all of them are under government control. The system of running trains is probably the most exact in the world, and altogether admirable. All over Russia the same method prevails of starting a train from a station. A bell, attached to the station, is rung sharp and clear, and then is tolled distinctly three times. That

means that all passengers shall pay attention, and get ready to take their places. After an interval of about one minute, the bell is again rung, and then tolled twice. That means that all passengers must immediately get aboard. After another interval of a minute, the bell is rung a third time, and then tolled once. That means that the train is ready to start. The guards carefully close all doors, when the conductor gives a shrill blast on a whistle, which is answered by the engineer from the locomotive. The train then moves, and no one is allowed to step on to it after it is in motion. The same system is followed at every station, on every railway, in the whole empire. Night or day, you know by the uniform signal bells just how much time you have and just what to do.

Nowhere in the world is the pre-empting of a vacant seat in a railway carriage, by placing in it a valise, an overcoat, an umbrella, or other article, more profoundly respected than in Russia. If you leave your seat, you must always protect your right to it by putting some article belonging to you in your place. If you leave it empty, you forfeit all title to it. Conductors and guards are instructed to enforce the rule, and in Russia all orders to subordinate officials are strictly obeyed. At every station there are official porters, dressed in uniform, with numbers conspicuous on their caps, ready to carry for you a valise or any other article. They are not permitted to address you or solicit employment. They are noiseless, perfectly respectful, and

always contented with what you choose to give them. Signs are just as effective with them as words. In the great city of Moscow, simply by using two Russian words that I had picked up by the way, one meaning carriage, the other hotel, with a few signs quietly made to one of these silent porters, I got from the railway station to the Dussaux, two miles away, not only without trouble but with absolute comfort. This kind of service is perfect in Russia. It is excellent in Germany. It is very good in France. It is fair elsewhere on the continent and in England. In America we have no such service at all. Every railroad should be obliged to provide it.

We proceeded towards Rostov, between four and five hundred miles away, at the safe pace of fifteen to eighteen miles an hour. The passengers were very polite and helpful to me. The Russians detest the Germans, dislike the English, mistrust the French, but fancy the Americans. The nobles speak French, but the mercantile class usually speak German, in addition to their own tongue. With the really intelligent and educated, those able to give me information about the country, I was fortunately able to hold conversation in some language that I knew. One young Russian, fresh from the university, evidently belonging to a family of the landed aristocracy of the south, made himself especially agreeable and useful to me. At the eating stations he would get out with me and help me to call for what I wanted. Through the medium

of French he set about giving me some lessons in Russian. He would pronounce some useful word and make me repeat it till I became familiar with it, and then take some other word. In that way I learned the Russian words for tea, water, wine, bread, dinner, railroad, hotel, etc. I would advise any one intending to travel in Russia, not already familiar with the difficult language, to learn the alphabet and at least a hundred words for things constantly needed. Even that much knowledge of the language will be very helpful. The perception of a Russian is exceedingly vivid and a single word will often enable him to understand your wants. With the half-dozen words for soap, paper, pencil, shoes, socks, pocket-handkerchief, I found I could go shopping alone quite successfully. With another half-dozen words for street, hotel, church, carriage, right, left, and the numerals, it was possible for me to go about a city without a guide.

Towards evening, we arrived at Mineralnya-Vodi, the station for the Caucasian mineral baths, and also the station for Kislovodk, the nearest point to Mount Elburz. The station, with its immense dining-hall, offices and waiting-rooms, was very imposing. That is the point to which all aristocratic Russia flows, in summer, for its annual hegira to the Caucasus. Superb carriages were waiting at the station and noble gentlemen and ladies were promenading in the gardens, bright with flowers and shrubbery, that surrounded the imposing stone structure. In sight, among the foot-hills of the

mountains, embowered in trees, were innumerable villas and hotels. Trains were already coming in from the west loaded with noble families from Moscow and the interior of the empire. One would have to travel far to see another scene so brilliant and gay. It was the middle of June and the hot season was already coming on.

From Mineralnya-Vodi I went on to Rostov, near the head of the Sea of Azov. All day the train had been in full view of the great Caucasian range, which now was gradually left by veering to the northward. Elburz long remained in sight on the horizon, standing out grand against the distant sky, like a lofty and massive emblem of the Russian imperial power.

I had a letter of introduction from mine thoughtful host of the Hotel de London, at Tiflis, to the keeper of the restaurant in the central railway station at Rostov. I sent the letter up to his office by a waiter, to which he immediately responded in person. He gave me a nice room and ordered an excellent breakfast, at which I invited him to sit down with me. He was a Frenchman of the adventurous kind and exceedingly communicative. He had been a captain in the French army of Algiers, was wounded there, had left the army, for some cause not stated, had wandered to Russia, had married a handsome Russian wife, had finally drifted to Rostov, where he became keeper and proprietor of the immense restaurant in the central railway station, and was

rapidly making a fortune. Altogether an agreeable, intelligent, and useful fellow was the French ex-captain. He took me about Rostov, and showed me more in several hours than I could have found alone in several days. Perhaps I paid him exorbitantly for what I ate and drank, but I fared sumptuously, and the special services were worth more than the cost.

Rostov is situated on high ground, at the commencement of the delta of the Don, as it enters the Sea of Azov. We crossed a bridge of great length, to the right bank of the Don, before reaching the city. It has about seventy thousand inhabitants. More than twenty factories produce leather, maccaroni, soap, ropes, cast-iron, bricks, and tobacco. It exports wheat, linseed, tallow, and iron. The fortress of St. Dimitri was built there in 1749, to which the growth of the town is due. Rostov is now the center of trade in that part of Russia.

My everlasting friend, as the enthusiastic French ex-captain called himself, procured me a through ticket to Moscow, about seven hundred miles distant, by way of Woronesch, Griasi, and Koslow, with only one change of cars, and the privilege of stopping over several days at any place. It is the trunk line to the north, to which converge the railways from the Volga on the east, and from the border on the south-west. Thus I had the opportunity of seeing a great variety of people from different parts of European Russia.

The journey was through the richest agricultural region of the empire. In the extreme south the farmers were beginning to harvest the wheat. It is a prairie country, not unlike portions of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri. The machinery used in harvesting looked as though it might have been made, perhaps was made, in the United States. Fields of growing crops were not enclosed by fences. Large herds of cattle were grazing in pastures alongside of standing grain, which they showed no signs of invading. I asked a Russian for the cause of such a singular phenomenon, who explained to me that if the cattle encroached upon the forbidden ground they were set upon by fierce dogs and so learned to keep their place. Trained dogs, he said, cost much less than fences, especially in regions where there is little timber.

The people all lived in villages, or in groups of houses resembling villages, and not in isolated habitations on the farms. The land is not owned by individuals, but by the village communities, or the meres. It is parceled out, for the purpose of tillage, by the community to individuals who retain possession only for a limited period. It seemed curious that the custom prevailed everywhere of thatching all buildings with straw, the most combustible kind of material. A very intelligent Russian gentleman said to me that the peasants could not be persuaded to build otherwise, and that, as a necessary result, when one house took fire a whole village was burned.

These village communities, or meres, which exist throughout the greater part of rural Russia, maintain a system of local self-government quite as democratic as the old colonial town-meetings of New England. They elect their own local officers in a general assembly of the people. They make their own regulations for governing their community. They collect their own taxes and pay over in a lump the portion due the imperial exchequer. In this respect, Russia is the most democratic country in Europe, or in the whole world. The instinct of self-government seems to belong to the Slavs as well as to the other branches of the Aryan family.

The steppes, or prairies, through which I was passing, are the grazing region of Russia, sustaining fifty millions of sheep, more than twenty millions of horses, and an equal number of cattle. The horses of Russia are fine as well as numerous. There is no difficulty in properly mounting the vast number of cavalry in the army. In this region, as well as elsewhere, swine abound. Consequently the export of brushes and bristles from the empire is very large. This region produces, besides wheat, hemp, tobacco, and vines. Along the rivers there are extensive forests of elm, lime, and oak. Here is raised the surplus grain which is exported from Odessa and other ports.

In this region one finds the best opportunities for observing the fine qualities of the Russian peasant. In him are found, to use the language of M. Cucheval-Clavigny, "the qualities which make

the Russian soldier the most admirable instrument of conquest and colonization. Docile as well as brave, easily contented, supporting without complaint all fatigues and privations, and ready for everything; he constructs roads, clears canals, and re-establishes the ancient aqueducts. He makes the bricks with which he builds the forts, and the barracks which he inhabits; he fabricates his own cartridges and projectiles; he is a mason, a metal-founder, or carpenter, according to the need of the hour, and the day after he is dismissed he contentedly follows the plow." The peasant, however, loves strong drink and will stand more of it than any other man in the world. He never becomes quarrelsome in his cups nor allows himself to lose his manhood and prey upon the public as a drunken vagabond. The Russian peasant is everywhere well fed and comfortably clothed. Nowhere in the empire did I see a beggar or observe any signs of degeneracy of race.

The next morning after my arrival at Moscow I drove out to Sparrow Hill, beyond the limits, to study the topography of the city. It was there that the great Napoleon looked down upon Moscow after, as he supposed, he had broken the power of Russia at Borodino. It was there, as we may suppose, that he meditated the grandiloquent proclamation by which he hoped to fool the Russian people into submission to his rule. There was not another people on earth so difficult to fool, or with a tougher will.

At first the city appeared to me an irregular mass of buildings, spread out widely, with many spires of churches rising at intervals in a confused maze. Closer observation, with the aid of a map and a good glass, showed the Kreml, or Kremlin, on an eminence in the center, with its heavy surrounding wall nearly two miles in circumference, enclosing religious temples, an arsenal, and an imperial palace, whose gilded and colored domes were resplendent in the morning sun, bearing some resemblance to the Acropolis at Athens, or the Capitol at Rome. The river Moskva runs through the city, winding under the walls of the Kremlin, crossed by stone bridges which look very picturesque. On the north side of the river boulevards circle round the Kremlin, about one mile from its center. Half a mile farther out is another circle of boulevards. The outer rampart of the city has a circumference of more than twenty miles. Gardens, parks, palaces, and convents enrich the view of a semi-oriental city, which is the ecclesiastical capital of the empire. Thus Moscow in its essential outlines became for me a reality and not a shadow of the imagination or the misty creation of a waking dream.

I spent most of the day at Sparrow Hill. The next day I devoted to the Kremlin. Five gates pierce its massive walls, which are surmounted by eighteen towers. I entered by the Spaski Vorota, or the Redeemer's Gate, in passing through which you must walk with bared head. The gate is so-

called because over it hangs a picture of the Savior of Smolensk, which the people of Moscow, in fact of all Russia, hold in great veneration. Rising above all other objects is the Tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the Great, 325 feet high, surmounted by a magnificent gilded dome, and containing thirty bells, the largest of which weighs more than fifty tons. I climbed it and obtained a nearer view of the Kremlin and the city than from Sparrow Hill. The Cathedral of the Assumption of the Virgin, founded in the fourteenth century, and rebuilt in the following century, is not large, but costly with precious stones and gold. In it are crowned the Czars of Russia. The last coronation there was that of the present Czar, in 1883. Close by, the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael contains the tombs of the Czars down to the time of Peter the Great, who changed the place of imperial sepulture to St. Petersburg. The Cathedral of the Annunciation is but a few paces away, the floor of which is paved with cornelian, jasper, and agate, of various forms. The Czar Kolokol—the bell named from the title of the sovereign—the great bell cast during the reign of the Empress Anne, weighing 288,000 pounds, stands on a pedestal near the wall of the Kremlin. A great piece has been broken out of it which, as I saw it, lies partly embeded in the ground.

There are other sacred edifices in the citadel of Moscow, but it is not necessary to describe them here.

The Arsenal is a magnificent building, containing armor of all kinds, and surrounded by the striking trophy of 750 cannon taken from the French.

Within the sacred enclosure is the imperial palace, built by the Czar Nicholas, in 1838–1849. It contains some very good pictures by Guido and Correggio, and at the head of the great marble stairway is a painting, recently completed, by a Russian painter, representing the present Czar addressing the assembled heads of the subordinate governments of the empire, which is of historical interest, and is commendable as a production of art. The hall in white, dedicated to St. George, 200 feet long and 68 feet wide, is one of the finest in the whole world, and is used as the banquet-hall after a coronation. The hall of Vladimir, in red, is of the same width and 103 feet long. The hall of St. Andrew, in blue, is of the same width and 168 feet long. The treasury department, not unlike the Tower of London, contains ancient German and Russian armor, the coronation chairs of different emperors, the throne of Alexis, with 1,223 rubies, pearls, and turquoises. The boots of Peter the Great are found in the wardrobe. A globe, sent to the Prince of Kiev by the Byzantine Emperors Constantine and Basil, is resplendent with sapphires, pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The council hall of the patriarchs reminds one that the Czar is the pope of the Greek Church in Russia as well as the political Emperor.

Outside of the wall of the Kremlin is the

Temple of the Savior, begun in 1812, to commemorate the repulse of the French, and completed in 1881, resplendent with marble, precious stones, and gold, costing not less than thirty millions of rubles.

Perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most curious, edifice in Moscow, is the Church of Vassili, the Blessed, near the Kremlin. It has eleven towers. In fact it consists of a number of chapels, grouped in a single building, each chapel running up into an independent spire. The church was built by Ivan the Terrible, in 1554, to commemorate the victory of Kazan. The architect was an Italian, whose eyes were put out by Ivan, to prevent the possibility of his building another such a marvel for some other monarch. The story would be more probable if it ran that the terrible Czar put out his eyes in vengeance for building such a monstrosity at all. Russia was indebted to Italian architects for all the fine cathedrals in the Kremlin.

I spent two or three days more at Moscow, driving about the city, for the purpose of observing or visiting its boulevards, its public gardens, its university, which is the oldest in Russia; its great prison, from which mournful processions frequently move to Siberia; its convents; its manufacturing establishments, which produce large quantities of silk and cotton goods; its bazars, gorgeous with the finest silver-ware in the world; its museum, rich in Russian art and antiquities; and its Foundling Hospital, where 13,000 nameless children, it

is said, are received every year. The existence of this last institution would seem to indicate a lax state of morals in the "holy" city. The kindly and religious care of foundlings, however, might indicate a less wicked form of immorality than the prevalence of fœticide, which is lamented by many clergymen and physicians in the United States. It is not worth while to condemn a particular foreign community for a vice that unhappily exists everywhere, without taking a comprehensive statistical view of the disagreeable subject.

I was within a short railway journey of Nijni Novgorod, but I did not go there for the reason that the great fair, the greatest in the world, would not take place till some weeks later. Russia is famous for its fairs. From the fifteenth of July to the fifteenth of August, each year, Chinese, Persian, Hindu, and European merchants flock to Nijni Novgorod, more than 200,000 in number, with stocks of the products and manufactures of the world. The volume of business transacted is immense. Next in importance is the fair of Irbit, in February and March, on the Asiatic side of the Ural Mountains, in the government of Perm, for the products of Siberia. To the great winter fair of Kharkof, in the Ukraine, for the sale of wool and horses, there frequently come nearly 100,000 sledges.

From Moscow I went on, 400 miles, to St. Petersburg, by the straight line railroad, which the Emperor Nicholas laid out with a ruler

and a single stroke of his pencil. Swamps, forests of small pine and poplar, scant habitations, barren soil, and absence of towns, characterized the whole route. There, as elsewhere all over Russia, the houses of the peasants are constructed of logs and thatched with straw. The logs of which they are built are of small and uniform size, mostly pine. They are almost always neat-looking, sometimes attractive and picturesque. Many of the habitations are surrounded with shrubbery and flowers. The general absence of squalor is a striking feature.

The great distances over which one travels in Russia gives one a vivid sense of the vastness of the empire. The European portion of it is 1,700 miles long from north to south, and 1,400 miles wide from east to west. The country generally is low and flat. Between the Caucasus and the Ural, the only elevation reaching a thousand feet above the sea-level is that of the Valdai Hills, in which the River Volga takes its rise. The climate is various. The *tundras*, bordering the Arctic Ocean, are severely cold and destitute of vegetation. The great forest region, of which Moscow is the center, produces all the grain needed by the people, and a surplus for export. The southern steppes, or prairies, of which I have already spoken, produce a superabundance of horses, cattle, grain, and wool. The fisheries of the Caspian, Black, and Azov seas are productive above the wants of the inhabitants. The mineral belt of the Ural is the richest in

Europe, yielding iron, copper, gold, platinum, lead, and silver, in great profusion. Coal is not so abundant as in Belgium and England, but its place is supplied by the exhaustless quantity of petroleum on the western shore of the Caspian. Timber of various kinds is exported to other European countries. Russian leather is famous, and a vast amount of furs are gathered from Siberia and the north. Russia exports to the west raw materials and receives manufactured goods in return. From Asia she receives raw materials and sends back manufactures.

Russia labors under the enormous disadvantage of having no access to the ocean in winter. All her seas and navigable rivers are frozen over during several months of the year. Millions of sledges and abundance of good horses serve to collect goods in winter, and thus supplement in part the defect of navigation. And twenty thousand miles of good railways, built during and since the reign of the Czar Nicholas, several lines of which run to meet roads from central Europe, give Russia access to the outer world, even when the rivers and seas are sealed with ice.

Among the builders of cities Peter the Great stands foremost. With genius and mighty energy he determined that his inland empire should have connection by water with the other States of Europe. He built St. Petersburg under difficulties that seem appalling and insurmountable. Its situation, as Goethe remarks, "recalls that of Amsterdam,

or of Venice." "The wide and majestic Neva," says M. Rambaud, "which issues from the great lakes of the north, there divides into four arms, the great and little Neva, and the great and little Nevka. If we add to these her numerous affluents, the Fontanka, the Okhta, and the two Tchernaias, we shall at present find about fourteen watercourses, a lake, eight canals, and nineteen islands. It is the aquatic city *par excellence*, and is exposed to terrible inundations when the prodigious reservoirs of the Ladoga and Onega overflow. No building is ever made there without first strengthening the foundation by driving in innumerable piles of wood. When Peter the Great first cast his eyes over the country, . . . there were only dark forests, vast marshes, dreary wastes, where, according to the poet, 'a Tchoud fisherman, a sorrowful son of his step-mother, Nature, might occasionally be seen alone on the marshy shore, casting his worn-out line into the nameless waters.' The Finnish names then borne by the islands, on which palaces were afterwards to rise, are very significant; there were the Isle of Brushwood, the Isle of Birches, the Isle of Goats, the Isle of Hares, the Isle of Buffaloes, Isle Michael (a name for the bear), and the Wild Isle. In Enicary, or 'the Isle of Hares,' Peter built, in 1703, the new fortress (Saint Peter and Saint Paul). There he assembled regular soldiers, Cossacks, Tatars, Kalmucks, Ingrian or Canelian natives, and peasants of the interior, in all more than 40,000 men. No tools were provided for their

first labors; the moujik dug the soil with sticks or his nails, and carried the earth in his caftan. He had to sleep in the open air among the marshes; he often lacked food, and the workmen died by thousands. Afterwards the service was made more regular. Peter installed himself in the celebrated little wooden house on the right bank, watching the building, sometimes piloting with his own hand the first Dutch ships which ventured into these waters, sometimes giving chase to Swedish vessels, which came to insult the infant capital. On the Isle of Buffaloes, on the northern bank of the Neva, afterwards the Vassili-Ostrof, numerous edifices arose; the southern bank, which became the real site of the town, was at that time neglected. It only contained the Admiralty, to which Anne Ivanovna added a spire; the Church of Saint Isaac, then built of wood, now of marble and bronze; that of Saint Alexander Nevski, where Peter the Great deposited the remains of the first conqueror of the Swedes; the house of Apraxine, where Elizabeth built the Winter Palace; the already splendid *hôtels* of the Millionaïa; and where the Nevski Prospect, the most magnificent boulevard in Europe, was to run. The city was built by dint of edicts. Fins, Esthonians, Tatars, Kalmucks, Swedish prisoners, and merchants of Novgorod were transplanted thither; and in 1707 they were aided by 30,000 day laborers from the country. To attract all the masons of the empire, it was forbidden on pain of exile and confiscation to con-

struct stone houses anywhere but in St. Petersburg. Every proprietor owning five hundred peasants was obliged to raise a stone house of two stories; those who were poor clubbed together to build one among themselves. Every boat that wanted to enter had to bring a certain number of white stones, for stone was lacking in these wastes. Forage was also wanting, and to save forage Peter proscribed the use of carriages, and encouraged navigation by the river and canals; every inhabitant must have his boat; the Court could only be approached by water.

"In 1706 Peter wrote to Menchikof that all was going on wonderfully, and that 'he seemed here in paradise.' He decorated the church of the fortress with carvings in ivory, the work of his own hands; hung it with flags conquered from the Swedes; consecrated there his little boat, 'ancestor of the Russian fleet;' and, breaking through the tradition which insisted on the princes being buried at Saint Michael, at Moscow, chose out at Saint Peter and Saint Paul his own tomb and that of his successors. 'Before the new capital,' says Pouchkine, 'Moscow bared her head, as an imperial widow bows before a young Czarina.'

"St. Petersburg had another enemy besides the Swedes—inundations. The soil was not yet raised by the incessant heaping up of materials; the granite quays did not yet confine the formidable river. In 1705 nearly the whole town was flooded; in 1721 all the streets were navigable, and Peter

was nearly drowned in the Nevski Prospect. The enemies of reform, exasperated by the desertion of Moscow, rejoiced over these disasters, and predicted that the German town, built by foreign hands and soiled by the presence of heretic temples, would disappear beneath the floods. One day the place of this cursed city should be sought in vain. Even at the end of the reign of Peter, it was the general opinion that after his death the Court and the nobility would return to Moscow, and that the city and the fleet created by the Czar would be abandoned. They were mistaken; the town that he had flung like a forlorn hope on the newly-conquered soil remained the seat of the empire. Russia is almost the only State that has built her capital on her very frontiers. St. Petersburg was to be not only the 'window' open to the west, but it was to be also the center of the Russian regeneration. More freely, more completely than at Moscow the holy, where everything recalled the traditions and recollections of the past, Peter could enthrone at St. Petersburg the sentiments of toleration of the Protestant and Catholic religions, and sympathy for strangers, who were always detested at Moscow. He could more easily persuade the nobles to adopt German fashions, to speak western languages, to cultivate sciences and useful arts, to discard with the national caftan the old Russian prejudices. At Moscow, the city of the Czars, foreigners were confined to the German *slobode;* at St. Petersburg, the city of the Emperors,

the Russian and the stranger would meet and mingle."

St. Petersburg is a newer city than New York. In little more than a century and a half it has grown to a population of eleven or twelve hundred thousand. It is the political, while Moscow is the religious capital of the empire. Its appearance is more modern, more western, less oriental. It has outstripped the older city in population by at least one-third. The red and green roofs, the pale-yellow walls of Moscow, are entirely wanting. The buildings of St. Petersburg, on the principal streets, are massed in solid blocks, like the squares of battalions. On the narrower streets, the buildings stand in long gray lines, like the soldiers of an army halting on a march. There are five hundred streets, but no alleys and lanes. There are sixty-four squares. The city in its very structure has a military aspect.

I first went to the Admiralty buildings, on a square of the same name, which present a front nearly half a mile long to the deep, clear, broad, swiftly-flowing Neva, are 650 feet wide, and have a gilded tower 230 feet high. From this tower a magnificent view of the city is obtained. At Admiralty Square converge the three principal streets of the city. One of these, the Nevski Prospekt, is 120 feet wide, three miles long, planted with trees on either side, and lined with palaces, churches, and public buildings. As already said, it is the finest boulevard in Europe, or in the world.

The dimensions of the palaces on some portions of it are such that only fifty occupy a mile.

The Palace Square, adjoining the Admiralty, contains the Column of Alexander, erected in 1834, 150 feet high, which consists of a lofty red granite pedestal supporting a shaft of the same material, 80 feet high, surmounted by the figure of an angel and a cross.

Fronting the Neva, like the Admiralty, the Winter Palace, the residence of the Czar, is 450 feet long, 340 feet wide, three stories high, and is inhabited by 7,000 persons, when the Court occupies it. In 1754 it was commenced for Elizabeth, and finished in 1762. In 1837 it was destroyed by fire, but was speedily rebuilt by the Emperor Nicholas. The reception-room of the Empress is entirely lined with gold. The throne-room is 140 feet long and 60 feet wide. The furniture and ornaments are of immense value. As a single example, one ornament consists of a tree of gold bearing in its branches a cock, an owl, and a peacock made up of jewels. It is the largest and probably the most magnificent palace in the world.

Adjoining the Winter Palace, and connected with it by several galleries, also facing the Neva, is the Hermitage, which contains 2,000 paintings of various schools, sculptures, Greek antiquities, Siberian curiosities, early Tatar instruments in stone and iron, specimens of porcelain, a coat of mail in solid gold weighing thirty pounds, relics of Peter the Great, and a library of 120,000 volumes,

precious with the collections of Diderot and Voltaire.

In Peter's Square, between the Cathedral of St. Isaac and the Neva, stands the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great, eighteen feet high, on a huge granite pedestal, erected by Catharine II., in 1768–1782, and designed by Falconet.

Of the 150 bridges that span the Neva, unite the islands, and cross the canals, only two are permanent. All the rest are built on pontoons and are removed in winter, when the river is frozen a yard and a half deep. Proper foundation for a permanent bridge can be made only by driving three tiers of piles, top of one another, and so close together as practically to form a solid mass. The bridge on which the Emperor Alexander was assassinated has been closed up.

Not far from the Admiralty is the Cathedral of St. Isaac, 330 feet long, 290 feet broad, and 310 feet high. The foundations cost a million of dollars. Catherine II. commenced it a century ago, but it was rebuilt in 1819–1858. Like all other Greek churches it is in the form of a Greek cross. It is surrounded, on the four sides, with 112 pillars. Those on the side of the main entrance are polished granite monoliths, seven feet in diameter, brought from Finland. The main dome is surmounted with a massive cross covered with copper, overlaid with gold. For the gilding of the main dome and four smaller ones, it is said, fourteen bushels of gold coin were melted down.

The Kazan Cathedral, on the Nevski Prospekt, is the largest of the 350 churches in St. Petersburg. It is approached by two circular colonades, which colossal statues adorn. Facing the cathedral are the statues of Barclay de Tolly, and of Kutusof, who commanded the Russian army at the terrible battle of Borodino. In the interior is a double row of marble columns, each fifty-six feet high, and cut from a single block. The floor and walls are also of marble. Before the sanctuary is a balustrade, the pillars of which are twenty feet high and of solid silver. Picture frames and beams are of the same material. The silver was presented by the Cossacks, after the campaign of 1812–14, as an offering to the Holy Mother. Rich jewels cover the sacred image of Our Lady of Kazan.

Within the citadel, on the other side of the Neva, is the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which are buried the remains of Peter the Great and of all his successors, except Peter II.

Near by is the famous log hut of Peter the Great, protected by a building around and over it, which contains the simple furniture and many interesting relics of the monarch.

The Imperial Library, on the Nevski Prospekt, contains 1,100,000 printed books and 35,000 manuscripts. In it is preserved the Codex Sinaiticus, or the Codex of Tischendorf, which is celebrated among biblical scholars throughout Christendom.

The School of Mines contains the richest museum

of minerals in the world. In it are specimens of all the mineral products of Russia. I saw there and was allowed to handle a block of malachite, weighing 4,000 pounds, valued at nearly 100,000 dollars, and a lump of virgin gold, from Siberia, weighing eighty pounds.

The Artillery Museum, in the Old Fort, interested me greatly, for it contained specimens of cannon of all periods and all countries. There I saw the ancestor of the Gatling gun, and a revolver a hundred years older than Colt's patent.

It is unnecessary, however, to describe the wonderful city of St. Petersburg in greater detail. Boats and street-cars run in all directions, at all hours of the day, enabling one to visit hundreds of interesting places with great rapidity. St. Petersburg is a city of palaces, and contains institutions of every kind. Nowhere else has there been such a lavish expenditure of money, such energy displayed, such rich results obtained under such adverse circumstances of location and climate, in so brief a time.

I met there the American Minister, Hon. G. V. N. Lothrop, whom I had known at home. He invited me to dine, and I spent a pleasant evening with him and his accomplished wife and daughters. An imperial minister of the Czar, with whom I shortly afterwards traveled in company from the Russian capital to Stockholm, observed to me that my country was worthily represented at the Court of St. Petersburg. The remark,

coming from a high dignitary, in the habit of measuring his words, was intended to be, and was, a high compliment to Mr. Lothrop.

At length I regretfully left the city founded by Peter the Great. We sailed past the frowning fortresses of Cronstadt, in the long northern twilight. Behind innumerable granite islands, on the low, rocky, Finnish coast, the steamer carefully followed a course marked out by buoys, which, with infinite labor, are taken up in autumn and replaced, after ice disappears, in spring. We stopped a whole day at the beautiful city of Helsingfors, the capital of Russian Finland. The town contains a university, and its environment of hills, clothed with evergreen woods, are exceedingly picturesque. The harbor is capacious and excellent. The old fortress, bombarded by the English fleet, during the Crimean war, has been supplemented by earthworks, rendering the place impregnable.

In the night after leaving Helsingfors, the boat lay-to, behind an island, during a strong gale. There we found ourselves within a ship's length of the Emperor's yacht. I saw him serenely pacing the deck, as though such a thing as a nihilist did not exist in his dominions.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PLACE OF RUSSIA IN THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM.

HERODOTUS, in his truthful, credulous way, gives an amusing yet interesting account of the Scythians and the various tribes that, four or five centuries before the Christian era, occupied the territory where the center of the great Russian Empire now is. They dwelt beyond the line of numerous Greek colonies on the northern shore of the Euxine or Black Sea. The Scythians, according to the father of history, worshiped a sword stuck in the ground, and bathed it with the blood of human sacrifices. They scalped their prisoners, like the North American Indians, drank the blood of enemies first killed in battle, and made drinking-cups of their skulls. The sepulture of their chiefs was attended with terrible barbaric rites, and their anniversaries were celebrated with sacrifices of strangled horses and slaves.

Herodotus tells marvelous stories of various tribes inhabiting the country, which he carefully discriminates from the Scythians. The Issedones devoured their parents with ceremonious pomp. The Arimaspians were one-eyed. The Argippei were snub-nosed and bald-headed from birth. The

Sauromati had their origin in the union of the Amazons and the Scythians. The Agathirsi had their women in common, and wore ornaments of gold. The Neuri, once a year, became were-wolves. The Hyperboreans dwelt where the snow falls, like a shower of white feathers, every month in the year. Archæologists have attempted to identify these tribes, without marked success. Some historians and travelers still attempt to amuse their readers by giving equally fictitious and fanciful accounts of the Russian people to-day.

The Scythians, who lived as neighbors of the Greek colonists of the Euxine, have a more tangible historic existence than that of the barbaric tribes. It has been ascertained that their speech belonged to the Indo-European, or Aryan, family of languages. In the museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg I carefully studied two famous vases. One is the silver vase of Nicopol, belonging to the fourth century before Christ. It represents the Scythians breaking and handling their horses exactly as the inhabitants of that region (Ekaterinoslaf) break and handle them now. The same long hair and beard, the same broad features, the same costume and stature are observable. The other is a golden vase, of the same date, on which the Scythians are represented with peaked caps, ornamented and embroidered garments, and peculiar bows, like Asiatic nomads of a warlike and royal caste. The Aryan type of the Scythians represented on both vases is unmistakable.

Here we see the tap-root of the Russian people. The Slavs were the third swarm of Aryans migrating from Asia into Europe. They constitute the main portion of the inhabitants of the central part of eastern Europe—of Russia, Poland, Lithuania, Bohemia, Old Prussia, and certain districts in Hungary and the Balkan Peninsula. They crowded the Teutons, an earlier swarm of Aryans, from eastern Europe. The Teutons turned upon them, from time to time, drove them back, and acquired territory at their expense. And the Slavs are the only Aryan people in Europe who were compelled to yield territory to a Turanian nation. The Hungarians crowded themselves in and built a kingdom that exists to this day. The Ottoman Turks also wrested lands from the Slavs in south-eastern Europe, on which they still retain their hold. Russia's mission of Panslavism, therefore, has a foundation as old as modern European history.

The history of the relations of Russia to surrounding countries may be told sufficiently for my present purpose in briefest outline.

The most significant fact of all is that the Aryan Slavs maintained themselves, without loss of distinctive character, in the midst of the most tumultuous migrations of peoples during the earliest centuries of the Christian era. They absorbed and assimilated others; were absorbed and assimilated by none. Their existence to-day is a clear example of the law, valid in history as elsewhere, of the survival of the fittest.

After the struggling, slowly organizing branches of the Slav family in Russia had called in Norman chieftains as rulers, they made their first attempt to seize Constantinople, and almost succeeded. Their expeditions by sea and land shook the Eastern Empire to its foundation. They fought with a desperate valor, not surpassed in the annals of the world. Innumerable legends obscure the subject, but from the Byzantine historians we may gather a vivid impression of the fearful straits to which the Greek Emperor was reduced in his life and death conflict with the Varangian leader of the half-formed Russian people. That was long before the Ottoman Turks had invaded Europe. The attempt to seize Constantinople has been many times repeated, and the end is not yet.

The introduction of Byzantine Christianity into Russia, initiated by the Scandinavian Princess Olga, is a fact of the greatest national importance. "It is important," says the Russian historian Bistoujef-Rioumine, "that Christianity came to us from Byzantium, where the Church put forth no pretensions of governing the State, a circumstance which preserved us from struggles between the secular and spiritual power—between the national and a foreign power." "No doubt," says M. Rambaud, "an ecclesiastical language which, thanks to Cyril and Methodius, mingled with the national language, and became intelligible to all classes of society; a purely national Church, which was subject to no foreign sway; the absolute indepen-

dence of the civil power and national development, were the inestimable advantages that Byzantine Christianity brought into Russia." As early as the sixteenth century the Russo-Greek Church was separated from the Byzantine Patriarchate, which has enabled the Russians to maintain their double advantage of entire independence of foreign ecclesiastical influence, and of preserving the identity of the language of the Church and the language of the people.

At about the same time, the Slavs of Poland and Bohemia were converted to Latin Christianity. Thus was introduced an element of religious discord between the Russians and the other Slavonian peoples of eastern Europe.

In the thirteenth century, the Moguls, known in history as Tartars, who were neither Mohamedans nor Christians, came from distant and unknown parts of Asia, and invaded Europe, under the leadership of Jenghiz Khan, or Temujin. Russia was overrun by them. They were more cruel than Turks or Saracens. They ravaged, under Batou Khan, as far westward as Silesia, and overcame the Teutonic knights in battle, but the only lasting dynasty established by them in Europe was at Kasan, on the Volga, from which they ruled the Russians with a rod of iron and subjected them to tribute.

Near the close of the fourteenth century, the Duke of Lithuania married the Queen of Poland. The two countries, thus united, formed one of the

strongest kingdoms in Europe. From this union sprang the princes of the House of Jagellon, from whom Russia suffered in the west, while she was oppressed by the Mogul rulers of Kasan in the east.

In 1328 Moscow was made the capital, and about that city, as a center, the Russians gathered themselves together as best they could under very adverse circumstances. However, things began to mend and, in 1477, Ivan Vasilovitz freed Russia from the supremacy of the Tartars or Moguls.

It is not very strange that the fearful times produced Ivan the Terrible, who ruled from 1533 to 1584. His atrocities have been partly forgotten, in gratitude for his more or less successful wars waged with Poland and Sweden, and especially for his overthrow of the Moguls of Kasan. He also took Astrakhan, at the mouth of the Volga, and thus secured a port for Russia on the Caspian Sea. By the energy of Ivan the Terrible, during his long reign, Russia was made more powerful, but it was still shut out from the Black Sea by the Crim Tartars, and from the Baltic by the Poles and Swedes. Russia, however, had the port of Archangel, on the White Sea, from which she began to carry on commerce with the outer world. Ivan was the first of the Russian rulers to assume the title of Czar.

In 1589 the line of Ruric became extinct. Although the Poles in 1573 had adopted the fatal policy of electing each new king, the power of

the kingdom was still sufficient to impose on the Russian people a pretender to the throne. But the power of Russia was rapidly increasing and that of Poland was already decreasing. In 1613, representatives of the Russian people chose Michael Romanoff as ruler, from whom, through the female line, the present imperial family has its origin. This spontaneous choice of an emperor is the first distinct manifestation of conscious national life in the Russian people, and as such marks the beginning of a new era in their history.

While Portugal, Spain, France, and England were exploring the seas of all the world and establishing colonies on the coasts of Africa, on the shores of Asia, in the East India islands, in north and south America; Russia, not being a maritime nation, had to content herself with the occupation of Siberia, which then seemed barren and worthless, but has since proved to be rich in minerals, fertile in large portions, and of almost inestimable value to the empire.

Russia was wrested from her isolation and placed in relationship with the rest of Europe by the genius of Peter the Great. He began to reign in 1682, conjointly with his brother Ivan. In 1689, only two centuries ago, he began to reign alone. By him the only port of Russia, at Archangel, was improved. In 1696 he conquered Azof from the Turks, thus gaining a port on the Black Sea. In his war with Charles XII., of Sweden, he obtained Livonia and other lands east

of the Baltic, thus gaining access to another sea. We have seen in the previous chapter how he built a new capital for Russia near the outlet of the Neva, on territory conquered from Sweden. Peter was the first to use the title of Emperor of all the Russias.

Peter was succeeded by his widow Catharine, by his niece Anne, by his daughter Elizabeth, by Catharine the Second (after the murder of her husband Peter the Third), who successively reigned during nearly the whole of the eighteenth century. Some of these Romanoff empresses were very able, and carried forward the work of Peter the Great with wonderful success. The conquest of the Crimea, or Crim Tartary, was accomplished under Catharine the Second. Russia thus gained free access to the Black Sea, and got rid of the last remnant of the Tartar dominion.

In 1772 Empress Catharine of Russia, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Maria Theresa of Austria, made the first partition of Poland. Russia and Prussia made another partition in 1793. The three powers made a final division of Poland in 1795. Russia regained her old territory which had been wrested from her by the Poles, together with Lithuania, whose inhabitants were Slavs, or at least their Aryan kinsfolk. Thus Russia had her revenge for wrongs done her, regained her own, and liberated Slavs of the Greek Church from religious oppression. By this acquisition of territory Russia was brought into closer relationship with the powers of central and western Europe.

By the Treaty of Jassy, in 1792, the Russian frontier was extended to the Dniester, at the expense of Turkey. Then began the habit of Russian interference in the affairs of Turkey, which has continued ever since. Whenever Christians and Slavs, impatient of the oppressive Turkish yoke, have revolted, they have naturally been encouraged by Russia.

During the period that followed the Treaty of Tilsit, between Alexander I. and Napoleon, Russia acquired Finland in a war with Sweden, extended her boundary to the Danube, and obtained a wide territory between the Euxine and the Caspian Sea in a war with Persia.

Thus Russia became the leading power in eastern Europe, in fact one of the great powers of the world.

When Napoleon invaded Russia, in 1812, he found himself confronted with the rigorous climate and a defiant people already conscious of its national life and power. Instead of ending a successful campaign, as he at first supposed, with the battle of Borodino, he was compelled to retrace his steps and behold the loss of his magnificent army. Russia took a prominent part in his final overthrow, and in the reconstruction of Europe.

Insurrections in Poland have, from time to time, been suppressed with great rigor, till its government was absolutely incorporated with that of Russia in 1868.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century stringent laws were enacted to prevent the peasants,

the tillers of the soil, from wandering in quest of more fertile lands—so stringent, in fact, as to attach them to the estates of the nobles and of the crown, and reduce them to serfdom or slavery. By an imperial decree, in 1861, to take effect in 1863, Alexander II. freed all the serfs. No man in the whole history of the world has performed so great an act with so little public disturbance. To free one-fifth as many slaves cost the United States three billions of money and half a million of lives.

Other recent events in Russian history are too well known to need even the most summary recapitulation here.

It is very evident to the thoughtful student of history that there exists a Russian people, a Russian nation, with a distinctive individual life, different from any other that has been or now is. The first striking manifestation of this national existence was the election of Michael Romanoff as emperor. It had been growing up from a Slavic root, during many centuries, had been nourished at the breast of the Greek Church, but then was first shown the organic life of an independent people, different from all other peoples. In 1612 the Russians, under Minine and Pajarski, besieged the Poles in the Kremlin, who, after being reduced to the necessity of eating human flesh, capitulated and gave up their prisoners, among whom was young Michael Romanoff. "This year of 1612," says M. Rambaud, the historian of Russia, "long remained in the memory of the nation; and when the invasion of 1812 came to

refresh their recollections, they raised on the Red Place a colossal monument to the two liberators, the butcher Minine and the Prince Pojarski. Russia, once more herself, could proceed freely to the election of a Czar. A great National Assembly gathered at Moscow. It was composed of the great ecclesiastical dignitaries, of delegates nominated by the nobles, by the *diéti-boyarskié*, the merchants, the towns and the districts. The delegates had to be furnished with special powers. They all agreed that they would have no stranger, neither Pole nor Swede. When it became a question of choosing among the Russians, scheming and rivalry commenced; but one name was pronounced, which gained all the votes, that of Michael Romanoff. He was elected, not for his own sake, for he was only fifteen years old, but for that of his ancestors the Romanoffs, and his father, the Metropolitan Philerete, then prisoner at Marienburg. The name of Romanoff, of the kin of Ivan IV., was the highest expression of the national feeling (1613.)"

When Russia was invaded in 1812, the life of the nation manifested itself with new vigor, showing that it had increased with the growth of the empire. The Czar, in obedience to the national will, against the interested wishes of those who surrounded the throne, was obliged to retain in command of the army Kutusof, in whom was embodied the characteristic qualities of the Russian people. After the battle of Borodino, the inhabitants of Moscow

abandoned the city in a mass, before the approach of the invaders. None wished to remain to hold social intercourse with the enemies of the country. Peasants who stole into the burning city to engage in plunder had sufficient public virtue to refuse to bring produce to the French, even at an enhanced price. None labored to stop the burning of the "holy" city, for all saw that its destruction increased the danger of the invaders. During the retreat of Napoleon's army, Russians ruined themselves by burning their stores of forage and provisions, in order to make the destruction of the enemy more complete. Although Count Leon Tolstoï recounts these and many other things with vivid eloquence, yet he fails to recognize the organic life of the Russian people.

The Russian nation had to wait another half century for a man gifted with the insight and genius to perceive and express its inner life. As Dante gave voice to ten silent centuries, Katkoff, the great Moscow journalist, gave tongue to the silent Russian people. It is worth while to enquire what manner of man he was, and what were his preparations for his providential task.

Michael Nikiforovitch Katkoff was born at Moscow, in 1820. He belonged to a noble family. He studied at the University of Moscow, then at Könisberg, and also at Berlin, where he became a follower of Schelling. On his return home, he was appointed to the chair of philosophy in Moscow, but resigned it in 1849, on account of the restric-

tions placed on university teaching by the Emperor Nicholas. In 1856 he established a journal in which he advocated self-government on the model of the English Constitution, but disavowed any sympathy with radicalism and socialism. He became editor of the Moscow Gazette in 1861. He had grown into apostleship of Russian nationalism, in other words he had come to perceive the organic existence of the Russian people, and to understand its inner meaning. He told revolutionary Poland that she had no chance, "but to unite her aspirations with those of Russia, and to innoculate herself with the principles which have been elaborated in the political development of the Russian people." He henceforth preached the Russification of the empire, on the Vistula, in the Baltic provinces, everywhere. He was the real author of the system of education adopted in all the gymnasia of Russia. After the death of Alexander II. Katkoff was offered the portfolio of Minister of Public Instruction, which he refused, but accepted the dignity of Privy Councillor. If he advocated the abandonment of the liberal University Statutes of 1863, which he had himself been instrumental in procuring, it was in obedience to the spirit of the Russian nation, whose life he had come to represent. If he was reactionary in politics, it was because he had abandoned liberal theories of government for the principles vitally inherent in the Russian national existence.

The organic Russian people—the Russian nation

—listened to his voice, for he expressed its real meaning in words strong and clear. Russia in him listened to her own aspirations, her own resentments, her own political and religious beliefs, her own dreams of vengeance and aggrandizement, her own worship of the temporal and spiritual power of her rulers, her own contempt for those who would substitute a foreign and alien life for the life which she had lived during a thousand years of struggle, suffering, and grim battle. In him Russia proclaimed that she was herself, that she was not and could not be another. Russia understood him, for he uttered the language of her own heart. When the Czar, contrary to imperial etiquette, contrary to all precedent, made a personal visit to Katkoff, in his last illness, he was rendering homage, not to a subject, but to the spirit of his own people, a people that had chosen the boy Michael Romanoff for its ruler, a people that had conspired with the elements to destroy the invaders of Russia, a people that at length had found a voice to express the thoughts of its own soul, the sentiments of its own heart.

I saw M. Katkoff a few days before his death. Cancer of the stomach had nearly finished its remorseless work. A cadaver-palor, peculiar to the disease, overshadowed his emaciated face in which had been plowed deep furrows of thought and prolonged mental labor. He had the look of one conscious of having a mission, at the same time conscious of having completed his toil in this

world and already gazing into eternity. The terrible earnestness of conviction still gleamed through his sunken eyes.

The funeral of Katkoff showed how dear he was to the Russian people. It is thus described by the Moscow correspondent of the *London Times*, under date of August 7, 1887:

"Yesterday the remains of M. Katkoff were committed to the tomb in the Alexoffsky Monastery, ten versts from the town, amid most remarkable demonstrations of feeling and respect.

"The body was brought here on Thursday night, from Znamensky, to be deposited in the chapel of the deceased's college, the Nicholas Lyceum.[1] The coffin was carried alternately by the deceased's relatives, workmen of the University Press, and peasantry, over the whole distance —20 miles—into Moscow, resting on trestles, and covered with a cloth of gold pall; mutes bearing lighted lamps marching on either side. The lid of the plain oak coffin was carried in front of the procession, while the empty funeral car, drawn by six horses, almost hidden from view by wreaths and flowers, followed at the head of some three hundred carriages. The priests and choristers, walking before the open coffin, were dressed in white and silver. The procession gathered strength on the way until an enormous crowd entered Moscow at near 3 o'clock on Friday morning. The priests and people with holy water came out of all the villages along the road, and at every church the funeral *cortege* halted for prayers. The Governor-General of Moscow, Prince Dolgorouky, met the procession—nearly a mile in length—several versts from the town.

"The coffin—this time closed—was carried in the same manner yesterday over ten versts to the Monastery, the car following as before, attended the whole way by very large crowds and numerous deputations. Unfortunately rain fell most of the time. The Governor-General and the mayor and corporation were among the mourners. Before starting the usual funeral ordinances were gone through in the Lyceum chapel by the Metropolitan and a large body of the clergy. Several touching and patriotic orations were delivered in the chapel, and over the grave. On passing the offices of the *Moscow Gazette* the procession again stopped for prayers.

"The Czar's message to the widow made a great impression. Hun-

1. Founded by M. Katkoff in 1865. W.

dreds of telegrams have arrived from all the Slavonic countries. The Moscow and St. Petersburg municipalities have both decided to commemorate the patriotism of M. Katkoff by the erection of busts and the establishment of scholarships."

The great Russian journalist frequently used the word "Panslavism." They have greatly mistaken M. Katkoff's meaning who suppose that he intended by that term merely to advocate a union of all the Slav peoples. The essential feature of his political doctrine was to make all parts of the empire essentially Russian or Slav. By Panslavism he meant the Russification, or Slavification, thus to speak, of the whole population. As four-fifths of all the subjects of the Czar are Slavs, he meant that the remaining one-fifth should be made politically homogeneous with the rest. He also meant by it that the Catholic fraction of the Slav population should become as thoroughly Russian as the main body belonging to the Greek Church.

The comments of the German press the next day after the death of the Russian publicist were at least curious. The *Kreuz Zeitung* said: "It is self-evident that as Germans we have no word of sorrow at the grave of a man like M. Katkoff." "In the decease of M. Katkoff," said the *Deutsches Tageblatt*, "at this moment, the dispensation of Providence is manifested just in the same way as in the death of Gambetta." The *Freisinnige Zeitung* said: "Germany has no reason to mourn over M. Katkoff." The *Cologne Gazette* said: "He was an enemy with whom we

Germans gladly crossed swords, because his honor and unselfish patriotism ennobled his hatred." "To his influence," said the *Börsen Zeitung*, "the late pernicious measures of the vacillating Russian Emperor are largely attributable." The *Börsen Courier* said: "His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him." The tone of the Austrian press was the same. The Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* refused to apply to him the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

They all forgot that the real thing dreaded by Germany and Europe was the organic Russian people, the Russian nation, of which M. Katkoff was only the mouthpiece. Even the Czar, with his autocratic power, cannot change the course of the mighty river of Russian national life, still less a Moscow journalist. A Czar can do things helpful or hurtful to his people, but he cannot uncreate what has been growing, like a whole oaken forest, more than a thousand years. Nicholas saved Austria, the natural enemy of Russia, by crushing the Hungarian revolution. By his impolitic treatment of the successors of his dethroned friend, the despotic Charles X., he offended France and made the fatal Crimean war a possibility. Nicholas died, broken in spirit, but the Russian people continued to live with increasing vigor. Alexander II. amiably kept the peace while the King of Prussia wrested Slesvig and Holstein from Denmark, crushed the Austrian army, helped forward the union of Italy, destroyed the military prestige of France,

and built up a most formidable power on his western frontier, but the new peril only more firmly consolidated the Russian nation. The present Czar seems to be guiding the organic growth of his own people, the natural expansion of his great empire, with prudence, sagacity, energy, while wisely leaving the other nations of Europe to pursue their own destiny. By-and-by will come the statesman of Panslavism and its military genius, who will translate the life of the Russian people into deeds, as Katkoff gave it tongue. There are about twenty millions of Slavs in the Austrian Empire, three millions in eastern Germany, and several millions in the Danubian Principalities and European Turkey. The time may come when these, notwithstanding divergence in religion and partial absorption in other nationalities, may listen to the voice of their kindred organized into a colossal power on the old Scythian plains. Nations never forget injuries. When England, like an ancient political harlot, chose to consider her virtue insulted by the proposition of the Emperor Nicholas to divide the "Sick Man's" spoils, she laid up for herself a harvest of vengeance which some day may be reaped on the plains of India. More than a hundred Russians, from an imperial minister and a supreme judge down to a peasant and a droschky driver, made to me the common remark: "We shall go to Constantinople, if we have to go by the way of Calcutta."

The small political economist and the financier

tell us that Russia cannot carry on a great war, because she is destitute of money. An empire that has men, bread, and iron enough and to spare can carry on war with depreciated paper currency, as the example of the United States, in the great war of the Rebellion, clearly demonstrates.

We are also told that the masses of Russia are ignorant and that nothing great, or good, or noble, can come from an illiterate people. Many millions in Russia were in slavery for three centuries, and were not emancipated till twenty-five years ago. Yet the Russian masses are not more ignorant to-day than were the English masses in the time of the Stuarts, or the French masses in the time of Louis XV. It is a curious fact that only two per cent. of the recruits for the Russian army in 1860, three years before emancipation, could read and write, and that eleven per cent. could read and write in 1870, seven years after emancipation. Progress in education has been made. In Finland there is a separate system of education, and it is in advance of all the rest of the empire. Russia has universities at Moscow, Dorpat, St. Petersburg, Vilna, Warsaw, Kief, Kharkof, and Kazan, and each is the center of an educational district. Considerable sums are appropriated by the government for public instruction. Higher education among the women of Russia is remarkable. In no other country of Europe have so many women found their way into the university lecture rooms. There were 779 lady students at the different universities

in 1886. In the literary departments the number was 243, in the scientific departments 500, in the mathematical 36. Of these, 437 were daughters of nobles and high officers in the civil and military service, 125 were daughters of merchants, and 84 were daughters of clergymen. In addition to these, several hundred were studying at foreign universities, chiefly in Switzerland. Many Russian women graduate in medicine, some of whom have won reputation as practitioners. Besides, in this century, Russia has produced many renowned writers in every department of literature. She seems to be vigorously starting out in an intellectual career, in which she bids fair to rival other nations. The Slavs are the youngest branch of the Aryan family, and some centuries hence it may become true of them that the last shall be first. The Russian language is rich and already contains a body of literature inviting to its acquisition. The vocabulary of the people is abundant and indicates an aptitude for culture.

Again we are told that the prison system of Russia is absolutely inhuman, and invites the condemnatory public opinion of the whole world. Rev. Henry Lansdell, D. D., one of the most recent and voluminous writers on the subject, whose knowledge is ample, whose personal experience has been very great, acquired by extensive travels throughout the empire and visitation of many prisons, whose honesty is transparent, defends Russia against any such wholesale charge, giving

facts in profuse detail. "I have never maintained," he says, "that Russian prisons are what they ought to be. I do not believe they are what they might be, and I am sure they are not what those in authority would like them to be; but all this does not justify the representation of them to be what they are not."

In a recent letter from the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*, I find the following:

"There was a very dramatic scene at the meeting of the Literary Society last Saturday evening. The members and their guests, including many distinguished personages, had gathered in the drawing-room. Presently the company saw a strange figure clad in wretched clothes and fettered with heavy chains standing in the doorway. For a moment his friends did not recognize it as Mr. George Kennan, the vice-president of the society, who had promised to read them some letters from Russian State prisoners in Siberia. The costume, and especially the chains, greatly heightened the effect of the letters, heartrending as some of them were, and touching as all of them were in themselves. The thought that some of these simple stories of suffering were written by just such a refined and cultivated man as Kennan himself, and others by women even more refined and cultivated, was strongly impressed upon every one.

"'I feel completely unnerved,' said Senator Hawley when Kennan had finished, and by so saying expressed the common thought. Mark Twain, who had actually been weeping, could not refrain from a more extended expression. Rising to his full height and speaking for once with seriousness, he said that were he a Russian he would be a revolutionist—it would be inevitable. He might respect the Czar as a man, but as a ruler he would destroy him. He believed that the moral power of the civilized world ought to be brought to bear upon Russia to put a speedy stop to such cruelties and outrages in the name of law."

If an enterprising Russian journalist, with little knowledge of the comparative history of civilization, with faulty knowledge of the prison system of the

United States, with no special knowledge of the prison systems of various nations, were to appear before a choice audience of ladies and gentlemen in St. Petersburg, dressed in the garb of Sing-Sing prison, with ball and chain attachment, such as is sometimes used, and read some pathetic letters from ex-convicts, he might unnerve some high dignitary of the Russian government, might elicit tears from some brilliant writer, might awaken sympathy with the victims of a cruel government, and might arouse indignation towards the unfeeling barbarism of the Great Republic. Judging from the most sober and reliable information obtainable, the Russian prison system would not compare very unfavorably with that of the United States, if the municipal prisons and county jails in the various States were included. Rev. Dr Lansdell and others have found no such evils in Russian prisons as Howard found in the prisons of Great Britain a century ago. It has long been the policy of Russia to make use of her prisoners in Siberia as enforced colonists. Prosperous communities have grown up in Siberia, around the prisons, many of the leading members of which have been convicts. If the prisoners had been treated with such severity and inhumanity as some have pretended, no soul would have survived to tell the tale. The pathetic story of "Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia," is not a very good source of historical information. And statesmen surely should not judge a friendly power by the highly-colored literature of its criminals. A few years

ago a letter appeared in the *London Times*, purporting to have been written by a prisoner in the Troubetzkoy Bastion of the Petropaulovsk Prison, in his own blood. It turned out that the letter was written in red ink at Geneva, by one who had never been in that prison at all.

Mr. Kennan, in his brilliantly written account of the treatment of political prisoners in the fortress of Petropaulovsk, confessedly states the case of the prisoners themselves. Through him they arraign the Russian government. Of course the government will not plead to an indictment presented by a grand jury of its own prisoners, drawn up by a writer in the *Century* magazine as prosecuting attorney. Mr. Kennan was not permitted to visit the prison at all, and consequently reports nothing of his own knowledge. His witnesses may reasonably be supposed to be prejudiced. Their incarceration would naturally warp their judgments. Their feelings would be sure to color their statements of facts, however honest they might intend to be. It is by no means certain that they all told the truth. It is well known that inmates, and those who have been inmates, of prisons, are very unreliable in their accounts of the treatment received by them. It may be supposed that the framer of the indictment would omit contradictory testimony and present his case in the strongest way. There was no cross-examination of witnesses and there is no testimony given on the other side. Mr. Kennan pleads the cause of the prisoners with the fervor,

the eloquence, and the unconscious mental bias of an advocate.

We have on the same subject the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Henry Lansdell, who visited not only the Troubetzkoy Bastion of the Petropaulovsk Prison, but also the Courtine of Catherine II., the casemates of which are covered with earth, and therefore have been erroneously reported to be under ground. Dr. Lansdell's detailed report of what he saw differs materially from the account given by the prisoners through Mr. Kennan. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* also visited the fortress and gives an account of what he saw, under date of February 14, 1884, which accords with the account of Dr. Lansdell. Both of these witnesses are Englishmen, and cannot be supposed to have any special liking for the Russian government. At all events they are not *ex parte* witnesses. And they are eye-witnesses. Their testimony should have more weight with an impartial jury than that of men who have no good opinion of the law, having felt the halter draw.

The correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* throws unexpected light on one feature of the subject that has troubled and puzzled many. "I enquired," he says, "into the history of many of the prisoners I there saw, especially of the women. It was the same sad story. Few had finished their education anywhere; some had been to several gymnasia, and had been forced to leave, either through insubordination, idleness, or intellectual

incapacity. At war with the school authorities, often smarting under a sense of injustice real or supposed, they leave school at war with whatever they have known of law or authority. Thus predisposed, they fall ready victims to men of far more experience than themselves, who, appealing to the daring, the enthusiasm, the courage of youth, urge them on to deeds they dare not do themselves. Most of the young women entangled in the fatal net of Nihilism were but inexperienced children when they first began. Many young girls sent to Switzerland for their education were sedulously sought after by the Nihilist refugees there. Appeals to their love of country, their enthusiasm, their youthful longing to be something—to do—were but too successful; and young girls, at the very outset of their careers, find themselves bound by oaths, to be broken at the risk of secret and sudden death should their courage fail, or should they hesitate to obey. Here lies the ruthless and real tyranny, and the cowardly plotters, safe, skulking in some foreign land, are alone responsible. One reads with a feeling of disgust an appeal to humanity from such cowardly assassins. The heart throbs with pity for their inexperienced and too credulous dupes; but one boils with contempt and loathing at the very thought of these vanity-mad, cowardly misleaders."

Nihilism in Russia is precisely the opposite of Panslavism. As a doctrine it had its origin in the speculations of Alexander Herzen. Its propagan-

dists were the agitator Michael Bakunin and the journalist Tchernyschevski. Its recruits come from the "fair girl graduates" and callow college students. The Nihilists are like the little meteors attracted by the earth, that blaze by the friction of the atmosphere through which they fall. They bear about the same proportion to the mass of Russian society as these same meteors bear to the mass of the earth. Under different environment they are not unlike the Proudhonists of France and the Anarchists of Germany. There are men in America of the genuine Nihilistic breed, who preach murder and arson. Nihilism flourishes just as well in the midst of universal suffrage as under absolutism. For the fully-developed Nihilist there is no God in the universe, no soul in man, no distinction between good and evil. The political propagandism of Nihilism in Russia is directed towards the overthrow of all existing institutions, in order that regeneration may somehow spring from the general chaos. Its methods are secret, its instrument is any weapon of assassination. It aims its blows at the Czar for the double reason that he is at the head of existing institutions and has inflicted punishment on its criminals. Nothing else in Russia stands so much in the way of rational political progress as Nihilism. Its acts are not only moral crimes, but senseless political blunders. When it murdered Alexander II., even while he was meditating the establishment of a constitution for his people, it destroyed any chance of political progress in Russia

for an indefinite period. It surrounds the present Czar with invisible assassins, and charges him with crime for taking measures to secure the safety of himself and the public. It incites severe measures of repression by its secret murderous work, and then excuses its work upon the ground of the very measures it begets. Alexander II., with noble courage and humanity, freed twenty millions of his fellow-beings from slavery. The Nihilists, regardless alike of serf and monarch, responded to his benevolent deed with dynamite. In America we have hunted down and executed assassins of Presidents, and ought not to be led into any sympathy with the murderers of a Russian Emperor. In its measures against unseen enemies it is quite probable, indeed it is quite certain, that the Russian government has sometimes mistaken the innocent for the guilty, has sometimes used harsh detective methods, but in its struggle with a desperate secret organization, endeavoring to subvert all law and order, to overthrow institutions reared in toil and blood by fifty generations, to break all the holy images of the people, and to introduce a godless reign of chaos and terror, it should not be too severely judged, especially by those of other nations who have no means of knowing all the factors of the difficult problem it has to solve. In our sore need the Russian government was our friend, and we should not be its over-zealous enemy now.

The Russians, as a people. are profoundly religious, even superstitious. Over ninety per cent.

of them are Christians, and of these by far the larger number belong to the Greek Church. The Russo-Greek Church prohibits the celibacy of the clergy, and authorizes the use of the Scriptures in the language of the people. The Emperor is the head of the church and executes the judgments of its synod. Other religions are tolerated, but no member of the Greek Church may renounce his creed under penalty of perpetual detention in a convent. Jewish traders may reside in Poland and the south-western provinces, but are not allowed to settle in Russia proper. The Russians have lavished incredible sums of money on the building and embellishment of churches and convents.

The administration of the Russian government is placed in the hands of four great Councils, which center in the Czar's private Cabinet. 1. The Council of the Empire has departments of finance, legislation, and civil administration. 2. The Directing Senate is the High Court of Justice of the Empire, and sits partly at St. Petersburg, partly at Moscow. 3. The Holy Synod superintends the religious affairs of the empire. 4. The Council of Ministers embraces foreign affairs, war, navy, interior, public instruction, public works, etc.

Our representative government would be no better adapted to the Russians than their absolute government would be to us. The government of every country grows out of the conditions, habits, traditions, and political education of the people. Russia can be rightly judged only from the stand-

point of universal history. It is a mighty empire and has a great mission to perform in the world. The nation, the people, has grown to be an organic whole, of vast dimensions, whose nature cannot easily be changed, the current of whose life cannot easily be turned into a new channel. It will flow on till its destiny is fulfilled. Nihilism, like all things evil, will in due time perish. Providence, with its eternal and unalterable laws, has Russia, as it has all other peoples, under its guidance.

CHAPTER X.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

I WENT from Helsingfors, in Finland, by steamship directly to Stockholm. The approach to that city from the Baltic is in the midst of ten thousand rocky islands, clothed with dark woods of pine. The ship channel is nearly forty miles long. We approached the city during the long northern twilight, which added a weird beauty to the magnificent scenery. Long vistas of endless channels, running in all directions between innumerable islands, make the approach to Stockholm from the sea one of the finest, perhaps the finest, in the world.

The city itself, built on nine islands in Lake Mäleren as it opens into the island-studded Baltic, and on the irregular shores, is one of the most beautiful in Europe. It has been called the Venice of the north. It is very unlike Venice in architecture, in the entire absence of gondolas, in the presence of noisy, stone-paved streets, in coloring, in glow of atmosphere, in everything except views over wide reaches of water, in which Stockholm is superior. The two cities differ, as the North and South differ, as the Swedes and the Italians

differ, as the stir of modern life and the stillness of the middle ages differ.

In the spacious harbor in the very midst of Stockholm are numerous steamers, of all sizes, that ply to the neighboring islands and shores, that sail away to all the ports of the Baltic. There are also boats that will carry the traveler on the Göta Canal, and the lakes connected by it, to inland towns, through picturesque scenes, and to the south-western shore of Sweden. At any hour one can go somewhere by water and dreamily enjoy exquisite views in the softer light of a high latitude and in the tempered warmth of the long summer day. The sharp blaze of the more vertical sun, the short twilight, and the hot malarial air of the South, admit of no such luxury and repose of travel. The hyperborean regions have their compensations in various ways.

Stockholm was founded by Birgir Jarl in the middle of the thirteenth century, when Venice was flourishing most. He began to build on three of the islands in Lake Mäleren, and fortified them against his piratical neighbors. From small beginninnings Stockholm has grown to a city of more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is the capital of Sweden, where the royal family resides, where the legislature meets, where the highest courts sit.

The royal palace, built in the Italian style, in the middle of last century, stands on a hill commanding beautiful views of the shore and the

surrounding city. It possesses a fine library, a picture gallery, collections of various kinds, and beautiful gardens. Travelers can very easily obtain permission to visit it. The reigning King, Oscar II., who ascended the throne in 1872, is the occupant of the palace and seems to possess the loyal affection of the people of his double kingdom of Sweden and Norway in a high degree. He is the descendant of General Bernadotte, who came to the throne in 1818 as Charles XIV. The dominant party in Sweden elected Bernadotte Crown Prince in order to conciliate Napoleon. When he assumed the reins of government, however, he took the part of the allies against the conqueror and thus secured, at the Congress of Vienna, the possession of Norway, which was taken away from Denmark on account of the adhesion of that kingdom to the fortunes of Napoleon. The country prospered under his able reign, although the people felt very little personal affection for him as an alien king. His son Oscar (1844–1859), his grandson, Charles XV., and the present sovereign, have won the confidence and esteem of the Swedes and Norwegians, and have reigned in peace.

The Diet, or legislative body of Sweden, meets every year at Stockholm and remains in session three or four months. It is composed of two chambers, both of which are elected by the people. Members of the upper branch of the Diet must be thirty-five years of age and have an income of about $1,000. They are chosen for a term of nine

years and receive no compensation. Their number depends upon the population; at present it is 127. The lower branch consists of 194 members elected for three years. A smaller income and less age are required of them. They receive compensation. The election of members of both branches of the Diet is by ballot. The Diet exercises a direct control over all financial matters, and to it ministers and officers of the crown are answerable. The King has the power of veto, nominates to all appointments, declares war or peace, and makes treaties. The administration of law is independent of the law-making power, is presided over by a chancellor appointed by the King and an attorney-general appointed by the Diet.

No city in Europe has a finer park than the Zoological Gardens of Stockholm, on a high peninsula two miles long and a mile wide, overlooking the city and affording magnificent views of adjacent islands and shores.

In the many open places, squares and gardens of Stockholm, are statues of Sweden's distinguished men, some of which are striking, a few of which are of artistic excellence. On one of the fine stone quays that skirt the main harbor, near the royal palace, is the colossal statue of Gustavus III. The market-place, adjoining the Knights' Hall, is ornamented with a fine statue of Gustavus Vasa. The open space in front of the north-west facade of the National Museum is embellished with the masterpiece of the Swedish sculptor Molin, in

bronze, representing the "girdle-duelists." I observed it well and meditated on the bloody personal combats of the old Scandinavians, which it commemorates. The duelists were bound together with their belts and fought out their battle with knives, till one or both perished. The statue recalled the times when wives followed their husbands to banquets with winding-sheets, where frequent quarrels terminated fatally in these *knivgange.*

Beyond any city that I have seen, Stockholm abounds in public cafés and restaurants. Multitudes take their meals in them. As a rule, the food and cooking are excellent, The prices are moderate, and it is cheaper to live in them than at home. In many of them the dining-room is furnished and decorated as sumptuously as the banqueting-hall of a royal palace. An excellent band of music plays during the meal hours, and family groups at the tables enjoy themselves every day as on a festive occasion. It struck me that living in such a public way must weaken attachment to domestic life and undermine the virtues that flourish best in the seclusion of home.

Stockholm has many churches and public buildings, but few of them are worthy of particular attention on account of their architecture. In the Riddarsholm Kirke are buried all the Kings of Sweden since Charles X.

The numerous bridges which connect the islands with one another and with the shore, some of stone, some of wood, are not only picturesque in them-

selves but also serve to break the monotony of the longer streets. Tramways abound, as in all other European cities, enabling one to explore all parts of the town easily, cheaply, and without fear of getting lost. They are of especial use to a traveler ignorant of the language, for they will always bring him back to the point of starting, without the necessity of enquiring the way.

The public baths in Stockholm, as in other Swedish cities, are in one respect peculiar. To the bath-room a woman is sent with you, not merely to prepare the bath and then retire, but to help you undress and dress, and to bathe you. These bathing-women are not very young, and behave themselves with propriety. They are said to be among the most virtuous women of Sweden. The custom is known in Japan and among the Maoris in New Zealand, but only in Sweden outside of heathen peoples. It is true that the sage Ulysses was bathed by the queenly hands of Helen when he visited Troy in disguise, and the beautiful Polycasta bathed Telemachus, but there are grave reasons why the Swedish habit should not be extended to other Christian countries. Probably all things are pure to the pure, but unfortunately the pure do not constitute the majority in any part of the world.

Theatres abound in Stockholm, and there is a fine Opera-house. Among other institutions, there is a good Observatory, and an excellent College of Surgery. In no other city have I found the use of the telephone so general.

Close by Stockholm is the Karlsberg Military and Naval Academy, near which is the Ulriksdal Military Hospital. The army of Sweden has one very peculiar feature. Cantoned militiamen, all over the country, are maintained on the landed estates at the expense of the proprietors. The number varies on the estates according to their size. The militiamen are provided with cottages, receive an allotment of land, and are paid fixed wages. They serve the proprietors as farm-hands, except during four weeks of the year, when they are assembled for drill. In time of war they enter the service as soldiers. The army of Sweden numbers a few more than 200,000 men.

The guide-books will give special and detailed descriptions of many things in Stockholm and its suburbs, which can only be mentioned here—the royal palace, with its fine apartments, and rich collections; the cathedral, with the tombs and memorials of illustrious monarchs; the Church of St. Nicholas, where the Kings of Sweden are crowned; the Church of St. Catharine, which stands on the ground called the Blood Bath, where Christian II. put ninety-seven citizens to death; the House of the Diet, where the legislative assembly meets every year; the Royal Academy of Science, founded in 1739, with its precious collections of portraits, books, and zoological specimens; the Royal Academy of Arts, rich in the productions of Swedish genius; the arsenal, with its numerous trophies and standards captured in war; the Tech-

nical High School, with its models and extensive laboratory; the National Museum, the finest building in Stockholm, with its statues of Norse gods, its statues of Sweden's men of genius, and its superb collections of antiquities; the house where Swedenborg lived; the tea-garden on the Mose Bake, with its magnificent views, where Nordenskjold was enthusiastically received, April 1880, when he returned from his famous voyage in the Vega; the bank, founded in 1668, which was the first to issue paper money; etc. Swedish history is rich in many things and more of its monuments are collected in Stockholm than elsewhere.

I went on by rail to Upsala, the ancient capital of Sweden. It is a small city of less than 20,000 inhabitants, situated on both banks of a navigable river, which is crossed by five bridges.

The University of Upsala, founded in 1477, is famous. It has fifty professors and as many more lecturers and tutors. The number of students at present is about 1,700. The students are divided into thirteen "nations,' to one of which each student on his arrival must attach himself. These nations are not unlike the various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. The special influences of the nation to which the student attaches himself have quite as much effect on his future as the teaching which he receives. A large new building for the university has been erected since 1877. A special building contains the library of 230,000 volumes and 7,000 manuscripts. In this library is the famous Codex

Argenteus, Bishop Ulphila's translation of the four Gospels into Middle Gothic, made in the latter part of the fourth century. To this Codex scholars are chiefly indebted for their knowledge of early Gothic. The manuscript consists of 188 leaves of parchment in gold and silver letters. The university has a botanical garden, with a statue of Linnæus, who lived and taught in Upsala. It is also provided with an observatory and collections of various kinds.

Upsala is the seat of an archbishop, who is the primate of the established Lutheran Church in Sweden. Under him are eleven bishops, whose dioceses contain at least 2,500 parishes and 3,500 pastors. The census of 1870 showed that there were in Sweden less than 7,000 non-Lutherans, of whom about 2,000 were Baptists and the same number of Jews. Upsala, which was the center of the heathen religion, fought long and fiercely against the introduction of Christianity.

The cathedral is a huge structure, considerably disfigured by "restorations," noted for monuments of kings and illustrious families. The chief monuments are those of Gustavus Adolphus and of the renowned scientist Linnæus. In this cathedral the Kings of Sweden were formerly crowned.

A little more than three miles from the modern city is Gamla Upsala, the Old Upsala, with its ancient church incorporating a temple of the Asar, a mythological race of giants. It is also noted for its tumuli of the Scandinavian gods, Thor, Odin,

and Freyr, each more than 200 feet in diameter and nearly sixty feet high. Near these tumuli is the little hill from which the Swedish Kings down to Gustavus Vasa used to address their subjects.

Not far from Upsala are the famous mines of Dannemora, worked since the thirteenth century, where the best of Swedish iron is produced.

From Upsala I went to Storlien, nearly 500 miles further north. At first, one passes through the mining region of Sweden. Iron abounds. Silver, lead and copper are also mined with profit. The country is tolerably fertile till the mountains are reached at Ostersund, where lakes are numerous, with fine scenery. Before Storlien is reached perpetual snow is seen on the summits of the mountain range dividing Sweden from Norway. It is a desolate region, abounding in rocks and waterfalls. For many miles the railway is protected from the drifting snow of winter by high barriers of timber. Storlien is the last town in Sweden.

From there I went to Throndhjem (Drontheim) on the coast of Norway. The railroad descends through one of the most beautiful mountain valleys in Europe. Here and there the eye catches glimpses of the distant sea, softly reflecting the slanting sunlight of the north. As we descend, the green valley looks doubly sweet in contrast with the cold gray heights, over which strange winds are driving spectral clouds.

A peculiar custom prevails in serving meals at railway stations in Sweden and Norway. There

are no waiters. The food, in great abundance and variety, is placed in large dishes on a table in the center of the dining-room. On the table are also knives, forks, spoons and plates. Each one helps himself to what he fancies and goes to a small table at the side of the room to eat it. He refills his plate as often as he likes and eats as much as he desires. A woman usually sits at a desk near the door and receives pay from guests as they go out. The price of a meal varies from one crown (twenty-five cents) to two crowns (fifty cents). The usual price is a crown and a half. One likes the custom when used to it. No time is lost in waiting to be served; the kind of food preferred can be selected at once; the disagreeable presence of a clumsy, neglectful, perhaps uncivil or untidy waiter is dispensed with.

From Throndhjem I started the next day after my arrival on a trip of eight days to North Cape and back. As I shall devote the next chapter to a special account of that trip I make no further allusion to it here. After my return, I spent nearly a week at Trondhjem, and will continue my narrative by giving a brief description of it.

Throndhjem was the ancient capital of Norway, as Upsala was of Sweden. It contains nearly 25,000 inhabitants, and is the center of a large shipping trade to the upper coast of Norway and a large inland trade to northern Sweden. Although Throndhjem is in the latitude of southern Iceland the climate is never severe in winter. It is always

cool in summer. The average temperature is about the same as in the south of England. The town is beautifully situated on the outlet of the River Nid and the shore of a fiord of the same name running far inland. Many of the citizens are wealthy and have fine villas along the banks of the river and the fiord, and in nooks of the neighboring hills. Very remarkable are the green lawns and flower gardens in so high a latitude.

The cathedral in Throndhjem is the finest in all Scandinavia. It is now undergoing restoration under properly skilled supervision, partly at the expense of the government. It was erected over the buried remains of St. Olaf, which attracted many pilgrims during the Middle Ages and laid the foundation of the city's prosperity. Trondhjem formerly bore the name of Nidaros, "mouth of the River Nid."

When I was there an exhibition of fishing industries was going on, which was very interesting. Boats of every kind used in fishing, all kinds of apparatus for catching fish, specimens of fish preserved in every style, and articles of utility or ornament made from the bones and skins of fish, were on exhibition. Great volumes of statistics pertaining to the fishing industries and large charts showing the relative importance of the different fisheries, made at the expense of the Norwegian government, were placed there for the inspection of visitors. The rivers and lakes of Norway abound in fish, as well as the fiords and the sea shores of

the main land and the islands. Of the greatest importance are the cod, herring and salmon fisheries, which, at certain seasons of the year, give employment to 50,000 men. Large quantities of dried and salted fish are exported to the catholic countries of southern Europe. Pickled herring are sent to Germany. The Norwegian commerce in fish amounts to at least 50,000,000 crowns ($12,500,000) every year, to say nothing of the vast consumption by 2,000,000 of people at home. Fish oils, especially cod-liver oil, canned lobster, and fish-guano are also important articles of exportation. The wood and timber trade alone exceeds in value the fish trade. In the proper season, Englishmen, with an occasional American, may be found all over Norway fishing for salmon. The fish on the tables of hotels and steamboats is always fresh and delicious.

The journey by rail from Trondhjem to Christiana, mostly through a mountainous country, is long and tiresome. At both ends of the route there is some fertile country, with well cultivated farms, and picturesque valleys, but all of the middle part of the course presents grand scenes of desolation. On the slopes of the mountains, dark forests abound. It is one of the great timber regions of Norway. One copper mine of national importance is passed on the road. The track, for some distance, reaches a height of over two thousand feet. There the winters are of great length and of Siberian severity. To the westward of the railroad the mountains reach an altitude of more

than a mile. In the region towards Bergen, through which the Jostedal runs, there is a vast field of glacier-ice, covering with its ramifications more than 500 square miles. It is the largest in Europe. The road is carried along rivers, roaring in swift torrents through deep, narrow, rocky ravines, which are frequently crossed by substantial bridges, with great engineering skill.

Christiana, the capital of Norway, is a beautiful city, situated on hilly ground at the end of a vast fiord, of the same name, penetrating far inland from the sea. The number of inhabitants is not far from 130,000. The view from the heights above the city, over Christiana Fiord, with its picturesque shores and islands, is pleasing but not especially grand.

The university, founded in 1811, by Frederick VI., contains museums, cabinets and collections of various kinds, suitable for scientific education, and has a fine library of 250,000 volumes. There are more than 1,000 students. Fifty-two professors, divided into the usual faculties for complete university instruction, give their lectures free. The university, in fact, is the crown of a complete system of public education in Norway. All children between seven and fourteen in towns, between eight and fourteen in the country, must be sent to school. In regions where the inhabitants are much scattered, the schoolmaster is sent from house to house, where he must be entertained while teaching the children. The teacher is sensibly regarded as

better able to travel long distances than the little ones. The ability to read and write is almost universal in Norway. Education is closely allied with the Lutheran Church, to which all public officers must belong. According to the census of 1870 there were only about 5,000 dissenters in the whole country.

The assembly-hall of the Norwegian Parliament is a fine building containing two chambers, the Storthings-Sal, and the Lagthings-Sal, a library, the usual committee-rooms, etc. The parliament is divided into two bodies, the Lagthing and the Odelsthing. The Lagthing frames all legislative and financial measures. The Odelsthing has the power of rejecting such measures, and also has the supervision of ministers, judges, and other officers of State. Taxes, when voted by the Storthing, are collected by officers of the King of Sweden, who is also King of Norway. Laws passed by the Storthing must be ratified by the King, but if they are passed three times they are valid without his sanction. The members of the Storthing are not voted for directly by the people. Deputies are elected by almost universal suffrage, who choose the members of the legislative body, or Storthing. The legislative body meets every year, during the months of February and March. Norway has abolished titles of nobility, has its own army, navy, finances, legislative and judicial machinery, is connected with Sweden only in matters of diplomacy and external policy, and may be regarded as an

independent democracy. The people are very jealous of their liberty and are not to be trifled with. The army consists of 40,000 men and 760 officers, and may be greatly enlarged in case of need. The navy numbers eighty-eight vessels, thirty-seven steamers, and is manned by 1,400 sailors, but as many as 26,000 are liable to be called into the service.

Nothing in Christiana interested me so much as a Viking ship, exhumed at Gokstad, near Sandefiord, in 1880. It was in a shed, behind the fine university building. It is sixty-seven feet long and sixteen feet wide, and belongs to the ninth century, certainly to the period between A. D. 800 and 1050. It was customary to bury the heathen Vikings with their ships. A few remains of such ships had been found by archæologists, from time to time, but this was the first one found entire, or so nearly entire as to form a complete specimen of the marine architecture of the times. The ship, containing the remains of its master, was buried in a bed of blue clay which preserved it.

The ship is of oak, clinker-built. The planks, about an inch thick, were fastened to the frame with tough roots of trees, and to one another with iron nails. Three-stranded cords of cows'-hair were used for caulking. The ship was propelled with sails as well as oars. Fragments of the mast are preserved. There are sixteen holes on each side, thirty-two in all, through which the oars were shoved from the inside. A notch is cut in the side of

each hole for the blade of the oar. There are slides to cover the holes, evidently for the purpose of keeping out the sea. Several of the oars have been preserved, which are over twenty feet long. The ship had no deck. Boards were placed across the interior, resting on notches cut in the frame, under which things could be stowed away. Shelter was afforded by a tent-cloth stretched over a spar resting on crutches made by two poles erected slanting, so as to cross each other near the top. Pieces of the tent-cloth, of wool, originally white, with red stripes sewed on, and also pieces of the ropes, made of bast, were found with the ship. The rudder was hung by a rope on the right-hand side, forward of the stern-post. This method of hanging the rudder was continued in all Teutonic countries, down to the fourteenth century, and still survives in the Teutonic word, "starboard," steering-board, to designate the right-hand side of a ship. Fragments of three small boats, also oak, were found with the ship. The iron stock of the anchor, almost eaten up with rust; a gang-plank, more than twenty feet long and a foot and a half wide; remnants of sleeping-berths; fragments of a wooden chair, finely carved; a massive copper kettle, and a small kettle, with nicely wrought chains by which they were hung; tubs and buckets; wooden drinking cups, with handles, finely carved; and wooden plates, were rescued with the ship from the grave where they had been buried a thousand years. As there was no provision made on the ship for fire,

it is evident that the cooking utensils were designed for use on landing.

In just such ships as this the old Norsemen sailed on their marauding excursions to the coasts of all neighboring countries. It is probable that some of their war-ships were larger. With two square pieces of canvas (the Viking ships had two square sails) and tough oars of oak they sailed over the stormy northern ocean to Iceland, to Greenland, perhaps to the North American continent many centuries before it was discovered by Columbus. Ships just like it may be seen to-day in the fiords and on the coasts of Norway.

The Sarpsfos Falls are the only thing of special interest to be seen on the journey by rail from Christiana to Gottenborg. The region traversed is the most fertile in Norway, if indeed fertility can be predicated of any part of a country less than three per cent. of which is not cultivable at all. Some of the uplands, however, produce pasture for cattle, where no grain will grow. At Fredrikstat the Glommen, the largest river of Norway, comes down from a richly wooded region, bringing treasures of lumber. Farther on, the fine waterfall of Sarpsfos is in full view for a short distance. A great volume of water is poured over a ledge of rock 140 feet wide and seventy-four feet high. Some time before reaching Gottenborg we crossed the frontier between Norway and Sweden. I had journeyed the whole length, 1,200 miles, of the wild, barren country, where sea and land are strangely intermixed, and

left it with a sense of thankfulness for what I had seen and learned.

Gottenborg is a commercial city, of about 100,000 inhabitants, the largest in Sweden except Stockholm. It is situated on the River Göta, a few miles from the Cattagat, and has a deep, capacious harbor. It is Sweden's chief point of contact, by means of ships, with all the outer world. The harbor is well protected by three forts. At Gottenborg begins the Göta Canal, which runs to Stockholm. Boats, propelled by steam, convey passengers with great comfort through an interesting region. The city is well built and contains the usual number of urban institutions in a prosperous, intelligent, public-spirited community. The licensing system of Gottenborg is peculiar, the working of which I took some pains to ascertain. The municipal government owns all the drinking-places, which it runs by means of salaried agents, of course keeping the profits. The system seems to work well, the income from it being large. Order is strictly enforced, and, it is claimed, drunkenness restricted. The difficulty of carrying out the system in some other countries would be in finding honest agents. The foreign commerce of Gottenborg is large. It is the chief outlet for the surplus products of more than four millions of industrious people.

I went on to Karlskrona by boat. It is a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and is the head naval station of Sweden. It has a famous dockyard, to see which permission has to be obtained from the

minister of war. The Swedish fleet consists of 140 vessels—56 steamers—carrying 360 guns and 7,800 men. In time of war, the merchant fleet of Sweden, more than 3,000 vessels, with a reserve of 25,000 men, can be called into service.

It is a sea journey of only three or four hours from Karlskrona to Malmö, on the Sound, opposite Copenhagan, which is sixteen miles away and in sight. Malmö is the third city of Sweden, has fine docks, and is of considerable commercial importance. Situated on the border, it suffered much in the bitter wars between Sweden and Denmark. Four or five centuries ago the herring-fishery of that coast brought much trade to Malmö, and it flourished above other towns in the kingdom. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the herring-fishery failed, it dwindled down to a population of 2,000. It now contains more than 40,000. In the Malmöhus, a fortress at the south-west end of the city, Bothwell, Mary Stuart's third husband, was imprisoned from 1573 to 1578. The dungeon in which he was incarcerated is now walled up.

A Swedish gentleman of intelligence and connected with the government, in whose company I traveled from Gottenborg to Malmö, gave me much interesting information about the school system of the country. Public instruction is compulsory, and the government pays all the expenses. In the country districts there are about 2,500 regular or fixed (*fasta*) schools, and nearly 1,500 ambulatory (*flyttanda*) schools, similar to the itinerary schools

of Norway, already described. In addition to these, there are about 3,500 infant schools. The schools are attended by 800,000 pupils. The government also supports gymnasia, or higher schools, in towns. The educational system culminates in the universities of Upsala and Lund. Technical schools in Sweden receive especial attention, and ought to be studied by all who are interested in this form of education.

It is worthy of note, and many colleges in America might profit by the fact, that the universities of Sweden, being located in smaller towns, do not undertake to educate students for the medical profession. The Karolingska Institute of Stockholm is the medical school of the country. In the largest city of the kingdom are the best facilities for clinical instruction, which is absolutely necessary for proper medical education. Weak and rival medical schools, in small towns, without the clinical advantages afforded by the hospitals of large cities, are not allowed to exist and turn out half-educated doctors, to learn their profession after graduation at the expense of unfortunate patients.

About the Scandinavian people in general I shall have more to say in a subsequent chapter on Denmark.

CHAPTER XI.

CRUISE TO THE NORTH CAPE AND BACK.—THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

EXCURSION boats leave Throndhjem for the North Cape twice a week, Wednesdays and Sundays, at midnight, from the 20th of June to the 20th of August. They are well-appointed boats, seaworthy, reasonably fast, comfortable, but generally crowded. The service is excellent; at any hour of day or night a waiter will promptly respond to the touch of an electric bell. The table is equal to that of a good hotel. The officers and pilots are trained to their duties. This is a matter of great importance where the navigation is very intricate and in some places dangerous. Most of the officers speak English and German.

I was rather astonished to find on the boat twenty-six Americans. Among them were half-a-dozen American ladies, traveling without the attendance of gentlemen. Their conduct and bearing were such as to beget respect, even to command protection in case of necessity. There was about the same number of Germans as of Americans. Some of the Germans were high-bred and agreeable people. A dozen of the Germans were a "con-

ducted" party, with a Frenchman, strange to say, as conductor. He was an old French pedagogue, with good linguistic attainments, and made himself very useful, but his party treated him barbarously. He bore very patiently the insolence of Germans who had a touch of the *furor Teutonicus* in the wrong place. The Americans were very quiet, intelligent and agreeable travelers. An old New York merchant and his wife had a German female courier, who was the most attentive, most efficient courier that I ever saw. There was only one Englishman on board, a very vivacious and pleasant Londoner. The Americans all called him their British cousin. A handsome young Italian count, traveling with a quiet friend, was the observed of all observers and the enthusiastic leader of all excursions on shore.

The boat sailed on Wednesday, at midnight. As there was little to be seen during the first stage of the journey, on Throndhjem Fiord, everybody went to bed and slept till late the next morning. It is desirable to seize all opportunities of sleep on a cruise of eight days, where the light lasts during the whole night and where there are so many novel objects that sleep is apt to be neglected. Many travelers to the North Cape bring on nervous exhaustion by long wakefulness. In fact one knows not when to sleep where the day is perpetual.

The next day (Thursday) the steamer threads its way among innumerable islands, and makes its first landing in the afternoon, at Torghaetta, or

the "Pierced Hat." The old Norse legend runs that a giantess was pursued by the amorous Hestmand, who drew his mighty bow and shot after her an arrow which pierced her hat. He was only little more than a hundred miles away. Hat and giantess were petrified into a mountain of rock. The hat is only 800 feet high. The hole through which the arrow went is over sixty feet in diameter at one end and over 200 at the other end. The sea can be seen through it as the ship sails along the island. We all climbed up to it over a rough path a mile long. On our return a violent thunder-shower drenched us to the skin. The view of the sea, gemmed with innumerable islands, through this huge telescopic tunnel, was worth the climb and the wetting.

We went on to Bodö, which we reached the next (Friday) morning. We landed there and ascended a hill to the north of the town, from which a magnificent view of the Lofoden Islands was obtained. It is very difficult to describe the coast of Norway, with its numberless islands, fiords, intricate straits, rocks, mountains, and towns, so as to give any definite idea of it to one who has not been there. I had with me some letters written by a vivacious Englishman to a provincial journal, which come nearer describing the indescribable than anything else I have seen in print about Norway. From these letters I shall make some extracts. The style of the unknown Englishman is very redundant. To suit my own purpose and express my own

experience, I have made such omissions, additions, and transpositions of the extracted matter as will relieve the author, whoever he may be, of all responsibility. He would not know his own writing with my sins of omission and commission. However, I give full credit for the borrowed matter by the use of quotation marks.

"Norway is a maze—a marvelous labyrinth of low islets, of lofty islands, and of weirdly wild ravines, whose precipices mirror their seamed and wrinkled and ribbed heights in the bluest of sea brine. Its foremost videttes are silent volcanoes, heaved up, like the Lofoden Isles, a hundred miles or so seaward of the mainland. Its islets of stone—gray and deeply furrowed with age, or plumed with birch and pine—are so bewilderingly numerous that the water-ways between them are but as cords in a shining network. These islets lie in zones between the stormy Atlantic and the tranquil inner straits. He who threads the winding lanes of water which separate them sees on every side mimic docks and quiet havens fashioned by Nature's own hand and ramparted by her eternal masonry. Here the hardy fisher folks have, like the sea-birds, built their nests on ledges of rock—nests, white, or red, or russet-brown—and here their fishing-skiffs lie anchored in water placid as a mill-pond. Were ever sea and land so inextricably mixed up? Seaward the broad Atlantic chafes in mumbling menace against outer defenses of imposing massiveness and bulk. These outer works rise sheer out of the main, terrace

over terrace, crag above crag. Some of these islands of the outer deep are of commanding presence. Such is their elevation, and such the majesty of their massiveness—they are in appearance so near, and yet so far—that you may steam for a day on a reach of sea dominated and, so to speak, pervaded by the same stupendous piles of rock. You espy their frowning heights ahead at breakfast time, and you see them abaft at night in all their abruptness and jaggedness, reddening in the level light of a midnight sun. These lone Titans are met far out in the Arctic Sea, where they—

Like giants stand, to sentinel enchanted land.

Far eastward of these monarchs of the main lie those lesser islands—a labyrinthine archipelago of rocks and sea—which form almost one continuous breakwater over a stretch of a thousand miles. Protected by this stupendous breakwater, the fishers, in their fragile, open craft, ply, in smooth water, their healthy and useful trade; and women and little girls row to church or to market, in light shells of boats, on water clearer than glass, and unruffled as a mill-pond. The continuous inner strait, next the mainland, and the fiords which open into it are the cheap highways whereon the commerce of Norway travels.

"On the passage to the North Cape, where the sun makes rosy the rocks at the deepest noon of night, there is no monotony. Now you turn to

the right, and passing through an opening in the mountains you explore a fiord, the shaggy walls of which are hung with waterfalls. Some of these falls resemble spun glass, others descend in wavy festoons, gauzy or lace-like, while, ever and anon, you sail close under a snow-capped precipice, where clouds of white smoke and volumes of water of dazzling whiteness, and a sound as of distant thunder, beckon you onwards to behold some renowned show 'foss' of the country. You proceed up the fiord until the mountains close in upon you, and the bottom, although fathoms deep, shines up beneath the keel; and then you turn the ship while there is still room to turn her, and resume, as in a floating hotel, your delightful journey to 'the Land of the Midnight Sun,' marveling as you do so at the way in which bay lies within bay, and fiord within fiord, and marveling still more to find in some of the most unlikely spots on this earth clusters of trim houses and emerald slopes, hanging woods and gay little inns—inns prim as paint and fretwork can make them. At nearly every bend of the fiord the Norseman builds in green nooks, that are backed by confused piles of boulders, grimly suggestive of the fearful height from which they have fallen. He fearlessly carries his roads along dells so narrow that a perpetual twilight invests them with a gloomy grandeur. To do this he blasts his way through fallen rocks, larger in places than his own house. He rears sheep and the pluckiest of ponies where one could scarcely

expect to find grazing for a goat; he cuts fodder for his beasts on mountain ledges and shelves from which it has to be lowered by sliding it down a tightened cord of wire. A practical man is he. He causes the gleeful streams to grind for him, and to saw for him, singing at their useful toil like workers glad to do him a good turn. Wherever the feathery pine and the silver birch can find foothold and growth, he too can cling and live."

In the midst of such scenery as that described above, we sailed on from Bodö towards Tromsö. The weather was clear and we had, on the journey, a magnificent view of the Lofoden and Vesteraalen groups of islands. On our return voyage, some days later, we sailed through the Raftsund, separating the two groups, and further description of them will be deferred till then. We arrived at Tromsö Saturday morning. The town is picturesquely situated on an island of the same name. It has about 6,000 inhabitants, and is the center of considerable local trade.

The steamer stopped long enough for us to make a visit to an encampment of Laps in the Tromsdal, about three and a half miles away. The path leading to it was, by turns, rough and marshy. All who wished to ride could secure docile and sure-footed ponies. The habitations of the Laps were dome-shaped, built of stone, turf and birch-bark, with an opening at the top for the exit of smoke. The Laps are short, rather stout, greasy, dirty, idle and mal-odorous. They recline on the

ground around a fire in the center of their huts, over which always hangs a pot or kettle. They own a herd of four or five thousand reindeer, a few of which were kept in an enclosure for milking. The milk is rich and from it is made cheese which is preserved for winter food. The reindeer were formerly wild and have been tamed by these curious people.

The tourists bought sundry articles from the Laps, as mementos of their visit. The skins sold by them smelt so abominably that no one wished to purchase them. The great branching horns of the reindeer were attractive, but too cumbersome to carry away. Some of the ladies bought bells used on the reindeer and noisily displayed them as trophies of their excursion. An old New York merchant carefully examined one of the bells and discovered on it the mark of the Sheffield manufacturer; whereupon the noisy souvenirs of the Lap encampment speedily disappeared.

In the afternoon we got away and sailed out into a wide expanse of water, opening to the north, and waited for a sight of the midnight sun. Again I shall let my unknown English friend undertake to describe the indescribable, first severely pruning his exuberant effusion.

"It is night now, but as the night deepens the light increases and reddens, and the broad sea scintillates in the flood of sunlight beneath which it lies. Not that the sky is entirely unclouded. It is streaked, and belted with zones of slatey

violet, fringed with opal, and between these lie inlets of a pale golden green, veined with amber, saffron, and rose. Now the sun hides behind a bank of violet cloud, and the opal fringe emits a dazzling effulgence. This fringe ceases to be opaline, for it glows like the electric light, with a splendor which is reflected upon the edges of the clouds beneath. At some distance from the sun there is a cloudless sky, the colder hue of which is electric blue. Now the lower edge of the sun creeps down from its place of hiding, until the undimmed orb hangs fully revealed—embayed, as it were, on a cloud-locked lake of sky, the tint of which is neither saffron nor emerald, but a delicate blend of the two—a magically-beautiful flush of palest golden-green. This truly is 'the 'witching hour of night,' and all eyes are focussed on this revelation of the mystic beauties of the arctic heavens during a night in which no trace of 'night' appears. There is no streak of color in the sky, and no single cloud-shape there, which is not reproduced as in a glass in the depths of the sea. Some of the tints are distinctly metallic, and these are reflected below with the brilliance of burnished steel. Here and there little fleecy clouds drift, like Argosies of pearl through the upper ether, and may be seen in duplicate sailing through the translucent deep. The tourists speak not; there is a hush of delighted absorption throughout the ship while their eyes are drinking in the enthralling scene—strange scene of a night beautified

by the unveiled majesty of the great orb of day. It is near midnight now, yet the sun sinks no lower, but remains in silent state far above the waters. You can look straight at the sun, for its whole disk is glassy, and would be glacial in its glow were it not that its hue is golden and its light watery. Right away from the horizon to the ship there is a broad pathway of dimpling light, and while we stand gazing at it a Viking ship slowly glides across it, looking for the moment as if embroidered on cloth of golden tissue. There is hardly a ripple on the water, but just that faint pulsation as if the sea were asleep and gently breathing, and just that rapt aspect as if it were dreaming of heaven, and held within its breast the heaven of which it dreamed.

"The tints of the midnight sky have an æsthetic charm. The windows of the arctic heaven resemble the painted windows of old cathedrals in the *glassiness* of their liquid light; but there the resemblance ends. The hues are half tones of color, coldly clear, yet, in a certain spirituality of effect, splendid, electric blue, pearl with the delicate fire-flush of the opal, heliotrope with a faint blush of slatey violet, and between the long, floating islands of cloud there is a celestial sea of translucent gold tinged with green glorified, in the midst of which the arctic sun swims, fringing each belted island-group of clouds with indescribably dazzling white light. There are even cloud-castles of peacock-blue in mid-air, and when the sunlight streams,

almost at a level, across the sea, the gnarled and grisled walls of the mountains that shoot up sheer out of the water are no longer grisly, but are from sea-base to summit embossed work in *terra cotta.* In Switzerland I have seen whole Alpine ranges put off their ermine to salute the setting sun in vestments of rose-colored fire; I have beheld the entire sky above Geneva's Lake draped in violet and cardinal red, with only bars of azure between, and the lake itself dyed as deeply with the two imperial dyes; but this arctic night, with its opal and pearl, its metallic gleams, its fairy-like blendings of pale gold with a paler emerald, and its watery-luster, is unique. A midnight wherein the sea is ethereal as the air, and, like the air, streaming with strange splendors, suggestive of 'Jerusalem the Golden,' a midnight in which the very Viking ships as they silently steal athwart a glittering pathway of sunlight seem like specter ships gliding in a radiance at once beautiful and weird, is never to be forgotten. It lives as a revelation—an exchange of the material for the spiritual—a glimpse within the golden gates: 'And I beheld a new heaven and a new earth.'"

Thus at midnight we saw Aurora, the benign Eos, the beautiful daughter of Hyperion, sleeping on her couch of cloud, bathed in the holy effulgence of Helios, surrounded by her constellations of celestial children, her robe of rosy-yellow hanging upon the azure wall, a star blazing on her forehead, the divine steeds not yet yoked to her chariot,

forgetting to drop the curtain of night with her 'rosy fingers,' sweetly dreaming of mortal youths, the torch of day resting near her right hand limp in slumber, unconsciously exposing her charms to daring wanderers beyond the realm of day and night, the light coming to gods and men without her announcement. No picture of a midnight sun on an island-studded arctic sea can be overdrawn. Speech, with imagery drawn from every source, falls far short of the reality.

We steamed away, athwart the long shadows cast by mountains, to Hammerfest, "the northernmost town in the world," which we reached Sunday morning. In the spacious harbor I noticed among the shipping sixty-one Russian vessels, most of them from the White Sea, not far off, bringing grain and loading with fish-products and Lap goods. A Russian revenue cutter was also there, looking out for contraband trade. The port of Hammerfest is generally open all winter, notwithstanding the high latitude, owing to the inflow of the warm water of the gulf stream. The town contains over 2,000 inhabitants, looks trim with its neat white houses, but has an odor of cod-liver oil. We wandered about the little city and on the naked neighboring heights, three hours or more, and then sailed for Svaerholtkluber, or "Bird Mountain," which we reached in the afternoon.

The Bird Mountain is an almost perpendicular promontory of clay slate, 1,000 feet high. It is the nesting-place of innumerable birds, mostly gulls.

Caves, nooks, shelves of the rock are occupied by them. The scream of the ship's steam-whistle and the firing of two or three little cannon disturb them and millions of them fill the air with their flight. The multitudinous roar of their wings is like the thunder of a distant waterfall. As we draw nearer, we observe ladders fastened to the steep rocks, running up to giddy heights. The ladders are for the purpose of gathering the eggs of the birds, which are a considerable article of commerce. The Bird Mountain has an enterprising Norwegian proprietor who lives at the head of a small bay near by. He not only gathers and sells the eggs, but makes fodder of the birds themselves for his cattle. He cures the birds by burying them in the earth, as farmers cure clover in a silo. We stopped at his place and took on milk. I fancied that the milk tasted of dead birds.

We then went on to the North Cape, where we arrived an hour and a half before midnight. As Longfellow sings—

> "And then uprose before me,
> Upon the water's edge,
> The huge and haggard shape
> Of that unknown North Cape,
> Whose form is like a wedge."

The cape is a promontory of dark-grey slate rock, rising abruptly about 1,000 feet from the sea, deeply fissured, on the most northern island of the long group lying off the coast of Norway. It is not quite so far north as a point of the main land

farther east. Beyond it lies the great Arctic Ocean, with its terrible mysteries. We are far east, nearly in the latitude of St. Petersburg and Constantinople. The North Pole is less than twelve hundred miles away, and we could sail to it in three or four days, if the sea were smooth and unobstructed,

Most of the passengers climbed to the top of the promontory, but it was covered with "scud," or mist-clouds, blown from the cold Arctic Ocean, and they saw nothing. A few of us who remained on the ship saw the sun for a short time at midnight, blazing out, full-orbed, below the mist-clouds, which it illumined with awful splendor. Carlyle makes Herr Teufelsdröckh describe the scene with tolerable accuracy: "Silence as of death; for midnight, even in the arctic latitudes, has its character; nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving polar ocean, over which in the utmost north the great sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold; yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments solitude also is invaluable; for who would speak, or be looked on, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him the silent Immensity and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our sun is but a porch-lamp?"

Early Monday morning we started back, southward. Lyngenfiord soon hove in sight, on the

west shore of which is a long line of snow-capped mountains, five and six thousand feet high. They were distant, yet in the clear atmosphere looked so near. The captain of the steamer promised us a cotillion of whales, and the coronation of a mountain by the sun at midnight. The proper place was reached a little past ten o'clock in the evening. Great whales soon began their gambols, according to programme. In the distance was a mountain, with lofty dome, which the sun was nearing behind a curtain of illuminated clouds. The ship was so placed that the coronation would take place, weather permitting, from eleven o'clock to near twelve, when the sun would emerge, full-orbed, into an open space, at midnight. The elements were propitious and the exhibition was unspeakably grand. Again I must let my unknown English friend, with his rich vocabulary of coloring, describe the indescribable.

"The mountain's top, with the sun behind it, and with a thin chain of mist upon its shoulders, is about to be clothed in such splendor as I have not yet witnessed. The sun himself is invisible—not so the subdued majesty of his glory. The circling glory is before us in the sky, and in the midst of the glory is the dark but kingly head of the dusky Colossus—a head painted, as in some pictures of the Apostles, on a golden radiance of axled light. Now the thin seams of cloud of purplish-grey—an ærial tapestry, held as by unseen fingers above the monarch—begin to burn all

along their lower edges. One might think they had caught fire from the earth below, had not this new splendor been pure as that of the diamond. Now the halo around the mountain's stately brow expands, and the hanging tapestry of cloud pulses and flashes as its flaming fringe consumes the texture of purplish-grey. See how the cloud flickers and breaks up into glowing shreds, which float aloft in upward streaming films of dazzling fire. Below us is the sea—around us are the Silences—the sea an expanse of damascened steel, the air still as with a holy hush; and, before us, high up in the heavens is the mountain's lofty dome, limned in lines of glistening light and diademed with living luster. The sun now glides out, and, just above the shoulder of the Giant, it hangs in the beautiful scene its perfect disk of glassy gold. Our tourists look at each other with thoughtful eyes, but speak not. The hush that is on all things is in their spirits. The silent rapture of the scene steals upon them, and theirs is the Sabbath of the soul. How eloquent is this reverent gazing at yonder beatific vision!"

We reached Tromsö again early Tuesday morning. From there we sailed through the Raftsund between the Lofoden and the Vestersaalen Islands. The cod fisheries of the Lofodens is one of the most remarkable of the kind in the world. The main fishing season is from the middle of January to the middle of April. The shoals of fish are sometimes 150 feet in vertical diameter. The sinker

on a line may be felt striking the fish as it descends. Professor Huxley computes that 120 millions of fish to the square mile, in a shoal off the Lofodens, is an underestimate. The annual catch there is over twenty-five millions. Twenty-five thousand Norwegians are engaged in the codfish industry during the season.

Englishmen have established vast factories there for converting the heads, backbones, and other refuse of the fish into fertilizers. The fish-phosphates are exported to all parts of the world, and are of great commercial value. It is of more importance that the refuse of the great Norwegian fisheries should be made to feed flowers, fruits and vegetables in the gardens of Europe than that it should be left to feed gulls. The eider ducks, which abound among all these islands and on the coasts, are of more value than other sea-birds, but they are industrious, like the people, and know how to fish for themselves. Their precious feathers are gathered in considerable quantities and find their way to market.

The scenery of these islands is indescribably beautiful and grand. If one could imagine Switzerland to undergo a depression of three or four thousand feet, so as to fill all the winding valleys with the sea, leaving the sharper peaks, destitute of vegetation, desolate spires of rock, standing several thousand feet above the maze of waters, covered as now with snow and glacier-ice, he might then have in his mind a very good picture of the

Lofoden group of islands as they now thrust themselves up, sharp and innumerable, from the ocean. In some places the serrated peaks of splintered rocks have been compared to the teeth of colossal sharks. In other places the curved and contorted billows of granite look as though they had been shot up from the internal furnaces of the earth in vast liquid masses and suddenly congealed. Everywhere are extinguished volcanoes. Waterfalls pour down their sides, from giddy heights, fed by glaciers melting in the warmth of summer. The steamer sails in and out of havens made by jutting buttresses of rock, gray and cloud-capped, in the midst of which it looks like a toy-ship floating on liquid glass. The shriek of the steam-whistle is echoed and re-echoed from near and far, till it is lost in a maze of sound as confused as the surrounding maze of water and stone.

And when night comes on, that is no night, the rocky spires are ablaze with the gold and crimson light of the low-circling sun. Cathedrals, vaster than the imagination of man ever conceived, are lit with altar-fires that burn with the radiance and glory of morning and evening blended into one. Nature is ministering to the Divinity that gave her birth. The midnight sun is shut out from view by screens of emblazoned rocks. Mountains of stone seem to be worshiping with rapture the unseen Deity of the distant heaven and trying to reveal Him to us in the mingled effulgence of every hue of light. The soft roar of the waterfall

supplies the sacred music, and the plash of waves upon the silent shore seems like the subdued and breathless voice of prayer.

Norwegian navigators, who are accustomed to sail through this region in the long continuous night of winter, affirm that the splendor of summer is surpassed by that of the sunless period when there is no day. Light is not then wanting. The aurora borealis shines so brightly that one can see to read by it. The whole arctic heaven is frequently so brightly illuminated as to extinguish the stars and dim the moon. From the crest of every wave on the storm-lashed sea electric lights flash as in a city illuminated. The clouds are floating pillars of fire. The snow-covered hills and mountains shed a radiance like the glare of burning towns. The busy fingers of the storm weave a garment of all colors, with which the earth is draped. The throbbing sea sends up pillars of light from its profoundest depths. The great revolving globe is a dynamo generating fires that supplement the absent sun. The tempest that sweeps over sea and roars through mountain crags fans sacrificial fires to guide the Norse mariner in his midnight course on the Arctic Ocean.

The next forenoon we sailed for many hours along an almost perpendicular wall of rock, from three to six thousand feet high. Thin white clouds floated lazily among the sharp spires, the depressions and chasms between which were filled with masses of ice. In the afternoon we reached a point where

the great glacier of the Svartisen, forty miles long, from twelve to twenty-five miles wide, covering an unexplored field 4,000 feet high, comes down nearly to the water's edge. The glacier, seen, in front, from a distance on the sea, looked like a vast flowing river of ice. I have seen many glaciers in Switzerland, the Tyrol and the Caucasus, but none more grand than this.

Towards evening we started by the shortest route for Throndhjem, which we reached the next evening, after an absence of eight days. During about four hours on this last part of the voyage we were exposed to the open ocean, from which a gale was blowing towards the shore. Our staunch little steamer rolled and pitched fearfully. I heard all over the ship a concert of distressed tourists sacrificing to the Nemesis of the deep, but, strange to say, it was ascertained the next morning, on the testimony of the passengers themselves, that no one had been sea-sick during the night.

It will perhaps be expected that I should give some account of the famous Malström. There was a picture of it in the geography that I studied when a boy at school, representing it as a terrible whirlpool drawing in and swallowing up a vessel which had unfortunately approached too near to it. The Malström, which is not a whirlpool, is caused by a pouring of the tide through a narrow strait between two islands. It is most savage when a spring-tide is met by a contrary wind opposing its regular flow. At one point the cataract seethes

with fury at almost any state of the tide. The Malström, however, is not so fierce as the Saltström, a similar current pouring in and out of the Skjerstad Fiord, between an island and the main land. An enormous mass of water passes through the strait four times a day, as the tide rises and falls, forming a vast roaring cataract. It is much more imposing and dangerous than the Malström. Steamers can pass through it only during an hour at high or low tide. We passed through it after leaving Bodö, without sense of danger. The Malström, formidable enough to Viking ships, was for a long time exaggerated into fable, dissipated by modern steam navigation.

Thus ended a glorious cruise to the famed "Nordland." I hope this account of my experience may sharpen the appetite of some to visit the fiords and islands of the Norwegian coast, to behold for themselves the wonders of the Arctic Sea, and to look with their own eyes upon the unspeakable splendors of the midnight sun.

CHAPTER XII.

COPENHAGEN.—DENMARK.—SCANDINAVIA.—SLESVIG.—HOLSTEIN.

On my passage from Malmö to Copenhagen I fell in with a very intelligent gentleman, who had long been the head master of a high-school in the capital of Denmark. The conversation soon turned upon the possible union of the different Scandinavian countries into one nation. He remarked at once that such a thing would be impossible. The feeling of hostility to the Swedes among the Danes, he said, was stronger even than their hostility towards the Germans, notwithstanding the recent bitter wars. Hatred of the Swedes had been nursed for ten centuries, and had grown with conflicts perpetually renewed. He advised me not to look in Denmark for any sentiment of justice even towards their Scandinavian brethren on the other side of the Sound. There was a time, he continued, when the three kingdoms might have been united, but it had long since gone by. I was not convinced by his assertions without argument, and reminded him of the famous Scottish Declaration of Independence in 1320, wherein the men of the northern kingdom pledged one another that, "So

long as a hundred of us remain in life, we will never be brought under the dominion of the English; for it is not for glory, or riches, or honors that we fight, but for freedom alone, which no good man will part with, except with his life," and yet in the Kingdom of Great Britain, to-day, no men are more loyal than the Scotch. And I reminded him that his own country only a few centuries ago was broken up into tribes more hostile to one another than the Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians now are.

The traveler must be continually on the alert and not allow the teachings of history to be set aside by the opinions of those whom he meets. It is quite probable that there never will be a union of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark in one Scandinavian nation, but their continued separation will have other causes than local antagonisms, which, all history teaches us, may be gradually overcome. I shall recur to the subject after a brief study of the admirable Danes and their prospering little country.

Copenhagen (Kjöbenhavn, Merchants' Haven), a city of about 300,000 inhabitants, the capital and chief city of Denmark, is situated on the Island of Zealand (Sjælland, sea-land), where a flat peninsula runs out eastward towards the small island of Amager, or Amak, and with it forms a spacious harbor capable of holding 5,000 ships. The peninsula and the island are united by two fine bridges. The part of the city on the island is called Christianshavn.

I arrived at Copenhagen a little after noon, and spent the rest of the day in riding from end to end of the city on the street cars. There, as elsewhere in Europe, the street cars have seats on top, from which the view is much better than from the inside. There is always somebody at your side, familiar with things local, who can tell you, if you understand the language, what any striking object or building is. Citizens are usually delighted to impart information to strangers. If one is familiar with both German and English, he learns the drift of Scandinavian speech, which is an intermediate tongue, as soon as his ear becomes accustomed to it.

The Kongens Nytory is the central square of Copenhagen, from which a dozen streets run in all directions. It is the focus of the city's life. Between it and the harbor is the principal business quarter. North and east of it lies the aristocratic quarter, with royal and ministerial palaces, on the Amalïenborg Square, terminating in gardens and promenades facing the sea, in the midst of which stands the citadel. The suburbs are beautifully shaded with trees. The old ramparts, for which there is no further use, are now planted and afford pleasant walks.

In the evening I went to the Tivoli Gardens, which are the finest of the kind in Europe. Tens of thousands of the people flock there of a summer evening, to enjoy the extensive walks in the midst of forest trees, to listen to the music of several

bands, playing at different points, to witness shows of various kinds, and to see the illuminations which take place every night. An ingenious method of illuminating has been devised there, which consists in simultaneously lighting thousands of gas jets within globes of different-colored glass. Thus vast symbolic pictures are suddenly flashed out on a dark background of somber trees, very dazzling to the imagination of the great crowds promenading back and forth. It is the place of all others to see the people of Copenhagen. They are well-dressed, orderly, and polite. I did not see an intoxicated person among them, although beer and wine were sold at various places in the 'Tivoli.' Thousands and thousands of citizens, mostly in family groups, were taking their suppers at tables in the open air or in booths.

The next morning I went to the Vor Friekirke, the metropolitan cathedral church, to see Thorwaldsen's famous statues of Christ and the Apostles. The church is new, having been rebuilt since the destructive and murderous bombardment of the city by the English in 1807. The statue of Christ faces you at the far end of the church as you enter. In front of it is a baptismal font, in form of a shell, supported by a winged figure exquisitely chiseled in marble. On either side of the church are arranged the statues of the Apostles. These fine figures, of more than life size, were designed by Thorwaldsen, and in part executed by his own masterly hand. It struck me that statuary, when

the subjects are chosen with good taste, properly grouped and well executed, is, in some respects, preferable to painting for decorating a place of worship. It has the advantage of being more definite and more clearly visible. It requires genius, however, to keep it within the strict bounds of religious propriety. I have seen hundreds of churches far more beautiful than this one in Copenhagen, but none in which I should prefer to worship.

From the church I went to the Thorwaldsen Museum. It is a large hollow-square building which contains a great number of the sculptor's works, a gift of which he made to his native city. The outer walls are painted yellow and represent the reception of the artist on his return from Rome. He was the son of a poor ship-carpenter at Copenhagen, and was born with a genius for plastic art. As great poets in their childhood have lisped in numbers, Thorwaldsen carved notable figure-heads for ships in the yard where his father worked, in the years of his boyhood. In 1793 he won the first gold medal for design at the Academy of Copenhagen, and with it the privilege of three years' residence abroad for the purpose of study. He went to Rome, where he arrived in 1797. Canova soon became his friend, and Thomas Hope has won the gratitude of all lovers of art for his early patronage of the great sculptor. Thorwaldsen showed a preference for classical and mythological subjects, but his Procession to Golgotha, his St.

John preaching in the Wilderness, and his Christ and his Twelve Apostles, attest his ability to deal with sacred art. On his return from Rome he was assigned apartments in the Palace. He died in 1844, and his remains are buried alone in the central court of the museum. Flowers I saw blooming over his grave. Never was man of genius more fortunate in his life and sepulture. He has conferred glory upon his country and his people cherish his memory. To me he is the greatest sculptor since Phidias, except Michael Angelo. His Venus is more exquisite than that of Canova, and is only second to the Venus de Medici, the materpiece of Cleomenes.

Close by the Thorwaldsen Museum is the Royal Palace of Christiansborg, or rather its charred skeleton, for it was burned, near the close of 1884. The pictures and a large portion of the magnificent library were saved. The King now resides in the Amalienborg Palace.

The Château of Rosenberg contains jewels, tapestries, gold tables, old furniture, a throne of massive silver, the Oldenborg Horn, and many other relics of the Danish kings. It also contains the completest collection of earlier Venetian glass in Europe.

The University, occupying an old quadrangular building, is the apex of an excellent system of national education. It has about fifty professors and teachers, and is attended by more than a thousand pupils. In Denmark, education is com-

pulsory from seven to fourteen. There are 3,000 schools for the people, and six training colleges to prepare teachers for them. Colleges for classical and other higher education are plentiful in all the larger towns. No country in the world has a completer and more general system of education. The Danes are an especially enlightened people.

Copenhagen has many learned societies. Especial attention is paid to early Scandinavian literature and to Scandinavian antiquities. The Museum of Northern Antiquities, in the Palace of the Princes, is rich in specimens of the arms and implements of the stone, bronze, and iron ages. The classification is excellent in 12,000 numbers.

Denmark, whose territory extended into German and Wendic lands so far in the thirteenth century, under the Waldemars, that the Baltic was almost her private possession, has suffered a culmination of misfortunes in the present century. She lost a great naval battle with the English in 1801. The English bombarded Copenhagen in 1807, killed 2,000 people, destroyed a considerable part of the city, and captured the Danish fleet. In 1866 Austria and Prussia wrested from Denmark Slesvig and Holstein, the most fertile portion of the kingdom. Two big dogs pitched on to a little one and despoiled it. Denmark has less than 15,000 square miles of territory left, and little more than 2,000,000 of inhabitants.

In passing through the small country I saw rich fields of grain, fine orchards, and numerous

herds of cattle. The irregular western coast is low and sandy, and the navigation of the bordering shallow sea is very dangerous. The people live mostly by agriculture. The population of Denmark is about the same in number as that of Norway, yet only one-tenth as many are engaged in the fishing industry. Denmark produces no lumber, and few minerals. Two-thirds of the whole country, however, is arable land, the tilling of which is the chief occupation of the inhabitants. The low flat country has no navigable rivers.

In no European country is the laboring population in a more comfortable condition. The women spin, weave and manufacture into garments for home use the flax and wool produced on the small farms. The men, besides tilling the soil, make simple furniture, farming-implements and wooden shoes. The habitations are spacious and very clean. The people are industrious, saving, neat, religious and intelligent. Everybody can read and write. Contentment and peace prevail everywhere. Life among the Danes is sweet, wholesome, sober, frugal, and earnest. One visits the neat villages and densely populated rural districts with satisfaction and renewed faith in human nature.

The people of Denmark enjoy, in large measure, political liberty. In former times the monarch was an absolute ruler. The transition to constitutional government has been effected without revolution. A parliament (Rigsdag) is composed of an upper house (Landsthing), consisting of sixty-six members,

twelve of whom are appointed by the king for life, the rest of whom are chosen by electoral bodies representing the large tax-payers, and a lower house (Folkething), consisting of over one hundred members elected for three years by universal suffrage. The Rigsdag meets every year, considers the annual accounts which must be submitted to it by the finance minister, and passes such measures as may be required for the public good. To it the seven members of the Executive Royal Privy Council are individually and collectively responsible. Thus the government is under the direct control of the people's representatives. The King is little more than the executive, with powers less extensive than those of the President of the United States.

The question is often asked, why Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, which have substantially the same liberal governments, whose people are of the same race, with almost identical speech, cannot be united in one powerful Scandinavian nation? Norway and Denmark were united many centuries, till the Congress of Vienna, which fixed the political boundaries of all Europe, transferred Norway to Sweden. At the close of the fourteenth century the three kingdoms were united under the rule of a woman, the great Margaret, by the Union of Kalmar, which bears the date of July 20, 1397. That famous document, signed by the magnates of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, has been summarized by Boyesen, in his Story of Norway, as follows (p. 470):

"1. The three kingdoms were to be eternally united under one king.

"2. If the king died without issue, the magnates of the three kingdoms should come together and peaceably elect a successor.

"3. Each kingdom should be governed in accordance with its own laws and customs; but if one of the kingdoms was attacked, the two others should, in good faith, assist in its defense.

"4. The king and his councillors from the three kingdoms should have the right to enter into foreign alliances, and whatever they agreed upon should be binding upon the three countries."

"This," continues Mr. Boyesen, "was the famous Kalmar Union, which might have been a blessing to the brother kingdoms, but which to two of them, at least, became a curse. At first sight it seemed a rational arrangement which promised success. The three nations were so closely akin that they understood without effort each other's languages, which were but slight modifications of the same original tongue. If the forces which had been wasted in mutual wars and rivalries could have been combined for mutual help and common purposes, the Kingdom of Scandinavia would have risen in prosperity and strength, and would have taken a place among the European powers. Under a wise and far-sighted policy, the society of the three kingdoms could have been gradually amalgamated, its similarities and common interests emphasized, its differences slowly obliterated.

If the kings of the Union had had the slightest conception of the task that was presented to them, and had been capable of viewing themselves apart from their Danish nationality, such results might have been achieved. But they were, with a single exception, utterly destitute of political ability and foresight. They were determined to raise the Danish to the position of a dominant nationality and to reduce Norway and Sweden to a provincial relation. Hereby they aroused again the ancient jealousies. They sent a troup of Danish and German nobles to prey upon the latter countries, which they seemed to regard as conquered territory. The Swedes complained of being obliged to pay taxes in order to defray the expenses of Danish wars, and they were vehement in their denunciation of the extortion of the Danish officials who plundered their provinces like Roman proconsuls."

Margaret's successor, Erik, the son of her niece, undid her work with fatal rapidity. After an inglorious war of twenty-five years with the rulers of Slesvig-Holstein, he lost his triple kingdom, created by the tact and consummate ability of Margaret, and died in obscurity and misery. If Margaret, who has been called, with more pedantry than historic accuracy, the "Semiramis of the north," had been succeeded by rulers capable of continuing her work, the Kingdom of Scandinavia might have occupied to-day an important place among the great powers of Europe. It is too often the fate of noble women to toil fruitlessly for unworthy men.

With the rise of the House of Vasa, or Wasa, in Sweden, culminating in the great Gustavus Adolphus, whose reign was guided by the ability and political wisdom of Oxenstierna, and terminating in the male line with the erratic and brilliant Charles, or Karl XII., all hope of a renewed Scandinavian union was indefinitely postponed. In our day, the reigning houses of Denmark and Sweden make a union of the two kingdoms an impossibility. One daughter of the King of Denmark is Empress of Russia. Another daughter is the Princess of Wales. A son is King of Greece, placed upon the throne by the great powers of Europe. The King of Sweden is not only strong in the affection and loyalty of his people, but his dominions have been guaranteed to him by treaty. Neither of these monarchs would or could give way to the other.

Besides, the establishment of a strong Scandinavian nation would disturb the European equilibrium, and would not be permitted by the great powers. The present political order of things requires Scandinavian separation, not combination. Unity of blood, religion, speech, is not strong enough to overcome political barriers erected by the conflicts and settlements of the past four centuries.

Homogeneous material exists for the formation of a Scandinavian people, a Scandinavian nation, but the elements lack cohesion, and no exigency is likely to arise which will subject the mass to a welding heat. If the common sentiment of religious and political liberty in Denmark, Sweden and

Norway were endangered by a common enemy, there is no doubt that all antagonisms would speedily cease, that blood and treasure would be freely given in a united effort to preserve what is more precious than life. And let the danger to a sentiment of liberty, that dominates all Scandinavians alike, continue and become permanent, there is no question that ways would soon be found to consolidate the strength of all. The soul, however, the creative principle, is wanting to a new nation that has never been quite born. The elements are ready, but the time is not ripe, and will not be, till a new order shall reign in Europe.

Hence that mysterious power which we call patriotism is not very strong among the Scandinavians, and whatever of intensity there may be in it is local, not general. America is a good place to observe and study this characteristic. Tens of thousands of Scandinavians come to this country, bringing vast wealth of industry, energy, integrity, thrift, sobriety, intelligence; but they celebrate no anniversaries of the fatherland, never ask to hoist their national flag on our town-halls, never parade the streets with a native uniform, never commemorate a great event in the history of the land left behind them, but become quickly absorbed in the mass of the American people, adding rich blood to the life-currents of their adopted country. Here they are satisfied to find the national liberty which they have just missed at home, as their ancestors have missed it for a thousand years. The Scandinavian

is thoughtfully prudent and practical; he has no inclination to risk life and possession for an ideal, but he will fight fiercely to keep what he has. He believes in self-help, although he may be slow to help another. He looks before he leaps, and wastes no energy on the impracticable. He is not a revolutionist, and is willing to wait on Providence for any political or other good that may come with the world's growth. He conserves such liberty as he has, will do murderous battle in its defense, but will run no risk of losing it in a hazardous attempt to gain more. Neither in Denmark, Norway, nor Sweden, have men secretly or openly, agitated for united Scandinavia, as the Italians agitated, at the risk of purse and throat, for united Italy. The motive is wanting, and the Scandinavians are of colder temperament. The Northmen once conquered southern Italy, and there, in the midst of plenty, forgot their easy tie of patriotism, as they forgot it in England, as they forgot it in the Varangian rule of Russia, as they forget it in the United States to-day. In a certain sense, the Northmen have builded nations everywhere except at home. They have furnished many good kings to other peoples, but many poor ones to themselves.

Denmark has more miles of railway, in proportion to its size, than Great Britain. For that reason it is easy to travel over the little kingdom in a brief time. However, it is not necessary to give details that have no special interest, and are not in harmony with my general plan.

From Copenhagen I went through the Island of Zealand, crossed the Great Belt, went through the Island of Funen, crossed the Little Belt, and then traversed Slesvig from north to south. The inhabitants of Slesvig are mostly Danes with a few Low Dutch, especially along the river Eyder in the south. I then traversed Holstein to Hamburg, on the Elbe. The inhabitants of Holstein are Low Dutch. It was a long time a fief of the old German Empire; for which reason, when it belonged to Denmark, the Danish King was a member of the German Diet.

No part of Europe has a more complex political history than Slesvig-Holstein. It may be called a double floating point between the two fixed points of Germany and Denmark. Ethnographically, Holstein belongs to the former and Slesvig to the latter. Slesvig, the natural prolongation of Denmark to the Eyder, never was a fief of the empire, like Holstein, but was for a time a separate duchy. The two became a part of the Kingdom of Denmark in the eighteenth century. The inhabitants of Slesvig-Holstein revolted and carried on war with Denmark from 1841 to 1851, but were subdued. In 1864 Denmark had to give up both duchies to Austria and Prussia, which had united in a successful war against the little northern kingdom. Prussia and Austria fell out about the common conquest, and the latter had to give it up to the former after the disastrous battle of Königgrätz.

But I have no inclination to undertake here a

restatement of the Slesvig-Holstein question. It has been said that only one man ever understood it, and that, unfortunately for the cause of historical accuracy, he died before imparting his knowledge to another. As I have no "medium" through whom to communicate with the departed erudite, I have no hope of throwing new light on the entangled subject. Prussia agreed to restore the northern, or essentially Scandinavian part of Slesvig to Denmark, but has not kept her promise.

It is a curious fact that Prince Christian of Slesvig-Holstein-Gücksborg, whose title to the Danish succession was determined by the London Protocol of 1852, should very soon after ascending the throne, as Christian IX., in 1863, have lost the essentially hereditary part of his kingdom. It is also a curious fact that Alexander II. of Russia should, in his easy-going way, have allowed his uncle William of Prussia to wrest from his daughter-in-law's father the fairest part of his realm. History has its revenges. The German historian, Dahlmann, exhumed in the Holstein archives at Preetz, in 1848, a deed signed by a Danish king at Ribe, in 1460, by which he stipulated for himself and his successors, that the two duchies should remain forever undivided (*ewig bliben toosamende ungedeelt*), the publication of which again set political Europe in a blaze over a question already hopelessly entangled. Just when Frederick VII. granted a very liberal constitution to his subjects, this fatal document helped prevent a conciliation of the

people of Slesvig-Holstein, and paved the way to the disasters of 1864. It is not so strange, after all, that governments hesitate to open state archives to delving historians.

An American scholar of ability, with probable years enough before him, with an aptitude for historical research, with a genius for lucid historical composition, with sufficient fortune to command needful and legitimate aids, would, in my judgment, find a noble subject in Scandinavia for the work of a life-time. He might do, with honor to American letters, with fame and ultimate fortune to himself, for the Northlands what Motley has done for the Netherlands, what Prescott has done for Spain. The harvest is plenteous and the reapers are few. The rich field is unoccupied by a single man of genius.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

THE Netherlands, now divided into Holland and Belgium, is one of the most interesting countries of Europe. I traversed Holland twice last year and spent some days in Amsterdam, the Hague, and Rotterdam. I have crossed Belgium several times, know something of its most important cities, and remained last summer at Brussels and in the neighborhood nearly a week.

Of the 4,000,000 inhabitants of Holland, seventy per cent. are Dutch, fourteen per cent. Frieslanders, and thirteen per cent. Flemings. The Dutch are descendants of the Batavi, who occupied the delta of the Rhine when the country was conquered by the Romans. Hence they are sometimes called Batavians. The Frieslanders occupy the northern part of Holland, and are descendants of the ancient Frisii. They speak a language kindred to the Anglo-Saxon. The Flemings occupy the southern part of the country and their language differs little from the Dutch. All the people of Holland are Teutons.

Of the 6,000,000 inhabitants of Belgium, fifty-seven per cent. are Flemings. They occupy the

northern part of the country, contiguous to Holland. The Dutch, Frieslanders, and Flemings of both countries number seven and a half millions, and all speak dialects of Low German. The southern and more elevated part of Belgium is occupied by Walloons, who are descendants of the old Gallic Belgæ. They speak a *patois* which passes for French. They are not of Teutonic stock. Their gray eyes, dark hair, and vivacious temperament contrast strongly with the blue eyes, fair complexion and phlegmatic character of the inhabitants of the low-lands in the north.

Holland is a small kingdom, with 12,600 square miles of territory. Belgium has only 11,400, although it has much the larger population. It is not only the most densely inhabited country of Europe, but the most densely inhabited region of the globe, except some parts of the valley of the Ganges and portions of the great plain of China. Both Belgium and Holland, with ten millions of inhabitants, can be traversed by railroad in a few hours.

The whole of Holland is level and low. The Rhine with half-a-dozen large and diverging outlets, the Maas, and the Scheld, run through it to the sea. These rivers would spread out into bayous, if their channels were not guarded by strong embankments. Their current is very sluggish through the flat lands of Holland, and the spring floods come down, from the distant uplands farther south, before the ice is broken up on the cold

plains, increasing the danger of inundation. Much of Holland is lower than the sea, which must be kept out by dykes. One dyke is fifty miles long, consisting of three parallel walls of piles, between which there is a filling of tamped earth, and guarded on the sea side with massive blocks of granite brought over from Norway. Nearly one-half of the land would be submerged were it not for the dykes along the rivers and the coast. In the thirteenth century the sea broke through into a small inland lake and formed the Zuider Zee, 210 miles in circumference. A great company has recently been formed to drain a portion of it, as the Haarlem lake was succcssfully drained about forty years ago, making seventy-two square miles of land.

The northern and western portion of Belgium is low, like Holland, but the work of protecting it from marine and fluvial inundation is not so great. The southern and eastern portion of the land gradually rises, through the Ardennes, to a height of 2,000 feet on the frontier. The Maas, or the Meuse, and the Scheldt, which have a tendency to spread out into broad estuaries in Holland, traverse Belgium and, being navigable, form highways of traffic.

Holland is covered with a network of canals, joining river to river, in all directions. These *Grachts*, or navigable canals, afford ways of cheap transportation. At the same time they constitute a part of the general drainage system. Between

the canals are innumerable ditches, from which the water is pumped by means of windmills. The intervening bodies of land, thus drained, are called *polders*. In the Dutch language, a polder means a drained pool, or morass. These polders make good pastures and meadows. The windmills, all over Holland, with their large sails, busy, night and day, pumping the water out of ditches cut through the pools and morasses into the canals, form a picturesque and unique feature of the landscape.

Into the lowlands of Belgium the same system of navigable canals and ditches for drainage is extended.

In Holland, railways are numerous; but in Belgium, there are more miles of railway, in proportion to area, than in any other country in the world.

In Holland the people are extensively engaged in rearing cattle, and in making butter and cheese. When one sees with his own eyes how miraculously neat the industrious Dutch housewives are, he finds his faith in the cheese made by them increased to indisputable belief. As the polders are much better adapted to grazing than to the raising of grain, it is not surprising that dairy products are more extensively exported than cereals. The fisheries are of considerable importance, but are of little importance in comparison with the fisheries of Norway. Shipbuilding and distilling are the two great industries of Holland. There are about 700

yards for the construction of vessels. As coal and other fuel are wanting, windmills are used for sawing timber. At Schiedam there are 200 distilleries in operation. Immense quantities of arrack, distilled from rice, a vile spirit, are brought from the Dutch colony of Java, and transformed at Schiedam into fine Holland gin. It shortens the road to paradise, or the other place, and is much esteemed. Holland produces excellent linen, and at all the seaports sugar refineries have been established in connection with the colonial trade.

Belgium abounds in coal, beyond any other European country, area considered. It also produces iron in abundance. At Liege 20,000 men are engaged in the manufacture of cannon and arms. I don't know whether the products of Schiedam or of Liege are the more destructive to mankind. Other cities, however, on the great iron and coal belts produce vast quantities of machinery and other articles that are needed in the peaceable pursuits of life. All the cities in the lowlands of Belgium are still engaged, as in the middle ages, in the weaving of linen. The lace of Brussels and Mecheln (Malines) is famous everywhere. Only about one-fourth of the population is engaged in agriculture, yet large quantities of hops are produced for export, and more than 100 factories for making beetroot sugar have been established.

In Holland sixty per cent. of the people are Protestants, thirty-eight per cent. Catholics, and

two per cent. Jews. In Belgium nearly all the inhabitants are Catholics. In both countries there is complete religious tolerance.

It is a singular fact that, in Holland, one-fourth of the men and one-third of the women can neither read nor write. Recently, however, provisions have been made for more general education. The Universities of Groningen, Utrecht, and Leyden furnish means for education of the highest order. There is a new university at Amsterdam, supported by the municipality.

In Belgium there is a vast amount of ignorance among the people. Until quite recently the Catholic clergy have controlled education. There is an independent university at Brussels, and there are State universities at Liege and Ghent. The Catholic University of Louvain is the most flourishing in the kingdom.

The Netherlands have produced some of the most renowned scholars of Europe. The names of Erasmus, Grotius, Huygens, Spinoza, and Bœrhaave will occur to the student of literary history. All these men wrote in Latin. Many writers in the vernacular are famous. In the seventeenth century Holland occupied the front rank in European literature. A great school of art attests the genius of the people. The names of Rembrandt, Ruysdaal, Gerard Dow, Paul Potter, Jan Steen, are familiar to all the world.

Amsterdam, or Amsteldam, meaning the dam of the Amstel, one of the outlets of the Rhine,

is the chief city of Holland. It has about 350,000 inhabitants. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, with concentric canals running in semicircular courses. The banks are planted with trees, outside of the winding rows of which are walks or carriage-ways. Over the canals are three hundred bridges. The whole city stands on piles driven in the sand. Over thirteen thousand piles were required to make a foundation for the Stadhuis, which was turned into a palace for King Louis Bonaparte. A canal, fifteen miles long, deep enough to float ships drawing twenty-two feet, connects Amsterdam with the sea. The North Holland Canal, fifty-two miles long, fifteen and a half feet deep, extends from the city to the entrance of the Zuider Zee. Within the past twenty years new streets and parks have been added to the city. Tramways now extend to the suburbs in all directions. The buildings stand with their gables to the street, giving to the flat city a novel and picturesque appearance. The whole country around Amsterdam can be flooded in a few hours by opening dykes. This, however, is not a certain means of defense, for Pichegru, in the winter of 1794–95, approached the city on the ice and captured the Dutch fleet with cavalry. The first thing that I did after arriving at Amsterdam was to search for the house where the great philosopher Spinoza was born. Then I went to see the process of cutting and polishing diamonds and other precious stones, for which this city is renowned. The finest royal jewels

of modern times have been through the skilled hands of Amsterdam lapidaries. Good copies of these in paste are shown to visitors. At Zaandam, five miles from the city, they show you the house where Peter the Great lived and worked in 1697.

Brussels, the capital of Belgium, is a beautiful city of about 400,000 inhabitants. It has been called a diminutive Paris. It is so well known to travelers that it is not necessary to describe it here in detail. I saw the city illuminated on a warm summer night, last August (1887). The main streets, the palaces, parks, gardens, public buildings, many private houses, hotels, were ablaze with colored lights. The illumination brought out in relief, against a dark background of sky, the fine old Gothic Hôtel de Ville, with its slender spire 364 feet high, standing in the square where Egmont and Hoorn were executed, under the eye of Alva, who was looking out of a window in the Maison du Roi, just opposite. The fine new Palais de Justice, of immense size, built of Belgian marble, standing on an eminence overlooking the city, seemed a great mass of fire. The famed Porte de Hai, an old city gate, looked finer under illumination than by sunlight. All the people of Brussels were out of doors and filled the streets. I counted over four thousand in one large beer-garden. Even on the celebrated Manikin Fountain was thrown a flood of artificial light. Monuments and cathedrals, old and new, had an enchanted look in the general radiance.

The Hague, or s'Gravenhage, meaning the Count's Hedge or enclosure, the capital of Holland, is, considering the lowness and flatness of the site, a beautiful city. It has nearly 150,000 inhabitants, and has been called the "largest village in Europe." The Royal Museum contains many good pictures of the Dutch school. I looked around for the house where Huygens, the inventor of the pendulum clock, was born, but did not succeed in finding it. The Palace in the Wood (Bosch), surrounded with a fine forest of oaks and beeches, with its beautiful interior, interested me more than any other building at the Dutch capital.

It is not necessary to describe here any of the well-known Flemish cities of Belgium. Bruges, taking its name from fifty bridges in the city, was, three hundred years ago, the great commercial emporium of northern Europe. Antwerp is the most important port of Belgium. Its population numbers about 250,000. In it are many of the best pictures of Rubens and Van Dyck. The new docks, built at a cost of twenty millions of dollars, are among the finest in Europe.

I visited other Netherland cities, but any description of them would not further my general object.

The history of the Netherlands is long and intensely interesting. Only a few points of it need to be touched upon here, and in briefest outline.

In the fifteenth century the Dukes of Burgundy played a great part in the affairs of Europe. They

acquired, by marriage, by purchase, by conquest, by any means, as much territory as possible. They obtained the Netherlands, including the present territory of Holland and Belgium, and much that has gone to France. The flourishing cities of the Low Countries made the Dukes of Burgundy the richest princes in Europe. Mary of Burgundy, after the death of her father, inherited his estates, including the Netherlands. Her son Philip married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. In this way the Low Countries were united to the Crown of Castile. Charles, the issue of Mary's son and Joanna, inherited not only Burgundy and the Netherlands, but also Castile and Aragon. And when his grandfather Maximilian died, in 1519, he was elected Emperor. Thus he is known in history as Charles I. of Spain and Charles V. of the German Empire. In 1555 he retired to a monastery and gave up all his dominions to his son Philip, who reigned from 1556 to 1598. Of course the Netherlands were included in the vast possessions of Philip II.

"The union of no two countries," as Mr. Motley says, "could be less likely to prove advantageous or agreeable than that of the Netherlands and Spain. They were widely separated geographically, while in history, manners, and politics, they were utterly opposed to each other. Spain, which had just assumed the form of a single State by the combination of all its kingdoms, with its haughty nobles descended from petty kings, and arrogating

almost sovereign power within their domains, with its fierce enthusiasm for the Catholic religion, which, in the course of long warfare with the Saracens, had become the absorbing characteristic of the whole nation, with its sparse population scattered over a wide and stern country, with a military spirit which led nearly all classes to prefer poverty to the wealth attendant upon degrading pursuits of trade—Spain, with her gloomy, martial, and exaggerated character, was the absolute contrast of the Netherlands. These provinces had been rarely combined into a whole, but there was natural affinity in their character, history, and position. There was life, movement, bustling activity everywhere. An energetic population swarmed in all the flourishing cities which dotted the surface of a contracted and highly cultivated country. Their ships were the carriers of the world; their merchants, if invaded in their rights, engaged in vigorous warfare with their own funds and their own frigates; their fabrics were prized over the whole earth; their burghers possessed the wealth of princes, lived with royal luxury, and exercised vast political influence; their love of liberty was their dominant passion. Their religious ardor had not been fully awakened; but the events of the next generation were to prove that in no respect more than in the religious sentiment were the two races opposed to each other. It was as certain that the Netherlands would be fierce reformers as that the Spaniards would be uncompromising per-

secutors. Unhallowed was the union between nations thus utterly contrasted."

Philip was the bigoted, tyrannical ruler of the most powerful monarchy in Europe. He began his reign by making war upon the Pope, as the sovereign of a temporal kingdom. His government of the Netherlands, administered by his lieutenant the Duke of Alva, led to revolt. The war of rebellion began in 1568 and lasted till 1609. Under the wise, prudent, and patient leadership of William Prince of Orange, the northern provinces of the Netherlands achieved their independence. The southern provinces were the most zealous at the outset of the revolt, but yielded to Spain before its close.

In 1581 was formed the Federal Commonwealth of the Seven United Provinces. In 1584 William the Silent was murdered at the instigation of Philip. His son Maurice continued the war. The truce of 1609, after Philip's death, was virtually the end of the conflict. The United Provinces, the territory of which corresponded very nearly to the present Kingdom of Holland, were the outcome of the revolt, after a long war between a very small State and a very large one, during which the Spanish forces were successively led by the Duke of Alva, Don John of Austria, Alexander Duke of Parma, and the Marquis of Spinola. During the seventeenth century the United Provinces, whose full independence was not acknowledged by Spain till 1648, with a small territory continually threatened

with inundation from great rivers and the sea, became one of the leading powers of Europe. The brave people, hardened and stimulated by a great and memorable conflict, established colonies all over the globe, built powerful navies, and traded in every sea.

The southern provinces passed from the possession of Spain to the House of Austria. The United Provinces took the side of the Queen of Hungary in the war of the Austrian Succession. The French invaded the Dutch territory in 1747, when the republican constitution was changed and the Prince of Orange, William the Fourth, was made hereditary Stadholder. At the close of the eighteenth century the United Provinces had sunk from a great commercial power to an insignificant State, almost wholly under the control of Prussia.

The French Revolution swept over the Netherlands. The Seven United Provinces were transformed, in 1795, into the Batavian Republic, dependent on France, which had already absorbed the Austrian provinces of the Netherlands. In 1806 Napoleon made a kingdom, for his brother Louis, of the Batavian Republic, In 1810 Napoleon removed his brother and united all the Netherlands to France. After the downfall of Napoleon, the Congress of Vienna established the Kingdom of the Netherlands, comprising Holland and Belgium, in order to guard the frontier of France on that side with a strong power.

The Dutch and Belgians were not homogeneous.

They spoke different tongues. The Dutch were bigoted Calvinists. The Belgians were equally bigoted Catholics. Their commercial interests were not the same. Their manners and customs were different. The Belgians desired union with France rather than with Holland. The Walloon portion of the population, being of Gallic origin, could not affiliate with the Teutonic people of the United Provinces. The Belgians complained that, under the union enforced by the Congress of Vienna, a large part of the enormous debt of Holland was imposed upon them. They were opposed to the payment of heavy taxes for the maintenance of Dutch dykes, for the construction of Dutch ships, and for other objects foreign to their interests. The throne of the united countries was given to the Dutch House of Orange, and the capital was established in Holland. King William I. treated the Belgians as a conquered people. The government was so conducted that the Dutch had a good deal more than their share in both the civil and military service.

The revolution in France, by which the absolute King Charles X. was dethroned, had its first echo in the Netherlands. Belgium separated from Holland in 1830. It is not necessary to recount the incidents of this revolt. A conference of ministers of the great powers, consisting of Talleyrand, Prince Esterhazy, Lord Aberdeen, Von Bülow, and Count Mutusszewitsch, was opened at London, on the fourth of November, and on the twentieth

acknowledged the independence of Belgium. Russia objected at the outset and was inclined to support King William. England took the lead on the opposite side. The Conference gave to Holland the boundaries of 1790, with the Duchy of Luxembourg. Thus the first blow was struck at the principle of the Holy Alliance. Even absolute Russia acknowledged that peoples have rights which sovereigns are bound to respect. The work of the Congress of Vienna was undone and a new era dawned upon Europe. Belgium, with the concurrence of the great powers, led off on the continent in the direction of constitutional government.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

In his pride, insolence, and consciousness of absolute power, Louis XIV. made the memorable declaration: "I am the State." More than a century afterwards, the French people virtually responded, in the midst of the carnage and tumultuous uproar of the Revolution: "We are the State."

How France grew by a long process of accretion, by incorporation of contiguous territory, to be the great monarchy of Louis XIV., how it ripened into more and more rottenness till Louis XVI. was beheaded, how the French people have wrestled with the methods of practical government from the outbreak of the Revolution to our day, are problems involving the whole history of one of the foremost nations of modern times. Of this history only such outlines can be given as will make clear the further problem of how the present French Republic is likely to maintain itself in the probable or possible conflicts of the future. The dangers of the Republic are mainly internal, but the awakened nationalities of Europe also threaten it, either singly or in combination, from without.

My especial object of making an outline portraiture of France as it exists to-day, and of forecasting its future, may be more directly and briefly reached by setting forth at the outset the vital principle of the national existence. The geometrical method of first stating a proposition and then proving it, may not be so well adapted to historical discussion as the less dogmatical method of logical deduction, yet it is sometimes convenient.

When we seek the inner life of the French nation, we must be careful not to confound the French people with the various dynasties that have ruled the country; with the Karlingian monarchs, with the House of Valois, the Bourbons, the Napoleons; or, with the various forms of government. If we were asked to name some representative of the organic people, we should not take Charlemagne, who was a Frank and not a Gaul, nor Montaigne, nor Joan of Arc, nor Chancelor D'Aguesseau, nor Descartes, nor Louis IV., nor Pascal, nor Molière, nor Fenelon, nor Voltaire, although each of these represents some phase of the national life. France has had no completely representative man. The national spirit, the inner principle of her existence, was born of an abstraction of the Roman lawyers and of a Gallic sentiment. It must not be forgotten that the French have sprung from the Gauls, who sent out a colony to Italy 600 years before Christ. The French, during their whole history, have had a sentiment of approbativeness which lies at the root of that indefinable something

which they designate as national "glory." Whenever a Frenchman does anything, whether he writes the history of his country or an epic poem, constructs a fort or conducts a campaign, builds the Louvre or paints a landscape, he imagines that the universe is looking on, and not only does his best, but does it with dramatic display. This is the feminine side of the national genius, giving alertness, quickness of perception, amiability, diplomatic skill, versatility, fickleness, grace, nimbleness of tongue, in short, that taste which makes the French the inevitable leaders in the world of fashion. This sentiment lies at the root of the national conceit, leading the French to underrate all other peoples and to look for the highest excellence only at home.

But there is another and more important side to the principle of the French national life. The Roman lawyers borrowed from the speculations of the later Greeks the notion of a law of nature, and engrafted it on to their own earlier and despised *jus gentium*, not the law of nations, as it has been misinterpreted, but the law regulating the business relations between Roman citizens and foreigners settled at Rome. The transformation of the *jus gentium* by the speculative Greek law of nature, led the Roman jurisconsults of the Antonine era to declare that *omnes homines natura æquales sunt*—"all men by nature are equal." This magnificent declaration was seized upon by the early French jurists. Old Louis Hutin began the preamble to

the celebrated ordinance enfranchising the serfs of the royal domains, in these memorable words: "Whereas, according to nature, everybody ought to be born free," etc. Whoever reads D'Aguesseau and L'Hospital will find that the idea of legal equality lies at the heart of French juridical science. Turgot expressed the idea with French neatness, when he declared that "all men are equal before the law."

This declaration of Turgot, borrowed in substance from the Roman jurisprudence, was repeated by Mr. Sumner a thousand times in the United States Senate, until he came to believe it to be his own. It requires but little acquaintance with the writings of Jefferson to find that he imbibed the same idea, directly or indirectly, from the French jurists.

This idea spread from the jurists to literature, and from literature to the French people. It was the leavening power of possible political equality that roused the masses against a tyrannical throne and debased aristocracy, and astonished the world with a revolution which has had no parallel in ancient or modern times. The formative spirit of the French people, born of the sentiment of national "glory," modified by the idea of legal equality, has placed France among the foremost modern nations. Her prose literature is unsurpassed. Her poetic literature is scarcely inferior to that of Greece, Germany, Italy, or England. Her speculative science is second only to that of

Greece or Germany. In physical science and the mathematics France has led the modern world. No nation has surpassed her in bravery and the art of war. But her abstract equality is not liberty, and it remains to be seen whether she has really entered upon a career of higher and better civilization.

The Duchy of France, in the tenth century, was the most powerful State of Gaul north of the Loire. In 987 Hugh Capet, Louis V., Duke of France, was chosen king. He was the first French King, and that was the small beginning of the modern Kingdom of France. The capital was Paris. Normandy lay to the North, a duke of which was William the Conqueror. Thus the King of England was at the same time a vassal, as Duke of Normandy, of the King of France. By marriage, Aquitaine was also added to the English crown, in the twelfth century. In that way the French King was shut in at Paris by large English possessions in the north and west of Gaul. Herein we find the root of the long rivalry and conflict between the French and English monarchs. The princes in different parts of Gaul held fiefs of the King of France and were nominally his vassals, but he possessed very little power over them. The kings of the French, however, were cunning in their generation, and continued, by craft as well as force, to get possession, by degrees, of the dominions of their vassals, and of much territory besides. Philip Augustus of France, and Richard *Cœur-de-Lion* of England, crusaded together at the beginning of

the thirteenth century, but in 1214 Philip won the battle of Bouvines over the English and the forces of the Emperor Otto, which in a great measure ended the rule of the English in Gaul. Then followed the persecution of the Albigenees, which ended in the acquisition of Toulouse by the French. While Germany and Italy were becoming mere aggregates of separate states, France was consolidating herself and became the leading power in Gaul. England, too, was pursuing the policy of consolidation. Edward III., son of Isabel, daughter of Philip the fair, laid claim to the crown of France. The French did not accept the inheritance through the female line. There followed the Hundred Years' War between the French and English. France was reduced to sore straits, losing at intervals the famous battles of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. The English also took Calais. But the Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, roused France, gave her new courage, and procured the coronation of Charles VII., at Rheims, in 1429. The English were driven out of Aquitaine, and both Bordeaux and Bayonne were added to the kingdom. The English kept nothing but Calais. It is curious that the English sovereigns, notwithstanding the disastrous ending of the long war, retained the title of Kings of France till the beginning of the nineteenth century. France, before the close of the fifteenth century, won from Burgundy Provence, Lyons, and the Dauphiny of Vienne. Wars with the turbulent Flemish cities gave the French kings influence in that quarter.

After the battle of Nancy, in 1477, France got the Duchy of Burgundy. At the close of the fifteenth century and at the beginning of the sixteenth century, the French overran Italy and carried on war there with Spain, but made no permanent acquisitions. In the latter half of the sixteenth century, France was distracted with civil religious wars at home. Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., all sons of Catharine di'Medici, made war on the Huguenots. The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew is one of the bloodiest pages in all human history. France undertook, under the influence of Catharine, to sharpen her wits by knocking out her own brains, and to strengthen her virtue by cutting out her own heart. The nation has never recovered from the loss of its best citizens by massacre and banishment. Henry of Bourbon, King of Navarre, who had been a leader of the Protestants, became heir to the throne by failure of heirs in the male line, and turned Catholic in order to obtain it. He was crowned King of France and Navarre, and brought an accession of territory. Louis XIV. came to the throne in 1643 and reigned till 1715. In him the power of France culminated. On the death of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1661, he ruled as an absolute monarch. He made conquests on the Rhine and in the Netherlands. All Europe feared a universal monarchy under him, and leagues were formed against him. Like Francis I., he allied himself with the Turks against Christians. While persecuting Protestants

at home, he helped them in Hungary against the Catholic Emperor. He revoked the Edict of Nantes and drove the most skilled artizans of his kingdom into exile. Other nations have flourished by the industry of the Huguenots, while France was impoverished by their loss. The Three Estates were never called together by him. Louis XIV. ruled as an absolute monarch, and sowed the seeds of disaster to France by making himself the State.

Thus we have traced in outline the growth of France to the culmination of her power. Louis XV., the grandson of Louis XIV., reigned till 1774. He gave himself up to pleasure and practiced total depravity. He kept the kingdom together, and even continued to make some acquisitions of territory. The people, with no rights that the monarch was bound to respect, were suffering in silence and toiling to supply the means for maintaining the sumptuous splendor and debauchery of the Court. Louis XVI., the grandson of Louis XV., began to reign in 1774. He was a well-meaning man, but he inherited the sins of his predecessors. A new era was dawning upon the world. The awakening of the Reformation and the period of Discovery had introduced a new leaven into the minds of men, and the War of Independence in America soon found an echo in the French Revolution. In 1789, the very year when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, Louis XVI. called together the States General, which his predecessors had ignored since 1614. The National

Assembly, a new Constitution, the abolition of the Monarchy, the National Convention, the Republic, the beheading of the King, the Reign of Terror, Robespierre, the Directory, the Wars of the French Revolution, Napoleon Buonaparte, the Consulship, the Empire, succeeded each other with bewildering rapidity.

The people of France were saying: "We are the State." In their inexperience of rule they committed many excesses and made many mistakes. European monarchs combined against them, and they committed their power to the hands of a successful general. Napoleon, with his brilliant victories, dazzled their imagination, took advantage of their confidence, and soon made himself a ruler more despotic than Louis XIV. His rapid conquests in various parts of Europe satisfied the national vanity and fed the voracious French appetite for glory. After the downfall of Napoleon, the powers of Europe, overwhelming in their combination, imposed a legitimate king upon the people of France. It was deemed prudent that Louis XVIII. should reign as a constitutional monarch, and the people, exhausted by the Napoleonic wars, kept quiet. The nobles, however, were hungering for the old order of things. The brother of Louis and his successor, Charles X., a natural despot, forgot the Revolution and practically undertook to repeat the saying of Louis XIV.: "I am the State." The people of France soon taught him in the July revolution of 1830, that they were

the State. His cousin, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, ascended the throne, and the people repeated the lesson on him in 1848. A republic followed, but the people, not yet seasoned in the practical work of governing, chose Louis Napoleon Buonaparte president, who bore a name yet potent to conjure with. He perjured himself by swearing to be faithful to the new republic. In December, 1851, at the end of the third year, he followed the example of his uncle and seized the government. He proclaimed himself president for ten years, and with the aid of the army, dissolved the National Assembly, which voted to depose him, imprisoning, banishing, murdering his opponents. A year later he proclaimed himself Emperor. He ruled with prudence and ability, and the people, contented to prosper, tired of confusion, acquiesced in his usurpation. When his career ended at Sedan, the French people again resumed power and set up another republic, which has lasted some years to the present day. In the unfortunate war with Germany, the French lost treasure, men, lands, and prestige. Fortunately they also lost their emperor, who ascended the throne by usurpation and crime, and left it with defeat and disgrace.

Last year I traversed France twice and remained a week at Paris. Everywhere I found the people sour, less polite than usual, conscious of a great defeat, thirsting for revenge. The capital had grown in all directions, had been adorned with new buildings, new avenues, and new boulevards. It seemed as

gay and animated as ever in all the quarters frequented by strangers, but in the quarters exclusively French there was a strange air of sadness. Faces were sober and thoughtful. Calamity seemed to have befallen the people, and they appeared like those who are uncertain of the future. In the country and towns outside of Paris the change was still more striking.

There are many reasons why the French should cease to study revenge. It was not their fault that they were forced into a great war unprepared. All the world gives them credit for fighting bravely against terrible odds. The nation was betrayed from within. If they attack the Germans again, new calamities are almost sure to follow.

The population of France is 36,000,000; that of Germany is 48,000,000. The ratio is three to four. Other things being equal, it is certain that three men cannot whip four. There can be no rational expectation that, in the future, Germany will be divided into hostile camps. Louis Napoleon, perhaps, had good reason to believe that Bavaria and other States would not unite with Prussia in a war of defense. He might have expected that Austria, forgetting the war in Italy, would take advantage of the situation to avenge the crushing defeat of Königgrätz. His disappointment may be regarded as one of the misfortunes of war. The French, however, if they are foolish enough to attack the Germans, cannot hope to find any neutrality, still less any help, among the Teutons

over the Rhine. In that case, they must expect to encounter the *furor Teutonicus* of a consolidated Germanic people. If they are prudent, they will not risk an encounter of three to four, and will peaceably bear the loss of territory that Frenchmen of former generations seized on the Rhine. France is not in a condition to bear a second conquest. The new German Empire is a different thing from the loose confederation of many small States, with rival interests, with mutual jealousies, with power of separate alliances, with Austria and Prussia contending for the mastery. A powerful nation, roused to active, centralized, organic life by the Napoleonic wars, confronts France, and she will act wisely to keep what she has and not wantonly furnish the occasion of losing more.

Other things being equal, armies are efficient in proportion to their intelligence. It is a lamentable fact that fully one-third of the people of France cannot read and write. It may be reasonably supposed that illiteracy in the French army exists in the same ratio. On the other hand, every German soldier is educated. All Germans, throughout the empire, can read and write. Intelligence is a favoring condition of efficient activity, on the battle-field as elsewhere. It is a curious fact that every German soldier, in the Franco-Prussian war had an accurate map in his pocket and knew the roads of the country through which he was marching, quite as well as the officers, and much better than the rank and file, of the opposing army.

Both intelligence and numbers are against the French.

The German soldier is at least the equal of the French soldier in martial training and powers of endurance. Good military judges think he is superior. The French perhaps excel in sudden onslaught, but they are inferior to the Germans in staying qualities. In courage they may be regarded as equal. In coolness and precision of action, the Teuton is superior to the Gaul. French armies certainly have no personal qualities to overcome inferiority in numbers and intelligence.

The arms of the two peoples are probably equal. Accuracy and range of weapons used by the French and German armies do not materially differ. The French certainly can claim no superiority in that respect to make up for inferiority in other respects.

In military training and genius for war the Germans are not inferior to their neighbors on the other side of the Rhine. French officers are well educated, but in the French armies there is a lack of that training necessary to enable inferior grades to take the place of superior grades in the possible exigencies of battle. A German colonel is qualified to take the place of a wounded or killed general; a captain is trained to take immediate command of a regiment; and every soldier is fitted to take the place of a fallen officer in his company. As Bismarck said in his great speech, no country has so large a corps of well-trained officers as Germany. This gives a nation a great advantage

in war. France would do well to heed the fact. Courage, patriotism, and vivacity cannot take the place of science and discipline, as the improvised French armies in the war with Germany sadly demonstrated.

In another respect, Germany is superior. She has a small national debt, as compared with France. Her resources from the soil are equal. The productive energy of her more numerous population is greater. In a prolonged struggle, Germany would have the advantage in numbers of men and officers trained to arms, in education, and in material resources.

Germany is not likely to become the aggressor. The two countries are about equal in extent of territory. France, in making attack, would have to operate on longer lines. Germany, if circumstances made it prudent to act on the defensive, would occupy inner lines, nearer to supplies. It is a notorious fact that Germany has a more extensive and better regulated system of railways, for the rapid concentration of armies, than France has. This would give her another and very important advantage in case of conflict.

It is true that France has a much more powerful navy. But the navy would be of no use in a life and death struggle with her antagonist, as the last war fully demonstrated. No coast in the world is easier to defend than the German shore on the Baltic.

The chances of France to find allies remain to

be considered. It is quite evident that she has for some time been making overtures to Russia. That great power hates Germany.[1] But she fears the instability of France, and dreads alliance with a nation of advanced political ideas. Besides, France would alienate all other continental powers by combination with Russia. Austria has a dangerous Slav population of twenty millions and must perpetually guard her frontier against the Muscovite. This drives her into alliance with Germany. Turkey must combine with the enemies of Russia. France, as the ally of Russia, can find no help in that quarter, as Louis XIV. did. England must protect India, and will doubtless continue to play her rôle of defender of Constantinople. Hence, if she allies herself in any direction, it will not be with Russia and France. Italy, smarting under the loss of the hereditary dominion of her king, alienated by new indignities, hoping for acquisitions in the Trentine and on the north-eastern shore of the Adriatic, where the people are Italian by blood and speech, at once consults her interest and gratifies her revenge, by seeking alliance with the powerful Teutonic peoples against France and Russia. So, on the score of allies, the preponderance is against France and greatly in favor of Germany.

In my judgment, France would do well to disband two-fifths of her army, and to devote part of the money thus saved to perfect the organization

1. The above was written before the death of Frederick II. Since the accession of the new Emperor, there seems to be indications of alliance between Germany and Russia.

and equipment of the remaining three-fifths for defensive purposes, and another part to establish a national system of education as complete and universal as that of Germany. A generation would then grow up demanding a higher literature and a nobler public life. The rural population of France is more ethical, purer in morals, than that of the capital. Much of the current French literature, read mostly in Paris and other large cities, is addressed to the animal instincts of man and not to his spiritual nature. The society of Paris is not so totally depraved as a stranger might be led to suppose. French domestic life, which few travelers have opportunities of observing, is much purer than is generally believed. Multitudes of adventurers find their way to Paris, who mistake the depravity of one another for the depravity of the French. Realistic literature, addressed to human bodies instead of human souls, that is naked and not ashamed, is not sold and read in the domestic circles of France. Universal education would create a larger demand for such journals as the "Temps" and the "République Francaise," and for the writings of such men as M. Taine, M. Clémenceau, M. Claretie, M. Sarcey, and others, whose pens are clean as well as sharp. Thus would grow up a majority, more intelligent, more ethical, to guide the French Republic in the direction of true national aggrandizement, and rescue it from the downward road trod by Rome before the advent of the Cæsars. France is capable of great things, but her escape

from national decay and disintegration does not lie in the direction of a war of revenge against Germany. Popular government demands a more exalted public virtue than absolutism. A severer blow to France was the slaughter and banishment of the Huguenots—a wicked waste of her best blood and brain and heart—than all the defeats that she ever suffered on the field of battle, and more to be dreaded is the education of her people in sensual literature than another siege of Paris. It depends upon herself whether she shall escape both.

CHAPTER XV

SWITZERLAND.

It has been said that Switzerland is the playground of Europe. Tens of thousands go there every summer to view the scenery. The educational influence of the Alps is very great. The lofty mountains nourish a sentiment of sublimity in all beholders, that ennobles the mind and gives an exalted pleasure. Travelers in Switzerland return with souls enriched and characters refined. It is good for any one to commune with Nature in her loftiest mood.

> "Our converse was with heaven alone—
> With voices through the clouds that sung,
> And brooding storms that round us hung."

But very few who visit the Alps pay much attention to the history, government, and institutions of Switzerland. The people that dwell in that land have occupied the attention of the world for several centuries, and have an especial interest for Americans. The mountain valleys of the Alps are the home of freedom in Europe. The Swiss can teach mankind a rational liberty, while the Alps are giving wings to the imagination. The inhabitants inherit a choice portion of the earth,

which they have made the dwelling-place of independence. It is worth while to learn the lesson taught by a brave and intelligent people, while we are cultivating a "sense sublime" among the rocky spires that pierce the heavens.

I went from Paris to Geneva and traversed Switzerland, in a winding course, to the Rhine. On my swift journey, I read the history of the country, while renewing acquaintance with scenes long ago familiar.

In the middle ages, German Leagues were formed in the midst of the Holy Roman Empire, for the purpose of securing a protection from aggressors, which the weak central government could not give. One of these was the League of the Swiss Cantons. The cantons of Schwyz, Uri, and Unterwalden, three small districts among the lofty mountains on the borders of Italy, Burgundy, and Germany, banded together, in 1291, for mutual defense against the Dukes of Austria, who owned estates in their midst. About a quarter of a century after the formation of the league, November 15, 1315, was fought the memorable battle between its members and the Austrians, at Morgarten, in the Canton of Zug, on the banks of Lake Egeri. The Austrian army, under command of Duke Leopold, brother of the emperor, numbered 15,000 men. The little army of the Confederates amounted to only 1,400. The Swiss held the narrow pass between Morgarten Hill and the lake, and also had command of the adjoining heights. The Swiss forces were

divided between the impending rocks above and the narrow pass below. When the Austrians had entered the winding defile, those on the heights rolled down huge masses of stone, which crushed vast numbers of the Austrians and threw their cavalry into confusion. The part of the Swiss forces stationed in the pass then fell upon the enemy. The rout was complete. Few escaped to tell the bloody tale. This was the "awful dawn" of a nation, and a solemn warning to Europe to let the brave mountaineers alone.

Luzern, Zürich, Berne, Zug, and Glarus, soon afterwards, joined the alliance, increasing the league to eight cantons. Thus was formed the Old League of High Germany. The *Eidgenossen*, or Confederates, as they called themselves in the fourteenth century, were still members of the empire. The league was feared by the neighboring nobles, but was favored by most of the emperors, except those of the House of Austria. The Confederates, however, had to fight, from time to time, for their existence. July 9, 1386, they encountered another Duke Leopold of Austria and a confederacy of nobles, at Sempach, a little town nine miles northwest of Luzern. The Swiss numbered 1,300. Leopold's army consisted of 4,000 horse and 1,400 foot. The knights, finding the ground unfitted for the evolution of cavalry, dismounted and formed themselves into a compact body, presenting a mass of spears to the mountaineers, whom they outnumbered more than four to one. The Swiss

attacked without hesitation, but made no impression on the solid wall of steel. They lost their leader and sixty men, in the first onslaught. Then Arnold von Winkelried, the bravest of the brave, a hero surpassed by none in ancient or modern times, rushed forward, gathered into his devoted body the points of as many spears as he could reach, and thus made a breach for the brave Swiss to enter. The tide of battle turned immediately. The victory was swift and complete. Two thousand Austrians were slain, including 600 knights, counts, and barons. The Swiss lost but 200. The body of Duke Leopold was found the next day under a heap of the slain. The celebration of the anniversary of this battle, by the grateful Swiss people, with thanksgiving and prayer, is a scene of moral sublimity equal in grandeur to the sublimity of nature in a sunrise viewed from the Rhigi.

The Swiss had to defend their freedom again, when they were attacked by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., of France, in 1444. They also had some civil wars among themselves, and acquired towns and lands by conquest or purchase, the inhabitants of which became their subjects. They were not yet entirely independent of the empire, to which they belonged. They formed alliances, but were slow to admit new Cantons into their Confederacy. It was still the Old League of High Germany. The people only gradually took the name of Swiss, and the country that of Switzerland,

from Schwyz, one of the three earliest members of the body. But near the close of the fifteenth, and in the beginning of the sixteenth century, they admitted Freiburg, Solothurn, Basel, Schaffhausen, and Appenzell, as new Cantons. These, with the eight previous ones, constituted the Thirteen Cantons, all German, which lasted till the close of the last century.

Near the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Swiss began to acquire territory from Italy and the Kingdom of Burgundy. Thus was gradually added a Latin, or Romance element to the original German stock. But it is not necessary to go into the history of Switzerland in much detail for my present purpose.

The Swiss had a Reformation of their own. Ulrich Zwingli preached the new doctrines at Zürich first in 1519. He went further than Luther. Zürich, Bern, and several other cantons broke away from the Catholic Church, under his teaching. Other cantons adhered to their old faith, and a civil war broke out, as in other European countries. Zwingli was killed in battle, in 1531. William Farel preached Protestantism in Geneva, which was a free city. The Dukes of Savoy, who had coveted Geneva, then concluded that they had cause to make war upon the free city and to make an effort to capture it. But Geneva was in alliance with some of the Swiss Cantons, especially Berne, and from them received help when besieged. The Duke of Savoy, instead of

capturing the city, lost his own lands, both to the north and to the south of Lake Geneva. John Calvin then came to Geneva and ruled it, as a little theocratic state, with marvelous ability. And some of the members of the Swiss Confederation got hold of the Bishopric of Lausanne, and other lands, whose inhabitants spoke the Romance tongue, that afterwards became new cantons. By the Peace of Westphalia, at the close of the terrible religious wars of central and western Europe, the Swiss Confederates were acknowledged to be entirely independent of the empire, at the same time with the United Provinces of the Netherlands.

In 1798 revolutionary France needed money and went to Berne, in its rapacious way, to plunder its well-filled treasury. They freed the people of Vaud, a Romance-speaking people, from the dominion of Berne, and established the Helvetic Republic, which embraced some of the Swiss Cantons as well as their subjects and allies on the west, near the borders of France. The new republic did not suit the independent Swiss; so Napoleon, in 1803, by the Act of Mediation, as he called it, gave them a federal constitution. Under it were included the old cantons and several new ones. The twenty-two cantons forming the renewed Swiss Confederation were united by a very lax tie and acted very nearly independent of one another.

In the general settlement of Europe, by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, Switzerland was left intact, but its constitution has since undergone

important changes. In 1831, political controversies led to greater popularization of the government of different cantons. In 1847, the Protestant and Catholic cantons engaged in a civil religious war. The Protestants were the victors. A new federal constitution, fashioned after that of the United States, was adopted in 1848. Instead of a president, however, it provides for a Federal Executive Council of Seven. This constitution again underwent changes in 1874.

The Cantons have separate systems of local government, like the States in our country. In Uri, Appenzell, Glarus, and the Unterwaldens, all laws are enacted by a general assembly of the people. They are democracies, pure and simple. In the Grissons and Vallais, all laws enacted by the representative assemblies, must be approved by a vote of the people, before they take effect. In the rest of the cantons the government is entrusted to representatives elected by universal suffrage. The primary assemblies of the people have the effect of educating them in public affairs and of developing political talent.

By the new Constitution of 1874, to the Federal Assembly are committed control of the army, the regulation of foreign affairs, the management of the post-office and the police, and the settlement of disputes among the cantons. The Federal Assembly consists of a State Council (*Stände Rath*), numbering forty-four members, two from each canton; and a National Council (*National Rath*), numbering

135 members, elected by the cantons in the proportion of one to 20,000 inhabitants. The Federal Assembly elects a Federal Council (*Bundes Rath*) of seven, holding office for three years. The President of the Federal Council is chosen for the mere convenience of a presiding officer, and has no special authority. The Federal Assembly also elects a Federal Tribunal (*Bundes Gericht*) or Supreme Court, consisting of nine members. The tendency of the Swiss government is now towards centralization. How far the Federal Assembly can control the legislative action of the cantons is a subject of political controversy.

Thus has grown up in central Europe, in the midst of the Alps, one of the freest countries in the world. The population of Switzerland now amounts to about 3,000,000. The love of freedom, and the exigencies of common defense, unite them in one national organization, in spite of diversities of speech and conflicting religions. There are 411 Roman Catholics, 587 Protestants, and 2 Jews, in every 1,000 Swiss. In the same number, 702 speak German, 226 French, 55 Italian, and 17 Romansch.

The Swiss have had no foreign war since the Congress of Vienna in 1815. They are remarkably industrious and have a larger trade, according to their numbers, than any other people in Europe. They have no standing army, but military drill is taught in every school, and all citizens must serve as soldiers when called upon.

The Swiss are intelligent and have an excellent system of universal education. All children must be taught in a public or private school, from six to twelve. At Basel, Berne, and Zürich, there are good universities, on the German plan. At Geneva is one on the French plan. No country abounds more in societies for the cultivation of science, literature, and art. In the small republic there are forty daily newspapers. There are five hundred journals and reviews, one-half of which are political. The active intellectual life of the hardy mountaineers is phenomenal.

In Switzerland, the identity of the State and the people, of the government and the nation, is complete, making the country as strong as numbers, resources, and the inevitable obstruction of diverging human opinions and individual ambitions will permit. Thoughtful Americans, traveling in the country for the enjoyment of its magnificent scenery, will do well to pay some attention to its heroic history, and to its political, social, and educational institutions.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

WHEN I was at Brussels, I went to Waterloo and spent a day on the famous battle-field. Climbing the great square monument of earth, built to commemorate an important event in human history, I looked down upon the scene where Napoleon fought his last battle, and endeavored to formulate to my own mind the cause of such a close to his brilliant career. I have no inclination to describe the battle of Waterloo, which has been described well a hundred times, or to narrate any of its incidents. My only object is to make use of it to elucidate a doctrine of nationalities which, throughout this book, I follow in portraying the leading peoples of the civilized world.

We have seen that nations grow and are not made; that, in other words, nations have an organic existence. A nation and its government may be in harmony, may be politically identical, or they may be radically different. When a nation outgrows its government, change may come gradually and peaceably, or it may come suddenly and violently, or both processes may be combined and

intermingled. At the close of the eighteenth century, France had outgrown its government. Neither the ambitious reign of Louis XIV., the foul reign of Louis XV., nor the feeble reign of Louis XVI., represented the people of France. The outbreak of the great Revolution was a declaration to the world that the monarch was no longer the State, still less the Nation. The people of France, unschooled in political methods, untaught in everything but obedience to authority, groped their way convulsively in the midst of darkness, or in the lurid light of conflagration, and only learned by a long series of costly mistakes and destructive calamities, to discriminate between political good and evil, and to build a State adapted to their needs and in harmony with their real interest.

The other nations of western Europe were in a condition similar to that of France. The Spanish, Italian, and German peoples had outgrown their governments. When the French revolted against the tyranny of their Bourbon King, sympathy was awakened among the masses, far and wide. The divinity that doth hedge a king ceased to awe men when Louis XVI. was beheaded. Of course, the various monarchs of Europe combined against the French Revolution. The people of France, exulting in a new-found liberty, wished to extend their political treasure to other peoples. Other peoples, more or less slowly awakening, were eager to receive it, as fast as circumstances and prudence would permit.

France was seduced by the unequaled military genius of Napoleon. The sentiment of "glory," the weak side of the national character, was gratified with his brilliant victories. As long as he represented, or seemed to represent, the French people, he was admired by the peoples of other countries. He extended the eastern boundary of France to the Rhine. He crushed the Spanish army and drove the Spanish King from his throne. He then became the idol of the Spanish people. The Italians believed in his star, and were proud to follow him to victory. The German princes of the smaller states of the moribund empire were not displeased to see him humble the haughty Austrians and the despotic Prussians.

When he ended the War of the Second Coalition with the battle of Marengo, he threw off the mask entirely, and, to borrow a word from the Greeks, made himself the Tyrant of France. The French submitted, because his successes on the field of battle ministered to their vanity. France supplied him with men and means in his attempt to establish a great European monarchy. He ruled with a despotic sway more severe than that of Louis XIV. The Revolution against arbitrary power ended in a military dominion, before which the French people became helpless.

When Napoleon parceled out wide regions of western and central Europe, not already annexed to his empire of France, to members of his own family, then the peoples that had worshiped him

as the great deliverer of the oppressed turned against him the resentment felt before for their hereditary rulers. By degrees he roused into activity the hatred that had been passive or latent. As long as he represented the cause of peoples against their despotic governments, he achieved great victories everywhere. When he substituted his single tyranny for many smaller tyrannies he began to lose power. As long as the nationalities were on his side, he steadily advanced towards dominion of all Europe. When he alienated the nationalities by selfish acts of despotism, he encountered a power before which he finally fell.

Strangely enough, Spain began the anti-Napoleonic revolution. In vain he crushed the organized Spanish army. The people, who at first adored him, rose against him, in 1808, and struck the first blows of a conflict that ended in Waterloo. The English, at war with Napoleon from the first, directed the Spanish nation, in its popular uprising, with a few disciplined troops, with brave leaders and an able general. Not only did the revolt of the Spanish people divert a large portion of Napoleon's army from central Europe, but the contagion of their example infected other nations. Even the Germans began to feel the approaches of a new fever of patriotism that finally led them to drive their hesitating rulers into a great coalition of all Europe against the tyrant of France.

The second great blow received by Napoleon was delivered by the people of Russia, after the

battle of Borodino. The Russian people, a large part of whom were serfs, had never felt any sympathy with Napoleon. The French Revolution had not affected them, and they had not deified its deceptive leader. They were satisfied with their own government, which represented them according to their political light. They had no inclination to exchange the rule of their own Czar for that of the invader. Consequently the Russian nationality was quite as hostile to Napoleon as any other nationality of Europe.

After the disastrous retreat from Moscow, the revolution against Napoleon became complete and active. All European nationalities were united for his overthrow. He had sown the teeth of the dragon and from them had sprung up a mighty harvest of armed men all over the continent. At Leipsig was fought the battle of the nations. Toiling, suffering, oppressed men had asked him for a fish and he had given them a serpent; had prayed him for bread and he had given them a stone. On that fatal battle-field they took their revenge. The nationalities that Napoleon had been instrumental in quickening into more active life gave him his mortal blow after he had failed them. Instead of serving them, he had tried to make them serve him.

After the battle of Leipsig the allies were willing to grant Napoleon terms of peace. They proposed to leave him sovereign of France, with boundaries nearly the same as those established by

Louis XIV. Napoleon rejected the offer. Perhaps he believed that he could retrieve his fallen fortunes. Certain it is that he did not comprehend the power of the European nationalities behind the royal leaders of the combined armies that had overthrown him. It may be that, with unequaled political sagacity, he could not trust himself to France. This, in my judgment, is the more probable hypothesis. At all events, he chose to continue the unequal struggle. We must admire his heroism in defeat. The allies made a Bourbon (Louis XVIII.) ruler of France and sent Napoleon, with the empty title of Emperor, to Elba.

Of course, the conqueror in so many battles, made his escape. The French army received him with open arms. The battle of Waterloo followed, as the desperate conflict of despair. If he had won the battle, he could not have made much headway against all Europe.

Wellington has received superabundance of glory for his victory. The English have lauded him beyond measure for winning a battle that was only supplementary to that of Leipsig. Wellington, however, may be regarded as beginning a comprehensive battle at Torres-Vedras, which ended at Waterloo. With patience, skill, and true generalship, he led the uprising of the Spanish people, and struck the first effective blows against Napoleon. It was his fortune to strike the last as well as the first blow. As the victor in this comprehensive

battle he merits all the glory that impartial history has bestowed upon him.

The sovereigns of European nations arrogated to themselves all the credit for a victory that was really achieved by the peoples which they misgoverned. France was weary and exhausted, and accepted a king imposed upon her by the insolent Congress of Vienna. But the spirit of the French nationality, although slumbering, was not dead. When Charles X., the last King of France crowned at Rheims, the successor of Louis XVIII., undertook to repeat the language of Louis XIV.: "I am the State," the people promptly answered in the July Revolution: "We are the State." Every nationality in western Europe echoed the words. In the Revolution of 1848, France again showed that she was not dead. Europe responded with redoubled energy. The reactionary work of Metternich and Talleyrand was suddenly finished. The mills of the gods were grinding slowly, but exceedingly fine. The sovereigns of Europe took alarm and reluctantly granted constitutions to their peoples. They mournfully realized that they reigned only by permission of their subjects.

France, still groping her way, dreaming of the incomplete glories of the great Revolution, allowed another Napoleon to repeat on a small scale the illustrious hero of Austerlitz and Jena. The inglorious defeat of Sedan brought the Second Empire to a close. The nationalities of Europe, nursed in the anti-Napoleonic revolution at the

beginning of the nineteenth century, were full-grown and asserted their ascendancy. The new German Empire, founded upon the will of the German people, is the noble fruit of a matured nationality. It is difficult to realize the full significance of United Italy, which has taken the place of a whole group of petty despotic States. A decade of republican government in France demonstrates that the nation has at length learned the difficult art of self-government. Everywhere in Europe, west of Turkey and Russia, peoples are either governing themselves or sharing the government with kings. The transition from the irresponsible rule of absolute monarchs is very great. The military despotism of Napoleon, overruled by the Providence of history, served to awaken nationalities and hasten the dawn of liberty regulated by law. The day of Waterloo not only sealed the fate of Napoleon, but also the fate of tyrants who had fought against him.

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!"

CHAPTER XVII.

RECENT PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

I ARRIVED in London on the twentieth of August, and had ten days in which to make preparations for a voyage to Australia and New Zealand, on the other side of the globe. The rush of the Victorian jubilee was over, yet many people from the colonies lingered in the metropolis, who had chosen the time to visit their native land.

Previous to Queen Victoria, the long history of England furnishes only three examples of sovereigns who have reigned half a century. Henry III. witnessed the struggle carried on by Simon de Montfort to give vitality to the concessions of the Great Charter. Edward III. saw the dawn of English literature and the fusion that really created the English people. George III. witnessed the expansion of English commerce, the development of industry caused by the inventions that laid the foundations of woolen and cotton manufactures, the application of steam to machinery of various kinds, the acquisition by war of colonies all over the globe which other nations had founded, the loss forever to the British crown of the United States, and the dawn of the press as an independent

power in the realm. The reign of Victoria has been more eventful than the reign of the Third Henry, the reign of the Third Edward, or the reign of the Third George.

I observed expansion in every direction since my first visit to England more than thirty years ago. In many things the advancement has been common to England and the rest of the civilized world. England has also had her individual advancement, especially in legislation, the salient features of which may be briefly noticed here.

The English nation suffered a collapse after the long strain of the Napoleonic wars. The battle of Waterloo gave a mortal blow to a large and profitable British trade to the Continent. England, for nearly a quarter of a century, was the only country in Europe whose industries were not interrupted by the movements of armies. After the naval battle of Trafalgar, English ships alone held possession of the sea till the downfall of Napoleon. After the settlement made by the Congress of Vienna, continental nations began to manufacture for themselves and were too exhausted to purchase British goods. Consequently the industrial populations of English manufacturing towns, having nothing to do, were reduced to poverty. The political abuses, growing out of a period of excitement and war, and emphasized by widespread want, continued, in spite of the legislative efforts of Pitt, far into the reign of Victoria. The Continent suffered during the Napoleonic era; England suf-

fered after its close. The cry of the people for bread rudely admonished British statesmen to reconstruct the industrial system of the country, so far as it could be reconstructed by legislation. The process of reconstruction, aided by the natural progress of the people and the unprecedented development of inventions, has continued to the present day.

The application of scientific discoveries to practical ends, the expansion of the railroad system, the cheapening of postage, the establishment of the telegraph and the telephone, with all their economic, intellectual, social, and moral results, are not peculiar to England, but belong in common to the civilized nations of the earth. By such instrumentalities the English people have advanced with marvelous rapidity during the last thirty or forty years, but other peoples have advanced with equal pace.

Great Britain, however, may claim greater progress than other nations in the construction of ocean steamships. Navigation companies on the Continent send to the Clyde for their best and swiftest vessels. England, therefore, maintains her advantage in the carrying trade of the world and her supremacy on the sea. It is a curious fact that four-fifths of the traffic of the Suez Canal is supplied by British ships.

Whether the great recent expansion of England in wealth and population has been entirely due to the skilled and energetic application of steam and

improved machinery to her cotton, woolen, and iron industries, or whether principles of free trade, boldly adopted and vigorously applied, must be reckoned as an important factor in the national growth, are economic questions not likely to be definitely settled for a long time to come. America with a protective system, and England with a free trade system, have advanced with equal rapidity in material prosperity. The established natural law, exemplified in all history, that population breeds up to the level of food supply, manifests itself alike on both sides of the ocean. It makes no difference whether food comes from agricultural industry, or is purchased in exchange for manufactured goods. The converse of the general proposition is equally true. The failure of the potato in Ireland, in 1846, without the establishment of compensating manufacturing industry, has reduced its population, by emigration and otherwise, from more than eight millions to less than five millions. Notwithstanding the decrease of population in Ireland, the general increase of population in the United Kingdom, within the past thirty or forty years has been enormous.

When I was first in England, in 1853, the excitement growing out of the Corn Importation Act of 1846 had not yet entirely subsided. Pessimists, of the Tory stamp, were sure that the doctrines of Adam Smith and Bentham had ruined England. The names of Charles Villiers, Richard Cobden, Ebenezer Elliott, and John Bright were

on every tongue. The new theories of John Stuart Mill were looked upon as the invention of the Tempter of Eve in Paradise. The proprietors of land, unable to apply the principles of expanding science to the cultivation of the soil, to the same extent as they were applied to manufacturing processes, preferred to see operatives starve and the population of the kingdom brought to a standstill, rather than to see them fed by the unrestricted purchase of food abroad with the products of home industry. To their minds the proper remedy for Chartism was Wellington with disciplined and obedient troops under his command. The statesmen of England, wise in their generation, thought otherwise, and began that system of paternal legislation for the protection and benefit of the toiling people, which has gradually diminished poverty and caused the nation to prosper. The tax on the food of operatives, for the benefit of Tory proprietors of land, suddenly ceased, and the poor of England rejoiced. The principle has been established, and is constantly acted upon, that it is the right and duty of the State to protect the toiling masses against the encroachments of individual and class interests. All the abuses of centuries have not yet been swept away by Acts of Parliament, but much injustice and many a grievance have disappeared. The list of things injurious, prohibited by legislation in England, is constantly increasing.

The army and navy of England have undergone a great transformation in the last thirty-five years.

The successful Exhibition of 1851 begat in the minds of men a delusive expectation that the civilized world was entering upon a long era of peace. Two years afterwards the Crimean War broke out and found England unprepared. Her resources were taxed to the utmost. Without the aid of France and Sardinia the war must have ended in disaster. The Indian Mutiny soon followed, which put the empire under a new and severe strain. The American War of Rebellion cut off England's supply of cotton and reduced whole cities to a state bordering on famine. A brief war between Prussia and Austria transferred the primacy of Germany from the latter to the former. The great Franco-German war changed the map of central Europe. A fresh war between Russia and Turkey filled England with apprehension. The relations between Russia and Great Britain have long been in a state of tension, causing from time to time costly spasmodic preparations for war. The army has been increased and improved in various ways. Vast sums of money have been spent in building armored ships, which are now found to be vulnerable by torpedoes, vertical firing, and dynamite shells. Venerable abuses still exist in both the army and navy, and it requires but a small scare to throw the nation into a panic. The management of both arms of the service is still entrusted to civilians, instead of naval and military experts, as in Germany and France. The British volunteers would be a poor defense against the

invasion of a continental force. A high English authority recently asserted that a disciplined army of one hundred thousand men, once on the soil, would conquer the country. It may be that only a great calamity will awaken the government to the fact that personal respectability and power in parliamentary debate are not the best qualifications for making scientific preparations for the national defense. More than half of the enormous annual expenditures of the British government are for the army and navy. The nation has been rudely awakened from its dream of universal peace and finds itself unprepared for defense, notwithstanding its heavy burthen of taxation. A large portion of the public debt has been incurred by lavish waste in making hasty preparations for war. The British people are quick to fight, but never ready to begin.

Parliamentary reform has been especially conspicuous during the last four or five decades. Lord John Russell presented a reform bill in 1854, which had to be abandoned on account of the Crimean War. In 1859 Disraeli went out of power on a similar measure. The next year Mr. Gladstone brought in a franchise bill, which the secession of Mr. Lowe caused to fail. The following year Disraeli, by his extraordinary parliamentary skill, carried through a reform bill, with only a minority of party followers, which enfranchised all ratepayers in boroughs and materially reduced the property qualifications in counties. In 1885 Mr. Gladstone

carried through parliament, in direct conflict with the House of Lords, a radical measure, extending the franchise to all householders. Thus England, in less than half a century, has become, to a considerable extent, democratic. The transition from the old rotten borough system has been almost immeasurable. The crown has been shorn of its prerogatives, till the sovereign has less power left than that of a President of the United States. A cry has been raised, within the last few years, to abolish the House of Lords. The nobility of England, in times gone by, resisted the encroachments of the crown, and saved the people from the establishment of a despotism like that of Louis XIV. In turn, they grasped power, till the lords could almost say: "We alone are the State." In no continental country was the aristocratical element in the government so strong. To-day, the House of Commons, elected by almost universal suffrage, has become supreme. The House of Lords no longer ventures to antagonize the will of the people expressed by their representatives. And the premier, in case of conflict, has the power to crush an adverse majority in the hereditary branch of parliament, by the creation of any number of new peers.

Parliament has become supreme in Great Britain. In parliament the voice of the British people is heard. In fact, parliament has assumed executive as well as legislative functions. It is really overwhelmed with a multiplicity of duties, and many

important things must be left undone. The country needs a uniform and comprehensive system of local self-government, to be extended to Ireland as well as to other portions of the realm, giving to the various communities jurisdiction in all police matters, technically so called. All expenditures for water-supply, gas, sewerage, sanitation, roads, drainage, hospitals, cemeteries, recreation grounds, and other public improvements, the enactment and enforcement of ordinances not conflicting with imperial laws and the public policy of the realm, might be entrusted to the local ratepayers in convenient divisions of the country, to the great relief of an overburdened parliament, and to the satisfaction of the British people. Abuses and privileges sanctioned by time, that have accumulated around venerable charters improperly granted in the less enlightened past, should be swept away by a great reform measure of local self-government.

The franchise in England has been extended, of late years, more rapidly than the education necessary to prepare the people for its proper exercise. Fifty years ago Scotland had a general system of parochial schools supported by taxation. At that time the English government was not spending a penny for the education of the people. It is not necessary to recount here the steps by which a secular educational system has been gradually built up, in the face of clerical and other opposition. The government grant to elementary education now amounts to three millions of pounds,

and other resources increase the sum to seven millions. Little provision, however, has been made for intermediary education. Nothing in England corresponds with the High School of America, or with the Gymnasium of Germany. Nearly half a century ago, Lord John Russell addressed a letter, by command of Her Majesty, to the President of the Council, in which complaint was made that her poorer subjects were in a state of mental destitution—"not in accordance with the character of a civilized and Christian nation." Great advancement has been made since then, but England is still behind most Continental nations in provisions for public education. England has no technical schools, a consequence of which is that youths of the middle class are without proper aids in preparation for industry and commerce. Germany has an abundance of such schools, and as we have seen in a previous chapter, the young men of that country are much better armed than the young men of England in the sharp competition of the world's trade.

The spirit of progress has even reached the conservative old Universities. Tests were abolished in 1871, after a long and hard struggle. The graduate of Oxford or Cambridge is no longer obliged to sign the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Established Church, as a condition precedent to receiving academic honors. Other legislation, completed as late as 1882, has established new professorships, revised the duties of old ones, destroyed

clerical privileges, abolished most restrictions upon marriage, limited the tenure of fellowships unless connected with real University work, strengthened the central authority of the Universities, and in various other ways introduced a more earnest purpose into the entire University organization. Classical studies are, however, still dominant at the Universities. A man may graduate at either Oxford or Cambridge without knowledge of any physical science. A student who can construe Pindar and Catullus, may receive honors at the old English Universities, in utter ignorance of Newton and Darwin, of Cavendish and Herbert Spencer. The Scottish Universities are suffering, as well as the English Universities, for the want of a system of intermediary education. Universities all over the continent, even in Russia, are fed by gymnasia, of which Great Britain is destitute. While Oxford and Cambridge are very grudgingly recognizing the study of modern sciences as instruments of mental discipline and higher education, other institutions have been established in which they receive ample attention. Victoria University at Manchester, the foundation of which was laid by a large bequest of John Owens in 1846, is alive with the spirit of the newer times. It began as a college and did not receive a charter with degree-giving powers, and with its present name, till 1880. University College at London, is a product of the reform era and already challenges comparison with the old Universities for the comprehensive scholarship

and solid attainments of its graduates. The establishment of London University, as an examining body, with power to confer degrees on all comers who can stand its severe tests, no matter where their knowledge was acquired, has liberally opened a career to gifted men, whose limited means would not enable them to bear the expense of residence at one of the great seats of learning. Such a recognition of scholarship, without any enquiry as to the place and mode of its attainment, is a noble product of liberal legislation and is producing a marked effect upon the higher institutions of learning throughout the empire. The examining body of London University is a high court of appeal open to any student aggrieved by the faculty of his college or oppressed by hard fortune. It pronounces with impartial rigor, and by the authority of English law, upon the qualifications of any one who is seeking to enter, with unquestionable credentials, the limited ranks of the really learned. Its exclusively *ad eundem* degrees are not conferred by favor, but only for true merit.

During the past four or five decades, religious views in England have undergone an expansion quite as noticeable as the progress of parliamentary reform and the diffusion of education. When I first visited the country in 1853, the press, especially the religious portion of it, was still discussing the protest of Keble, Manning, and Pusey, against the legal decision in what is known as the Gorham

case. The Tractarian, or the Ritualistic, movement, representing extreme doctrines of the Eucharist and novel practices in imitation of the Roman Church, was antagonized by the Evangelical movement. A bishop refused to institute a Mr. Gorham, on account of his extreme views of baptismal regeneration. Appeal was made to the Privy Council, which decided against the bishop, upon the ground that secular law could not decide a question of doctrine, and could only construe a contract. From that time, Ritualists and Evangelicals in the Anglican Church have been obliged to fight their battle at the bar of public opinion. Theologians, like metaphysicians and the heroes of Walhalla, are omnipotent in attack and impotent in defence. Hence discussion has resulted in enlarged views and a more christian spirit of tolerance. "Essays and Reviews" followed. Jowett, Stanley, Maurice, and others, published views that ecclesiastical functionaries were unable to punish. In Scotland, the principle of the Gorham decision was applied against the Free Church, confirming the legal right of patrons to appoint. Disraeli, however, sometime later, cut the knot by abolishing the right of patronage altogether in the Scotch Church. After that, each congregation became a democratic body, free to appoint its own minister. In 1869, Mr. Gladstone carried his bill for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, characterizing it as a "branch of the Upas tree of Protestant ascendancy." It only remains for Parliament to

pass a bill for the Disestablishment of the Anglican Church. Religion will then be entirely free in Great Britain. I confine myself strictly to a discussion of the relations of the Church and the State. The partial disentanglement of the ecclesiastical and the secular power has resulted in a spiritual and mental freedom unknown by any former generation. Italy, in our day, has solved a more difficult problem and is now in advance of England. The Scandinavian States, in other respects among the freest of Europe, are still entangled with Lutheranism, and, in ecclesiastical liberty, are behind Great Britain.

It is not necessary to discuss at length the recent expansion of England in literature and art. The scientific writings of Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and others, hardly come within the province of literature, strictly so called. The historical productions of Maine, Stubbs, Freeman, Carlyle, and others, unequaled for accuracy of research and breadth of view in former times, cannot be classed with the belles-lettres of the period. Such monuments of scientific and historical research and exposition, profound in thought, unfettered by any trace or reminiscence of mediæval superstition, are among the glories of English advancement in the latter half of the nineteenth century, but they are quite different from dramas, poems, novels, and essays, written to amuse and please, rather than to instruct. The quantity of strictly literary productions in the past thirty years has been

enormous, and is still increasing. In art as in literature, activity has been very great. Masterpieces in either realm are few. Yet advancement in the idealism of form is very marked. Technical skill has increased and has become more general. England is full of correct and ready writers. The machinery for the pleasing diffusion of useful information and refining sentiment has never before been so perfect. Artists themselves have educated the public to appreciate and demand a better technique. At the same time knowledge of art and love of art for its own sake, have become more and more diffused. Creations in music are wanting, or extremely rare, yet an intelligent and discriminating taste for it has spread till it has become quite general. There is an expanding wave of education and culture in the British public that gladdens the heart of any well-wisher of the race. The glory of a nation is better shown by the elevation of the many than by the extraordinary attainments of a few.

At the beginning of this half century Sir Robert Peel shattered his party by his free-trade measures. In due time, however, tariff duties were removed from twelve hundred different articles, and were retained on only two or three luxuries. Free trade became the settled policy of England. In our time, Mr. Gladstone has shattered the Liberal party by the introduction of a bill to give Ireland a separate Parliament. His measure failed, but the end is not yet. Ireland cannot have autonomy, and her leaders know

it. Mr. Gladstone has not sought the dissolution of the realm, as his enemies in their partisan fury have declared. The Irish, as a part of the United Kingdom, are entitled to all the privileges and immunities of British subjects. They are bound in loyalty to accept the same duties as are accepted by Scotchmen and Englishmen. The agitation will continue till all enactments reminding the Irish that they are a subject race shall be repealed. Perfect equality in citizenship with other men in the realm is all that they will get, is in fact all that they demand. They will be contented, if all the British people, including themselves, are made homogenous by law. Scotchmen became intensely loyal as soon as they obtained equal rights with Englishmen. Irishmen will become equally loyal as soon as they are made in fact, as well as in name, Britons. Even as I write the Irish have awakened to a clear discrimination between things temporal and things spiritual, between State and Church, under the stimulus of a Papal rescript. They are moving in the right direction. A nobler England, under the leadership of men like Gladstone, will in time be their true friend. Equal rights, equal privileges, equal duties, heroically demanded, justly conceded, will by and by make the Union a fruitful reality. It was an Irishman who won the battle of Waterloo. It is an Irishman who commands the British army to-day. Let Englishmen and Irishmen separate matters of faith from matters political, on a basis of equality and justice. Let both, with mutual

toleration, mutual respect, and good-will, render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's, and start together in a new race of mutual helpfulness and prosperity. Let the descendants of two waves of Aryan migration unite and claim together their common inheritance of liberty. As long as the Englishman assumes superiority and wrongs his Celtic brother, warfare, latent or real, will continue.

When I first visited England every copy of any journal circulated in the realm bore a stamp. The daily intellectual bread of the people was taxed. Sometime since that tax was repealed. The press is now free. In the past two or three decades newspapers have been greatly multiplied. Constant improvements in printing machinery, new inventions in paper-making, increased demand by diffusion of knowledge among the people, extension of the telegraph to all parts of the world, unlimited capital, combinations of men with the most diversified talents, sharp competition, eager enterprise, the stimulus of the active spirit of the age, have produced great journals whose influence is felt by the most powerful governments. The morning newspaper, at London or New York, wherever the press has been emancipated from censorship, contains the world's history of the previous day. Everybody who has a penny or two to spare may learn what is going on in the whole world. The daily press corresponds in the intellectual and moral sphere to the railroad in the material affairs

of life. Many of the best writers in Great Britain are employed in journalism. In the morning and evening papers of the metropolis one frequently finds editorials written with the facile grace of Addison, the pungent satire of Junius, the exuberant fancy of Lamb, or the denunciatory eloquence of Burke. The educational power of the press is not yet fully measured. Men disposed to evil are restrained by the publicity it gives to all important acts. The press grows by what it feeds on, and liberty cannot perish as long as it remains free. Current progress in England is, in great measure, the product of intelligent and fearless journalism.

During the last quarter of a century there has been marked progress in sanitation. The labors of Chadwick, Simon, Richardson, and others, have increased the length and value of life. The people of Great Britain are to-day better housed, better fed, better clothed, than at any previous time in its history. The government and the press are looking after bodies as well as minds and souls. There is still a vast field for improvement, but much has already been done, and well done. The American, Peabody, has set a noble and generous example to British capitalists, of providing wholesome habitations to artizans of restricted means. Parliament has legislated to protect the needy and the ignorant against the negligence and greed of landlords. Recent enactments emphasize and define the common law—that each must so use his own as not to injure another's.

Recent Acts of Parliament go even farther, and virtually say to every man: Thou art thy brother's keeper. Enlarged constituencies are already exerting a salutary influence on legislators, reminding them, by some direct and many indirect ways, that toiling human beings have a right not only to live but to be well.

It is not necessary to pursue the pleasing theme further. The government and people of Great Britain are to-day more nearly identical than at any previous time. There has been great advancement in scientific discovery, and especially in the application of newly-found principles to the increased production of the material comforts of life, within the last few decades, not alone in England, but in all civilized countries. England, however, has had an industrial, commercial, political, educational, religious and literary expansion peculiar to herself. Poverty, want, suffering are still mournfully abundant on every hand, but the material condition of the people has greatly improved since the period of the Chartist riots. The influence, direct and indirect, of a hereditary aristocracy is to-day manifest enough, yet it has been immensely abridged by the recent extension of the franchise. Dissenters and unbelievers must still contribute, against their will, to the support of an established church, yet religious freedom has had a rapid expansion during the last quarter of a century. The British government, more and more influenced by the people, is extending a wider protection to the helpless classes. Primary

education has been brought within the reach of the poorest. Higher education has been freed from conditions that beget hypocrisy in the morally weak and obstruct the path of the conscientious. An able, enlightened, and independent press attacks abuses and redresses wrongs. Fortunately, the flexible English Constitutions lends itself to progress without revolution. The nation has become conscious of its organic life and proudly takes its place by the side of the New German Empire, United Italy, and Republican France, in the rapid growth and consolidation of constitutional liberty—liberty regulated by law and the just administration of law. The transition, since the battle of Leipsig and its supplementary battle of Waterloo, in the direction of the tempered and enlightened freedom of the masses, in all civilized lands, has been amazing, and fills the breast of any sincere and thoughtful student of history with the liveliest hope for the permanent advancement and well-being of mankind.

PART III.

TO THE ANTIPODES.

CHAPTER I.

FROM LONDON TO PORT SAID.—THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

ON the first of September, 1887, I embarked at Gravesend Reach, off Tilbury, in the lower Thames, for Australia. A gale was blowing outside, and the steamship "Austral" remained at anchor all night. We got under way the following morning. Not knowing a soul on board, I had nothing to do but observe the rest, and to study out on good maps any places noted in history as we passed them.

We leave behind us great London, with its four and a half millions of inhabitants, with its palaces and public buildings, with its thousand places of worship, with its vast accumulations of this world's goods, with its hundreds of acres of docks, with its ships that come and go from and to the ends of the earth, with its riches and poverty, with its glories and shames,—the central city of the globe. We pass Tilbury Fort, on the left. Soon we leave Gravesend and sail into Sea Reach, where fortifications on both sides protect the metropolis of England from the approach of hostile ships. We go by the mouth of the Medway on

the right, and the pleasant shore of Southend on the left. The fortifications of the Isle of Grain and Sheerness, which guard the lair of the modern sea-dogs, are in full view. The word "Nore," painted on a light ship, calls up more naval history than I can here recount. Under the heights of Chatham yonder are great naval dockyards. The coast of Kent comes in sight, with its long centuries of historical recollections. The chalk cliffs rise abruptly on the receding shore, and we soon enter the straits of Dover. Watering places, Hastings, St. Leonard's, Eastbourne, Brighton, to which all aristocratic England flows in the course of the summer, nestle at the foot of the high downs, after we sail by the shingly flat of Dungenness. The Isle of Wight, Spithead, Portsmouth, Southampton, Cowes, Bonchurch, Ventnor, we pass by, while the gale lashes the shallow waters of the channel into foam, doing damage to small craft, and blowing down buildings here and there on shore. Our great ship rides steadily the angry small waves, that only seem to forecast the billows of the great ocean.

The curious chalk "Needles," cut into shape by the sea, mark the western shore of the Isle of Wight. On that island my ancestors are buried. There is an extinct earldom of Wight, which, if I had been born in England, I would have regained or perished in the attempt.

Past Bournemouth and St. Alban's Head, we steer toward Portland, plunge through the agitated

waters of Portland Race, cross West Bay, in sight of Torquay, towards the Start Promontory, then coast along the rocky shore, till we reach Plymouth, where the steamship enters the harbor.

At sight of Plymouth the heart of an American beats quicker. From its harbor sailed the Mayflower in 1620, with its precious cargo of Pilgrim Fathers, who founded New England. The names of Frobisher, Drake, and Hawkins, associated with Plymouth, carry us back to the age of discoveries. Vancouver sailed from Plymouth to found British Columbia on the western shore of North America. From there Cook sailed to make discoveries in the islands of the Pacific ocean and to found New South Wales.

Plymouth, with its suburbs, has 200,000 inhabitants. A break-water, nearly a mile long, costing two millions of pounds sterling, has made there a safe harbor, which is protected by great fortifications. The neighboring moorlands of Devon and Cornwall make Plymouth a pleasant place of sojourn. Many passengers come down from London by railroad to take the ship here. Many disembark, who have come round from the Thames on the ship to Plymouth, in order to accompany their friends a little way on their journey to the other side of the world.

A little out of Plymouth we pass the Eddystone rocks, then cross the Chops of the Channel, where England and France have fought two great duels. The French island of Ushant comes in sight, whose

inhabitants passed out of the old heathendom only a century or two ago, about the time when many other inhabitants of France passed into the new heathendom. Ushant is the northern cape of the Bay of Biscay, into which roll the great seas of the stormy northern Atlantic, giving it an evil reputation. We find it calm as a pond and sail over it in twenty-four hours. The cool atmosphere of the north changes in a day to the sultriness of the south.

Cape Finisterre, the other horn of the Bay of Biscay, greets us, and Coruña in the distance recalls Sir John Moore, who died in the moment of victory. As we sail over the dark, deep sea, some one reminds us that somewhere beneath us lies the "Captain," a turret-ship that went down with a crew of 500 brave Englishmen on board. On we go, like the elements that take no rest, by Oporto, of port wine renown, along the straight coast of Portugal, around the Berlingas, whose rocks frown over the sea. We pass Torres-Vedras, where Wellington began the conflict that ended at Waterloo. Before reaching Cintra, we behold with a good glass, which the kindly, intelligent captain of the Austral holds to our eyes, the Mafra Palace, the largest building in the world, except the Vatican. "Monte Serrato" is discernible, far off in Cintra, in the midst of Australian gum-trees, with vineyards on the slope, from which comes the precious Lisbon wine.

"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen,
Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gate?"

A glimpse is caught of Lisbon itself, just before we come to the mouth of the Tagus. The cliffs of Cape Espichel appear, and beyond them, the port of Setubal, with its orange groves, Portuguese, Moorish, Roman, Phœnician, as we gaze backward in the vista of history. Cape St. Vincent is sighted ahead. The city of Seville is not far away, and the vineyards of Xeres are easily recalled by one who has ever tasted their precious wines. We are on the very sea where Lord St. Vincent won his great naval victory in 1797. From this coast sailed the Portuguese vessels that discovered so many distant lands and islands, which the Dutch seized in turn, to be followed by the English. Passing the Portuguese shore, we see Cape Trafalgar, on the Spanish coast, where Nelson won his greatest victory, destroying the combined French and Spanish fleets, twice the size of his own, and losing his life at the supreme moment of victory.

Passing the Algeciras, on the Spanish coast, we enter the straits of Gibraltar, between the "Pillars of Hercules." The passage is only eight miles wide. There is a strong inflow of water from the Atlantic Ocean. The current, when not interfered with by the tide, flows at the rate of four miles an hour,

and is two hundred fathoms deep. The evaporation from the surface of the Mediterranean Sea has to be supplied from the great reservoir of the Atlantic. If the Straits of Gibraltar were to be closed by some convulsion of nature, the waters of the Mediterranean would disappear, under the southern sun, notwithstanding the inflow of many great rivers. It is quite probable that the great Sahara Desert is the bed of an evaporated sea. It has been proposed to flood the low-lying basin of the Desert, by letting water into it from the ocean. The size of the Gibraltar current, eight miles wide and six hundred feet deep, would fairly indicate the amount of excavation that would be necessary to make the experiment successful.

Through the Straits of Gibraltar the old Phœnician navigators boldly sailed, along the European coast as far as England, and down the African shore to an unknown distance. They even made attempts to sail round Africa, although they did not succeed in this direction. They did succeed, however, in the opposite direction, from the Red Sea, and came home by the "Pillars of Hercules." The Greeks passed through the straits, but did not venture so far as the Phœnicians.

The famous Rock of Gibraltar is one of the pillars of the strait. Ceuta, on the opposite shore, is the other. The English have possessed it since 1704. The Spaniards and French have tried in vain to dislodge them. The fortress is impregnable.

It does not command the wide channel, but it affords shelter for English ships, where they can obtain coal and other supplies. Thus it is the key to the Mediterranean Sea. The English will hold it as long as they choose, for no nation, nor combination of nations, can wrest it from them. We see it by the morning sun, frowning far over the agitated waters, bidding defiance to all comers, symboling the wide dominion of the greatest maritime power on earth.

We sail sixty miles and espy Malaga, at the foot of a mountain range, beyond which, out of sight, is Granada, with its famous Alhambra. We pass, on the right, the little Spanish island of Alboran, the home of smugglers, the former rendezvous of pirates, and then catch a glimpse of the Sierra Nevada. The stormy Gulf of Lyons is crossed, where contending winds are always wrestling on the angry sea. We pass by the southern end of rocky Sardinia, which is the largest of Italian islands, even larger than Sicily. We take a straight line for Naples, where we lay in the beautiful bay, all day long, under a broiling September sun. I have described the Bay of Naples before in this book, and it is not necessary to describe it here again.

Cholera was in Naples, notwithstanding which many passengers went ashore and explored the city. Other passengers came on board, who had crossed the continent of Europe by railroad, in order to escape some days of a long sea voyage. Among

the new comers were a noble lord, and an Irish member of Parliament. The "oldest inhabitants" of the ship, those who had embarked in London, never quite fraternized with the "parvenu" passengers, and constituted an aristocracy by themselves. We then had a community of over nine hundred souls on the great steamship. The Orient line, sailing direct to Australia, carries third class, as well as first and second class, passengers. The Peninsular and Oriental boats, sailing direct to India, carry only first and second class, and are therefore not so crowded.

On we journey, through the Straits of Messina, between Scylla and Charybdis, in view of smoking Ætna, round the rocky southern end of Italy, over the placid eastern Mediterranean, along the mountainous shore of Crete, to Port Said, at the entrance to the Suez Canal. We sail by the Damietta mouth of the Nile, and almost over the scenes of the naval battles of the Nile and Aboukir. Alexandria is too far away, and not even a glimpse of it is caught. The Mediterranean is the watery highway between Europe, Africa and Asia. Around it has gathered the civilization of the world, since the dawn of history. "The grand object of all traveling," said Dr. Johnson, "is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above the savages, has come

to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." As Byron sang, with his incomparable poetic eloquence:

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts;—not so thou;—
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

CHAPTER II.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

According to Herodotus, Pharaoh Neco projected and partially constructed a canal, from a point on the Red Sea about a mile and a half from Suez, to Bubastis, on the eastern, or Pelusiac, branch of the Nile. Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny, ascribe the great public improvement of antiquity to Sesostris. Herodotus was probably correct, for Sesostris is a half-mythical, while Pharaoh Necho is a real personage. The ancient canal, which was commenced 600 years before the Christian era, was ninety-two miles long. It ran in a north-westerly direction, through a series of natural depressions. The labor of men cut sixty miles of it. Its width was from 108 to 165 feet. Its depth was fifteen feet. Pliny says it was thirty feet deep, but he must be wrong, for no ships of antiquity drew so much water, and it is not probable that money for human labor would be squandered on entirely unnecessary excavation. The work begun by Necho was finished, according to some, by the Persian King Darius, or, according to others, by the Ptolemies. Notwithstanding conflicting accounts of the details of its construction,

it is entirely certain that such an ancient canal existed, through which commerce was carried on in ships between the Mediterranean and Red Seas.

At length the canal became choked up with the sands. It was reopened by the Emperor Trajan in the early part of the second century. The sands again filled, or partly filled it up, and so it remained, until the Calif Omar sent his general Amrou to conquer Egypt. By him the ancient water-way was again opened to commerce. The winds and the sands continued to busy themselves with the works of man, and the navigation of the canal was closed in 767.

To it Napoleon turned his attention, during his famous expedition to Egypt. He set his engineers surveying the isthmus between the two seas, in order to determine the feasibility of reconstructing the ancient work. Singularly enough, the French engineers reported that the level of the Mediterranean Sea is thirty feet lower than the level of the Red Sea. If that were the case, through the ancient canal, when it was first opened, would have poured a current swifter than that of the lower Mississippi, a current that would have cut and kept perpetually open a channel greater than the Bosphorus or the Helespont.

In 1847, France, England, and Austria, united in a commission to determine accurately the level of the two seas. The engineers employed reported, as might have been expected, that the Mediterranean and the Red Seas have precisely the same

mean level. There is only a slight difference of the tides. In 1853 another measurement was made with the same results. Mr. Stephenson, the English commissioner, reported strongly against the feasibility of a canal suited to the exigencies of modern commerce. Just as though the European nations of to-day, with all the engineering appliances of the age, could not accomplish what Pharaoh Necho, Trajan, and the Calif Omar, had found practicable. Stephenson recommended a railroad from Cairo to Suez, which was constructed. M. Talabot, the French commissioner, published a detailed counter statement, in favor of a ship canal from Suez to a point six miles below Alexandria.

In 1854, however, M. de Lesseps, a member of the French legation in Egypt, appeared on the field, with a proposition to abandon the course of the ancient canal, and to make a straight cut from sea to sea, 144 feet wide at the bottom, 262 feet wide at the surface, and twenty-two and one-half feet deep. In 1856 he obtained a concession, in other words, the exclusive permission, from the Egyptian government, to construct such a canal from Tyneh to Suez. The most striking feature of M. de Lessep's plan was the construction of an artificial harbor five miles out into the Mediterranean, and another three miles out into the Gulf of Suez. In 1855 a third European commission, appointed to examine the ground, reported in favor of the feasibility of M. de Lessep's plan. A joint-

stock company was formed, with a capital of £8,000,000, which was subsequently increased. Saïd, the Pasha of Egypt, subscribed for a large amount of stock, and gave a subsidy of land. The work was commenced at the close of 1860, and finished in 1869. With the success of the undertaking the opposition of the English ceased. In 1875 the British government purchased the shares of the Khedive, 176,602 out of 400,000, for the round sum of £4,000,000.

We approached Port Said, a city of 10,000 inhabitants, which had its birth with the canal, between two artificial piers, one 6,000 feet long, the other 7,000, which are 2,300 feet apart at the sea end, and 4,600 feet apart at the shore end. The longer pier bends round the end of the shorter one, in the arc of a circle, so as to enclose the port from the action of the sea, and to shut out the silt washed in by the waves. These piers are constructed of artificial blocks, weighing ten tons each, composed of one part of hydraulic cement and two parts of sand, ground into a paste, moulded in a strong cubical box, and dried in the sun. Each block contains ten cubic mètres. The piers seem durable, and the artificial blocks are said to stand the pounding of the waves as well as natural stone. There is an inner port within this outer harbor, 870 yards by 500, which is kept dredged to the uniform depth of thirty feet.

We remained two days at Port Said. No passenger was allowed to land, nor any native to

go on board the ship, because we had come from the infected port of Naples. Consequently, the ship's crew had to do the coaling, and to carry on board and stow 500 tons of dried fruit for Australia. The Arabs of the port, who can load 200 tons of coal in one hour, were forbidden by the Egyptian quarantine officers to approach the steamer. The burning sun and clouds of coal dust made the sojourn exceedingly disagreeable.

At length we got under way, early in the morning. The first twenty miles of the canal run through Lake Menzaleh, a lagoon from one to ten feet deep. The canal is here twenty-six feet deep, twenty-six yards wide at the bottom, and 112 yards wide at the top. The clay and silt dredged out to make the channel is piled up on either side to make an artificial embankment fifteen feet high. The scene was dreary in the extreme. The lagoon, beyond the embankments, extends as far as the eye can see. Endless flocks of birds were winging their way westward over the marsh. On the embankments, ahead of us, were long rows of pelicans, and white flamingoes rose in the air, showing their pink breasts, like pale floating flames above the desert of stagnant waters.

The distance from Lake Menzaleh to Abu Ballah Lake is eleven miles. The cutting there was from fifteen to thirty feet in solid ground. From Abu Ballah Lake to Temsah Lake there are eleven miles of cutting from thirty to eighty feet deep. Across the latter lake the distance is

only three miles. At El Guisr, on this stretch of eleven miles between the lakes, the cutting reached, for a short distance, nearly 100 feet deep. This portion of the canal is somewhat winding, and in it ships sometimes get across the channel and block the way. And here crosses the great caravan route between Asia and Africa.

Ismailia, on the western shore of Lake Temsah, is a town of 5,000 inhabitants, and is regarded as the half-way place on the canal. A railway runs from it to Suez, and another to Alexandria. There comes in the canal from the Nile, to supply the shipping and the inhabitants with fresh water. A branch extends southward to Suez, and a pipe has been laid northward to Port Said. It is curious to observe what a rank growth of vegetation springs up wherever any fresh water from this system of supply reaches, by leakage or otherwise, the desert earth.

The Khedive has a summer palace at Ismailia. At the grand opening of the canal, in November, 1869, assembled here were distinguished guests from all Europe, among others the Empress Eugenie, the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince, now the Emperor of Germany, and the Khedive. It was a gala day for all commercial nations.

In 1882, when the English were making war on Arabi, Sir G. Woolsey seized Ismailia and made it the base of supplies. The material for 20,000 men was landed there and forwarded after

the army that was moving into Egypt by the railroad and the navigable fresh-water canal. After the storming of Tel-el-Kebeer, the life of the suddenly awakened town as suddenly departed.

It is worthy of note that the drainage of Ismailia was into the fresh-water canal. There, as elsewhere, the nasty human animal, with perverse ingenuity, contrived a way to swallow his own excrement by running his drainage into his drinking water. The town was visited by fever and became nearly uninhabitable. The visitation of fever was charged up to Allah by the Arabs, who are not much behind the Christians in laying the consequences of their own stupidity and sin to the Deity.

From Lake Temsah to the Bitter Lake there is a cutting of eight miles, varying from thirty to sixty-two feet deep. The water was let into the canal there by the Prince and Princess of Wales, February 28, 1869. This portion of the canal is called the "Serapeum Cutting," from an ancient monument in the neighborhood. A channel was made through the shallow Bitter Lakes, partly by dredging, and partly by embankments, as through Menzaleh Lakes. From these lakes to the Ishthmus of Suez there is a cutting of thirteen miles, from thirty to fifty-six feet deep, through the stony plateau of Chalouf. At its entrance into the Red Sea, the channel is preserved by long moles.

The canal is eighty-seven geographical, or about

100 statute, miles long. One-fourth of it is through lakes or lagoons. It is, or was intended to be, twenty-six feet deep, and seventy-two feet wide on the bottom, throughout its entire length. The tide of the Red Sea (about six and a half feet) is felt as far as the Bitter Lakes. Ships pass each other by means of "sidings," or "gares," into which they go and wait for their turn, as indicated by signals. Large ships go through the canal with less difficulty than small ones, owing to the fact that they are less liable to get across the channel.

Many laborers are now busy enlarging the canal in its narrower places, and it is constantly kept clear of sands, that drift in from the deserts, by dredging. The regulation speed of steamers is five or six knots an hour. The usual time of making the passage is two days. Herodotus says that ships passed through the ancient canal in four days.

The Suez Canal has been a great success, and has made the name of M. de Lesseps famous in all lands. The engineering difficulties were not great. An army of laborers was required, which Egypt could easily supply. The whole cost was £12,000,000. Four-fifths of the shipping that passes through it is British. The enormous tolls produce a revenue large enough to keep the work in repair and to pay good interest on the outlay. It abridges the time from Hamburg or London to Bombay, by twenty-four days; from Marseilles or

Genoa, thirty days; from Trieste, thirty-seven days. The benefit to English commerce, by shortening the distance to British India and the Australian colonies, is worth more than the cost of the work.

CHAPTER III.

THE RED SEA.

We were detained at Suez, as at Port Said, and for the same reason. We were at the ancient crossing place between Asia and Africa. The port, with its fine new docks, is a mile and a half from the old town of Suez. Arab boys, with their donkeys, stood along the shore, ready to convey passengers from the steamer to the Egyptian bazaars of the neighboring city, but the quarantine officers would permit none of us to land. In some mysterious way we might convey cholera from Naples to Suez.

The Red Sea might have been called the sea of the desert, for not a single stream enters it, in its entire circumference of three thousand miles. While we were in port, there was a shower lasting ten minutes, which was the first rainfall there in three years. The whole region is arid. The sea is kept from drying up by a perpetual influx of water, through the Straits of Bab-El-Mandeb, from the Indian Ocean.

"When," says Professor Tyndall, "the Alpine sun is setting, or better still, some time after it has set, leaving the limbs and shoulders of the

mountains in shadow, while their snowy crests are bathed by the retreating light, the snow glows with a beauty and solemnity hardly equaled by any other natural phenomenon. So, also, when first illuminated by the rays of the unrisen sun, the mountain heads, under favorable atmospheric conditions, shine like rubies. And all this splendor is evoked by the simple mechanism of minute particles, themselves without color, suspended in the air. Those who referred the extraordinary succession of atmospheric glows, witnessed some years ago, to a vast and violent discharge of volcanic ashes, were dealing with 'a true cause.' The fine floating residue of such ashes would undoubtedly be able to produce the effect ascribed to it. Still the mechanism to produce the morning and evening red, though of variable efficiency, is always present in the atmosphere. I have seen displays, equal in magnificence to the finest of those above referred to, when there was no special volcanic outburst to which they could be referred. It was the long-continued repetition of the glows which rendered the volcanic theory highly probable."

In my judgment, we have here the true scientific explanation of the perpetual phenomenon of color, around and on the Red Sea, from which it derives its name. The finest dust rises from the arid deserts, both of Egypt and Arabia, and floats in the atmosphere over the narrow sea. Through this dust, especially at morning and

evening, the sun, in a cloudless sky, showers a ruby glow. No residue of volcanic dust could be finer or more abundant than the dust of the deserts. This dust is indeed so abundant, especially when a strong wind blows from the Arabian shore, that it settles on the deck of a ship, a hundred miles away, so thick that you can write your name in it. Through the everlasting omnipresent dust-mist of the parched air, the sun spreads a canopy of all colors blended into a diffused red. Certain it is that the atmosphere over the sea has a ruby tint, that is frequently reflected from the water, especially at the hour of sunrise or sunset.

The transition from the soft azure color of the water and sky of the Mediterranean, to the porphyry tint of the Red Sea, is so striking as to arrest attention at once and direct the mind in search of a cause. The soft haze resting on the Mediterranean gives one a pleasing sense of repose. The metallic clearness and hardness of the atmosphere over the Red Sea makes one feel restless, as though he were under a vast dome of heated and burnished steel.

The Red Sea is 1,200 miles long, running in N. N. W. and S. S. E. direction. It is shaped like a long-handled fork, with two short tines at the northern end. The western tine is the Gulf of Suez. The eastern tine is the Gulf of Akaba. Between the two gulfs is the Sinaitic Peninsula.

On the left, as we leave Suez, the officers of the ship point out the palm tree, in a little oasis,

which is said to mark the Well of Moses. The gulf as it opens into the sea, is about thirty miles wide. There are mountains of barren rock on both sides. Those on the left side, toward the end of the Sinai Peninsula, rise to a height of 9,000 feet. All the passengers were eager to get a view of the sacred Mount, on which the Law was given to Moses. We first passed Mount Serbal, with its five peaks, the most imposing in the Sinaitic Range, which the Fathers of the Church regarded as the Sinai of Moses. We next passed the Jebel Katherin, which is still higher. Lastly, we passed the peak of Um Shaumur, which is the highest of all. It is probable that none of these peaks, that stood so imposing in the foreground, was the veritable Sinai of Moses. The purser of the ship, a well-informed gentleman, directed our attention to a range further off, near the Gulf of Akaba, the northern summit of which is Mount Horeb, the southern summit of which is called by the Arabs Jebel-Mûsa, the Mount of Moses. As we sailed along the end of the peninsula, the captain kindly lent me his powerful glass and I gazed devoutly at Jebel-Mûsa as the veritable place where God gave, through Moses, to the human race Commandments that have enlightened a hundred generations, and still guide us in the path of duty.

We soon pass the Island of Jubal, then the Island of Shadwan, at a late hour in the evening. About 100 miles further on, in the morning, we

pass two striking islands, called the Brothers by the officers of the ship, which lie off Kosseir, a port on the Egyptian shore to the right. At this port Sir R. Abercrombie landed with an Indian contingent in 1802 and marched to Cairo. Here the Nile approaches nearest to the Red Sea. At nightfall we reach, 165 miles farther, the latitude of Berenice on the Egyptian shore, opposite to the first cataract of the Nile, which is inland 130 miles. On the Arabian shore, is the port of Jembo, from which the distance to Medina, the City of the Prophet, is 130 miles.

A further course of 170 miles, between desert shores, carries us past Jiddah, the port on the Arabian side, where pilgrims for Mecca land. The fanatical Mohamedans of Jiddah, in 1858, rose against the Christians residing there for the purpose of trade, and massacred many of them. The British promptly bombarded the town in retaliation. England never fails to protect her subjects, in any part of the world; to defend their rights, to redress their grievances, to avenge their wrongs. Mecca is only 60 miles from Jiddah. One could go there in a day, if the fanatical inhabitants would permit "infidel dogs" to visit their holy city. It is said that, of late years, the number of pilgrims is gradually falling off. Even superstitions perish in the fullness of time.

We sail another hundred miles and come to the Dhalac Archipelago, behind which lie the island of Massowah and the port of Annesley Bay. There

England landed an expedition in 1867, to punish the Abyssinians, whose country is reached by crossing a narrow strip of Egyptian territory that lies along the shore. A little farther on we pass the volcano of Jebel Teir, the Guano islands of Zebayer and Jebel Zukur, and the Hanish islands. Thirty-five miles beyond we pass the Arabian port of Mocha, from which the best coffee comes. We reach Perim, forty miles further, a small island, three miles long, one mile wide, standing in the mouth of the Red Sea, with a light house 250 feet high, just as the sun, a great blazing globe of fire, is dropping behind the Egyptian hills on the near shore. The huge steamship ploughs its way through the Straits of Bab-El-Mandeb, 'the Gate of Tears,' so called by the Arabians on account of the numerous wrecks there, into the Gulf of Aden, an inlet of the Indian Ocean.

If there is such a place as that whose name has been politely changed by the revisors of the Scriptures, the Red Sea is certainly the highway to it. A mild breeze, blowing from the north, just kept pace with the ship, so that we were practically in a dead calm all the way. The water of the sea, drawn for a bath from more than twenty feet below the surface, was 92°, F., hot. The captain, a truthful man, said he had once found it 98°. A temperature of 100° and over has been reported. The air was much hotter than the water. A night temperature of 104° was observed. The rays of the blazing sun at mid-day, out of the ruby-colored

sky, were like shafts of subtle flame. Passengers on ships going the other way, against the breeze, had much the advantage of us.

There is a small British garrison at Perim, stationed there, it is said, to keep enemies out of the Red Sea. I have never seen a place into which it would be more desirable to entice an enemy.

On the African shore, opposite to Aden, the Italians have made fortifications and stationed an army, for what purpose it would be hard to tell. The King of Abyssinia went down from his cool capital, 9,000 feet high, to drive the Italians away. As soon as he struck the hot desert, he very sensibly returned, without waiting to strike a blow. He probably concluded wisely, not to do what the burning elements were doing for him.

One night we had a wind from the Arabian desert, that covered the deck of our ship visibly with fine dust, although the shore was more than fifty miles away. We had to breathe the hot dust, which burned in the lungs like flame. In the red dawn, ship and passengers were ruby-gray with the shower of infinitely fine particles blown from the rainless land beyond the watery horizon.

Just two months earlier I was at the North Cape, enjoying the midnight sun and the cool air. The transition to the Red Sea, over which the heavens were like molten brass, whose waters were hot under the blaze of a volcanic sun, whose shores were ablaze with sandy deserts and naked

porphyry rocks, was simply terrible. A dozen second-class passengers were overtaken with sunstroke, all of whom were saved by the skill and energy of two young physicians, recent graduates in medicine, who were going out to Australia to seek their professional fortune. The faces of all on board wore a look of anguish and foreboding. The wrecks strewn on the reefs around the islands, among which we were passing, filled the imagination with pictures of suffering: we were making an appropriate exit from the Red Sea through "the Gate of Tears."

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN OCEAN.

A RUN of ninety miles brought us to Aden, where it is hotter, if possible, than in the Red Sea. The ship lay there long enough to take on 2,000 tons of coal; sufficient for a voyage of more than 6,000 miles, across the Indian Ocean.

Aden is a city of about 35,000 inhabitants, on a peninsula of the same name running out into the sea at the south-west angle of Arabia. The town is built in the crater of an extinct volcano. The peninsula contains about twenty square miles, and was doubtless formed by a volcano of submarine origin. A series of hills, on the portion of the peninsula projecting farthest into the Gulf of Aden, reach an elevation of 1,700 feet. A low sandy tract connects the elevated portion with the mainland. The city, the adjacent desert country, and the sea are indescribably hot. It seemed as if an eruption from the pent-up fires in the earth would cool the air; at all events could not make it hotter.

This "Emporium Romanum" was known to Pliny and other writers of antiquity. It was once

the chief mart of Asiatic trade. The everlasting Chinese had commerce there. Marco Polo and other voyagers of the middle ages told marvelous stories of its splendor and riches. The indefatigable Venetians brought precious goods from the East by the way of Aden. The place fell into the hands of the insatiable British in 1839. A ship wrecked on the Arabian coast the year previous, the passengers of which were plundered and ill-treated, afforded the occasion for acquiring the city and the peninsula on which it stands. A treaty was at first formed with a feeble sultan, who ceded Aden by way of restitution for injury done to the passengers of the wrecked ship. The treaty, however, had to be enforced by arms. Fortifications were built, and strongly garrisoned. This stronghold, near the entrance to the Red Sea, occupies a place similar to that of Gibraltar at the mouth of the Mediterranean.

Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Aden, give the English command of the great highway of commerce between the Atlantic and Indian oceans, between the West and the East. Yet, strangely enough, some Englishman, now and then, comes forward, in a London newspaper, to demonstrate, in his own opinion, why the British government should abandon its fortresses on this route, and rely on the long voyage by the way of the Cape, not only for commerce with Australia and Asia, but also for the defense of India. Among the advocates for giving up Gibraltar, Malta, the Suez Canal,

and Aden, were the late General Gordon and his brother H. W. Gordon. I reproduce here a trenchant answer to the "giving up" policy, by Sir Samuel W. Baker, in a communication to the *London Times*, not because I wish particularly to endorse his views, but because his communication admirably supplements my account of the journey made through the Mediterranean and Red Seas, and clearly points out, from a British naval standpoint, the national significance of the route to the East by way of the Suez Canal:

"The year 1869 witnessed the completion of a great undertaking—the opening of the Suez Canal. The indefatigable promoter, M. de Lesseps, triumphed over all difficulties, natural and political, including the passive opposition of England to the important operation which was supposed to rivet the claims of France to predominant influence in Egypt. A vast crowd, embracing many members of royal families in Europe, assembled at the invitation of the great Khedive Ismail upon the banks of the canal, to grace the inauguration of this thin silver line which severed the isthmus, and thus connected the hitherto parted seas of East and West; Africa was separated from Asia.

"The commercial world quickly perceived the advantages of the new route. An immense development of the steam mercantile marine was the immediate result, and the Red Sea became the acknowledged channel or highway for European commerce towards the East. England, who had been hostile to the undertaking, became a shareholder to the extent of four millions sterling (now worth about twelve millions), and at the present time we represent three-fourths of the tonnage which annually passes through the Suez Canal.

"We are now informed by certain authorities that the

canal is a mistake, that the Cape of Good Hope is the only safe and dependable route for the decayed manhood of England, who cannot protect the Suez Canal in time of war, who cannot show their pale faces in the Mediterranean, who cannot defend Malta against an enemy; and therefore we are advised to give up Malta in time of peace rather than have to surrender it with a loss of prestige in time of war, for fall it must if the French fleet were at large in the Mediterranean while ours was at Gibraltar.

"Every individual has a right to his opinion, and the bewildered public who have only heard of the canal and of the Cape of Good Hope route may be perplexed at the contradictory opinions that are expressed by those who are supposed to be personally experienced. I have been round the Cape to Ceylon, and I have traveled overland frequently *via* the Isthmus of Suez long before a railway was contemplated, when caravans crossed the desert from Cairo. I have also passed through the canal so many times that I could not immediately recall the number. My own experience would lead me to shun the Cape route at any time and to secure the canal route at all times.

"It may be argued that the necessities of war alter the conditions of the voyage, and that the route to the Cape will be secure, while the route through the Mediterranean would be full of risks, in the event of a war with France.

"I reply that both routes must be rendered secure by England, and that our present occupation of Egypt is simply ridiculous, unless our object is the protection of the Suez Canal. Rather than yield the protection of that canal to another power, or even abandon it to the chances and risks of Egyptian protection, I would make it a *casus belli*, and confront all adversaries with all the power of Great and Greater Britain. Every colony would join the mother country in the struggle, from Australia to Ceylon, to preserve the passage that would be fatal to their interests, and even to their existence, should the Suez Canal fall to the possession of a hostile power.

"Those who argue that England should abandon the Suez Canal in favor of the Cape route are simply advocating a policy of retrogression, forgetting that if we return to the old Atlantic route the enemy will have the advantage of the canal, which the entire civilized world has accepted as the natural channel towards the East. If, therefore, we leave the Suez Canal in the hands of the French, what would be the use of Aden? The same authority who advocates the evacuation of Malta in time of peace would suggest the abandonment of Aden. If we cannot hold the Mediterranean in time of war, with Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and Port Said as coaling stations, how could we hold Aden, only four days' steaming from Suez, should a French fleet be in possession of the canal, with Suez as a base of operations for supplies? Aden could be blockaded by a hostile squadron without hope of relief, as the French would concentrate any naval force required, without risk of interruption, having the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, and the Red Sea entirely in their own hands. Aden would be starved out. Even now it is dependent upon steam condensers for a supply of water, as the tanks are in a chronic state of exhaustion. These strongholds depend upon our maritime superiority, and would be worthless should any power secure a naval ascendancy.

"It is a common error when discussing the relative strength of navies to ignore the enormous importance of coaling stations. Red-hot arguments are introduced *pro* and *con* certain classes of vessels, while the great fact is ignored that all the navies of the world would be useless should there be a lack of fuel. The great maritime power must possess an unbroken line of coaling stations throughout all the commercial highways which connect our colonies; those stations must be adequately fortified. England alone possesses such coal depots throughout the globe, and France or any other power would be discovered helpless in time of war, should our fleets be handled with the dexterity which gained for England the renown that must always be upheld.

"If Malta and Cyprus together with Egypt were given up, who would be the new tenant? We might as well give up Gibraltar, the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, Ireland, India, or any other valuable and indispensable portion of the empire, but the month of our evacuation would find France firmly planted in our abandoned boots with spurs that would be used against her retreating adversary.

"It is a fallacy to suppose that the possession of Gibraltar prevents the ingress or egress of an enemy; a fleet can pass the straits during the night without being perceived, if lights are extinguished, and should the argument be pressed, that our evacuation of the Mediterranean would leave our fleets free for home defence, how could we prevent an enemy from using the Straits of Gibraltar, even should he be clearly distinguished when passing through, unless we had a powerful fleet watching the narrow passage?

"'Giving up,' has unfortunately become a policy of our decadence, and the world knows it. The moment that some grave difficulty appears to thwart our influence, we prepare ourselves to yield, instead of to resist. The Transvaal, Candahar, to say nothing of a retreat from Suakin and the Soudan, the case of the Alabama, and such ancient history, have impressed the minds of foreigners with the belief that England will certainly yield to pressure, provided that such pressure shall be boldly and determinedly exerted. We are therefore pressed to evacuate Egypt, and the external force is aided by those of our own countrymen in our midst who propose to give up Malta! Some years ago a distinguished admiral in your columns advocated the abandonment of Gibraltar!

"All these authorities are entitled to a hearing, and their arguments deserve attention as exhibiting the peculiar constitution of certain minds which act as brakes upon the wheels of progress, and thereby tend to safeguard the empire from rash extension. On the other hand there can be little doubt that a nation which has become great through the force of arms can never safely retreat from strategical positions

(which would assuredly be occupied by the enemy) without a loss of reputation, to be followed by contempt. If England separates from Ireland through the pressure of discontent; if she retreats from Egypt from the fear of France; if she gives up one inch of her possessions in the Mediterranean because she is afraid to maintain them by her guns; if she yields the passage of the Suez Canal to her adversary, while her fleets slink furtively into the obscurity of the Atlantic, to escape from the danger of a French attack, then let her haul down the flag that has hitherto ruled the waves, and cease to boast that 'the sun never sets upon her might.'"

We rounded Cape Guardafui, the most eastern point of Africa, 376 miles beyond Aden. We coasted nearly all day along the Somal country, which lies east of the Galla country. The latter lies east and south of Abyssinia, and is of immense exent. We were sometimes within gunshot distance of the Somal shore. In some places, there was a wide strip of flat land bordering the sea; in other places, the bald cliffs of naked rock rose almost perpendicular from the water's edge. Europeans have penetrated a short distance inland, from the northern shore, in a few places; otherwise the country has not been explored. The inhabitants are tall, agile, slight, with woolly hair, yet with lips and noses more Grecian than Hamitic. They are darker than the Arabs, who have migrated to the country in considerable numbers since the fifteenth century. The Somal as well as the Galla people are very different from the negroes. It is said that the interior of the Somal country is a vast grassy plateau, where antelopes, zebras, and gazelles roam

in herds, where the elephant, ostrich, and giraffe are found in great numbers. The inhabitants are fanatical Mohamedans and hostile to strangers. If a ship were wrecked on any of these shores, except immediately about Aden, the passengers would be plundered and subjected to the worst ill-treatment.

Beyond Cape Guardafui, we passed the island of Socotra, which is eighty miles long and twenty broad. The borders are unfertile, but the interior is a pastoral table-land, 800 feet above the sea level, from which granite ridges rise to the height of nearly 5,000 feet. There are about 5,000 inhabitants, whose chief occupation is raising flocks and herds. They also cultivate the aloe plant, and gather a commercial product from the dragon's-blood gum tree. The British control the island, since 1876, by treaty with the Sultan, to whom they grant a subsidy.

After passing Socotra we saw no land again, until we approached the western shore of Australia. We only saw two ships on the long voyage. The steamers of the Orient line usually stop at Diego Garcia to coal, but we sailed farther north, along the line of the equator. The vertical sun was hot enough, but the tropics in the Indian Ocean are less oppressive than in the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden.

At about the one hundreth degree of eastern longtitude, far east of India, we turned rather abruptly south and encountered a heavy gale of

three days' duration. Great billows evidently rolling from the Antarctic Ocean, over 10,000 miles of open sea, tossed our steamer about like a plaything. There seemed to be no real danger, yet the constant rolling and pitching of the huge ship made life on "the ocean wave" very unpleasant. I was thrown from one side of the spar deck to the other and received a blow in the side, from which I have not yet fully recovered. Several passengers received bruises which, fortunately, were rather painful than dangerous. The whole voyage was made without a "burial at sea," either from accident or sickness. The winds of the Indian Ocean present a subject altogether too complex to be discussed here.

At length we caught a glimpse of the bold highlands around Cape Leeuwin. Everybody rejoiced at the sight of land. The albatross and the cape-pigeon ceased their flight, and we had leisure to observe the constellations in the southern heavens. The "southern cross" is much more brilliant in poetry than in the sky. It required three days of swift sailing to cross the Great Australian Bight, from Cape Leeuwin to Adelaide.

We landed at the port of Adelaide in just twenty-one days after leaving Aden, during which time the machinery of the great steamship had not ceased its motion. A few passengers disembarked there. Several of us landed, went by railroad a distance of six or eight miles to the city of Adelaide, explored it all day long, and

returned to the vessel at night. The next morning we sailed southward, along the coast, towards Melbourne, 500 miles away. The bulk of the passengers disembarked there. I landed in the early morning, spent a day there, and then went on with the steamer to Sydney, nearly 600 miles further, which we reached on the forty-eighth day from London, after a tedious, hot, rather uncomfortable, but very instructive voyage of more than 12,000 miles. The ship was strong and safe, the food good, the attendance excellent, the appointments luxurious, the officers skilled and courteous. Any discomforts arose simply from the inevitable conditions of a long sea voyage in the tropics.

The passengers on the "Austral" lived entirely peaceably together during the whole voyage. The greater part of them were Australians and New Zealanders on their return from a visit to the mother country during the jubilee year. From them I learned many things about the colonies. Among the passengers were nine catholic priests, seven nuns, a Scotch lord, an Irish member of parliament, several doctors and lawyers, many business men, a few gentlemen of leisure traveling for pleasure or instruction. The young people had their dances, concerts, games, tableaus, and amateur theatricals. The older ones talked politics a good deal. It was a strange fact that nearly all the Englishmen on board were liberals, while the colonists were inclined to toryism. Like all provincial people, they thought it was the thing to affect

the aristocratic party. Three young ladies, fine looking, well educated, were going out to Australia to be married. Like sensible girls they thought it better to journey alone to their future husbands than to compel them to lose half a year's time and to spend a considerable sum of money in going to England after them. One landed at Adelaide, another at Melbourne, another at Sydney, and all were married in a day or two after landing. Women all over christendom are growing more helpful, more self-reliant, as they acquire more of their natural rights. These young British ladies behaved themselves with great dignity and propriety on the ship. Their lovers had gone bravely out to Australia to build homes, and their sweethearts bravely followed them when the proper time came.

CHAPTER V.

AUSTRALIA.

THE largest island in the world is Australia, which lies between the Indian and Pacific Oceans, in the southern hemisphere. It is 2,400 miles long, from east to west, and 2,000 miles wide from north to south. The Tropic of Capricorn crosses it in the middle, so that the northern half of it is in the torrid zone, while the southern half of it is in the hotter part of the temperate zone. The great Indian ocean beats upon its southern, western, and northern shores. The Pacific Ocean washes it on the east. It lies to the south-east of the continent of Asia, and about midway between Africa and South America. Australia, being 8,000 miles in circumference, and containing more than 2,000 square miles, ought to be called a continent and not an island. It is a world by itself, in many respects unlike any other country on the globe.

The Gulf of Carpentaria notches it deep on the northern coast, at the 140th meridian of eastern longitude. The "Great Australian Bight" makes a broad indentation about midway on the southern shore. Spencer Gulf runs sharply inland, about opposite the Gulf of Carpentaria. These two gulfs

extended quite through the center of Australia in geological times, dividing it by a sea channel into two islands. A series of salt lakes, of which Torrens, Gairdner, and Eyre exceed 100 miles in length, mark the course of this prehistoric channel. The island to the eastward of this channel was long and narrow, extending from Cape York, the extreme northern point of Australia, to Cape Howe, the extreme southern point. The island to the westward of this channel was shorter and wider, terminating at the south-western point in Cape Leeuwin.

Along the northeastern shore is the Great Barrier Reef, from twenty to 150 miles from the mainland, 1,200 miles in length. It is the longest coral reef in the world. On it the swells of the Pacific Ocean break in perpetual foam. Within it, the sea is smooth, and the navigation delightful. Elsewhere, the shore is rock-bound and navigation is dangerous.

The whole interior of Australia, along the ancient channel between the two islands into which it was divided in former geological times, is low, level, and barren, Along the south-eastern border is a range of mountains, called the Australian Alps, the loftiest summit of which, Mount Kosciusko, is 7,176 feet high. This range is also called the Warragong or Muniong Mountains. Under the name of the Dividing Range, it extends northward, parallel to the eastern border, all the way to Cape York. Along the Indian Ocean, on the west, there

is another belt of elevated land. The highest point is Mount William, near Cape Leeuwin. To the north of Mount William, the range has received the names of the Darling, Herschel, and Victoria Hills. Mount William is 3,600 feet high.

Two rivers that fall into the Gulf of Carpentaria are navigable for a short distance from the sea. Otherwise Australia is entirely destitute of internal water-ways. In this respect, it greatly differs from Europe or the United States, of which it is about two-thirds of the extent. The largest river system, in fact the only large river system, of Australia, is that of the Murray, which rises in the long eastern range of mountains and runs south-westward to the sea. The main tributaries of the Murray, the Murumbidgee, the Lachlan, and the Darling, are perennial, but the Murray itself, in its long course over the arid plains, frequently dries up, in the hot rainless season, to a mere series of stagnant pools. The small rivers that flow swiftly down the narrow slope from the Dividing Range and the Australian Alps to the Pacific Ocean never dry up. There are no rivers in the west of especial importance.

The tropical and subtropical climate is not only hot, but also very dry. The trade-winds, blowing over it from a cooler to a warmer region of the earth, gather more moisture than they impart. The moisture of the currents of air from the Pacific Ocean is condensed on the coast range of hills and mountains in eastern Australia, giving

more rainfall there than elsewhere, and, consequently, greater fertility. The valleys, near the southern end of the range, are astonishingly rich in vegetation. There, in places, trees grow larger and taller than the famous redwoods of California. The interior is almost rainless. The parched, bare, saline soil is covered with an impenetrable "scrub" of prickly Acacia or bushy eucalyptus. The "gum trees," or different species of eucalypti, which grow to an enormous size in the moister places along the coasts, are characteristic of the Australian forests. All trees and shrubs in Australia are evergreens. There is therefore a certain sameness in the aspect of nature at different seasons of the year. Notwithstanding the somber hue of the evergreen forests, the abundance of flowers in spring enliven fields, gardens and parks, with an amazing wealth of coloring. The grass is green for a short time in spring, but soon dries up to a dreary yellow. Nowhere outside of northern Africa and south-western Asia, are the equatorial winds hotter or more oppressive, yet the climate is remarkably healthy.

Snakes, some of them venomous, are plentiful in Australia. Sharks and crockodiles abound in all the shallow places of the sea, especially the tropical sea, along the shore. There is not an indigenous hoofed animal in all the land. It is the chosen country of marsupials, or animals that carry their young in a natural pouch, the kangeroo, the opossum, the bandicoot. The dingo,

or wild dog, is the only native carnivorous animal. Australia is the very paradise of birds, unrivaled in rich colors of plumage, in diversity of form, but not wonderful for song. European animals introduced by man, multiply rapidly and enjoy vigorous life. Horses are excellent. Sheep have become a source of great wealth. English rabbits have increased to the extent of becoming the greatest pest of the country.

The people found in Australia at the time of its discovery, belong to the ethnological group of the Oceanic Negroes and are the lowest of mankind, even lower than the savages of Terra del Fuego. No efforts have been found available to civilize them. They have gradually diminished in number, till, at the present time, only 50,000 of them remain, mostly in the north-eastern part of the country. They have a certain amount of animal cunning, but possess no other traits of intelligence. These wandering blacks are formidable only to small parties of explorers, whom they sometimes attack with overwhelming numbers. They are certain to become extinct, long before the whole land is settled by Europeans.

Australia is rich in minerals. The value of the mineral products, including those of Tasmania, amounted to £321,194,038, up to the end of 1884. The value of the mineral raised during the year 1885 was £7,994,729. I have no official statistics since that time. The amount differs but little from year to year. Gold is the most valuable

product. Silver, coal, tin, copper, iron, antimony, bismuth, manganese, and some other minerals amount together to about the same value as gold. The United States alone surpass Australia in the productions of the precious metals.

I omit Tasmania, the old Van Dieman's Land, a beautiful island a short distance south of Australia, from my description, for the reason that I did not visit it at all, and do not wish to speak of any place which I did not see. Smallpox was raging there when I was in Australia. I was not afraid of the disease, but it would have been impossible for me to get away from the island without being detained a long time in quarantine at any port of a neighboring country at which I might arrive from Tasmania.

Australia is divided into five independent colonies. The smallest, and one of the youngest, is Victoria, which contains 89,000 square miles. It occupies the south-east corner of Australia, and is the most temperate in climate of all the provinces. Melbourne is the capital. The Australian Alps run nearly through the center of Victoria. From the southern watershed numerous streams flow to the ocean, the most important of which is the Yarra-Yarra, at the mouth of which stands the capital. Victoria is a grazing region, and produces more gold than any of the other colonies. In the eastern part, in the region called Gippsland, the soil is very fertile, and there grow the biggest trees in the world.

New South Wales is the oldest of the Australian colonies. It is situated on the southern third of the eastern, or Pacific, border of the country, and runs westward, over the Dividing Ridge, to the one hundred and forty-first meridian, which separates it from Southern Australia, so-called. It contains 300,000 square miles, and is about five times larger than England and Wales. Sydney, on the southern shore of Port Jackson, one of the finest harbors in the world, is the capital. Mount Kosciusko, the highest point of Australia, is in New South Wales. Blue Mountains, Liverpool Range, New England Range, are names of districts in the highlands of the interior, where the climate is salubrious, the soil fertile, and the scenery picturesque. Lake George, a considerable inland body of water, is 2,130 feet above the level of the sea, and is a pleasant resort. Swift streams flow from the steeper eastern slope of the mountains, through exceedingly fertile valleys, into the Pacific Ocean. The broad western slope, called the Riverina, containing many great sheep "runs," sends down lazy rivers, to be lost in the Murray. New South Wales is rich in coal and various mineral products, Maize grows abundantly and might be profitably utilized in feeding swine and cattle, as in our north-western States.

Queensland occupies all the Pacific side of Australia, north of New South Wales, to Cape York, and the eastern shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria. It contains 669,000 square miles, and is

about eight times larger than Great Britain. It is rich in mineral productions of various kinds. The climate is tropical, and the soil fertile. There are no finer sugar lands in the world than in this province. The only difficulty in the way of abundant production is the obtaining of labor to harvest and grind the cane. European laborers cannot endure the hot climate, and, as we shall see farther on, the policy of the colonies is against the importation of Mongolian or black labor. The capital is Brisbane. Queensland produces gold, copper, tin, iron and mercury. It has a north-western and a south-western watershed on the continental side of the mountains, which bear vast forests of timber, ending in arid steppes on the inland border. This colony contains within itself the resources of a vast empire, as large as Germany, Italy and France.

South Australia should be called Central Australia. The name is misleading. It lies west of Queensland and farther north than Victoria and part of New South Wales. It runs through the arid interior of Australia, from Spencer Gulf and the Great Australian Bight to the Gulf of Carpentaria. It contains 904,000 square miles of territory, and is nearly as large as the whole of the United States east of the Mississippi River. There is some fertile soil in the southern portion along the Flinders Range of mountains, and some in the region of the Gulf of Carpentaria, but the vast interior is a saline desert, without any habit-

able oases, so far as revealed by scanty exploration. It lies in great part in the depression, through which ran the ancient sea channel. Adelaide is the capital. The mineral wealth of this colony is large. It contains some of the best copper mines in the world. There are also mines of gold, silver, and bismuth.

West Australia, 976,000 square miles in extent, occupies the whole of the vast and only partially explored, region west of the 129th meridian. Along the maritime slope of the hills in the southwest there is some grazing land, occupied as sheep walks. The winds of the Indian Ocean seem to blow sterility over the arid, desolate region, which has few attractions for the settler or the traveler.

The Portugese navigators saw the coast of Australia as early as 1554. The Dutch followed the Portugese and gave to the immense continental island the name of New Holland. Along a considerable portion of its 8,000 miles of coast sailed Dampier, Carteret, and Hollis, with the enterprise of English navigators, but they failed to give to the world any definite knowledge of the country. In 1770 Captain Cook sailed through Torres Strait, which separates Australia from New Guinea, and defined the northern and eastern coast. It was a generation later before Bass Strait, separating Van Diemen's Land from Australia, was discovered by the navigator whose name it bears. A century ago, in 1787, the British sent Captain Arthur Phillip in the ship Sirius, with six transports and

three store-ships, to plant a colony of convicts at Botany Bay. He arrived safely in 1788. The colony was transferred to Sydney Cove, where the capital of New South Wales now stands. It is not necessary to recount here the early vicissitudes of this British penal colony. In 1821 the population of that settlement amounted to 29,783, of which three-fourths were convicts. Up to that time there was no other settlement in all Australia, although there was a penal colony in Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania. It is well enough to remember that all the substantial growth of Australia has been during the sixty years since that time. In 1839 New South Wales practically ceased to be a penal colony. Ten years later Mr. Gladstone, then Secretary of State for the colonies, dispatched a cargo of convicts to Sydney, the landing of which the inhabitants would not permit. The growth of this mother colony will be indicated farther on.

Victoria was the Port Phillip District of New South Wales previous to 1851, when it was made an independent colony. In 1803, Lieutenant-Colonel Collins arrived in the District of Port Phillip, with two convict ships, for the purpose of forming a penal colony. At the end of three months they abandoned the region as "unfit for the habitation of civilized men." This judgment was confirmed by a second experiment in 1826. Mr. Edmund Henty went over from Van Dieman's Land to Victoria, in 1834, and was followed by John Batman and

John Pascoe Fawkner the next year, in search of land for grazing, and to engage in whaling. They were followed by others who thought well of the country. The name of Melbourne was first given to the site on which the capital now stands, in 1837, by Sir Richard Rourke. I found people in my second visit to Melbourne who remembered seeing flocks of sheep grazing where the principal streets of the city now are. On the first of July, 1851, the new colony of Victoria commenced a separate existence. That same year the gold fields of Ballarat and Mount Alexander were discovered. In less than forty years Victoria has grown to be the most populous colony in Australia, and Melbourne to be a city of nearly 350,000 inhabitants.

The pioneer settlement of South Australia dates from 1836. A colonization association entered upon a scheme there which soon collapsed by mismanagement. The way, however, was opened for settlers of a better class. When the gold fever broke out in Victoria it denuded South Australia of its laboring population, but it created a sudden demand for breadstuffs, by which the new colony profited. In 1852, more than £2,000,000 were sent from Melbourne to Adelaide, to pay for wheat, flour, and other agricultural products.

Queensland was the Moreton Bay District of New South Wales till 1859, when it was erected into a separate colony. Brisbane, the capital, was first visited by a surveyor from Sydney in 1823.

Subsequently, the first settlements were made by squatters, in search of pasture for their sheep.

Western Australia, the feeblest of all the colonies, was one of the first to receive a settlement. In fact, the first non-penal, or free, colonists brought to Australia were landed at the mouth of Swan River in 1829. The settlers had no capital to develop the country. There was no market for what they did produce. They struggled on for some years and, in 1850, petitioned the home government to make their settlement a penal colony. Ticket-of-leave men supplied the demand for labor, and the money spent for convicts brought a sickly prosperity. Under the influence of the other colonies, which desired to free the whole of Australia from the disgrace of being a receptacle for convicts, transportation to this colony ceased in 1868. Owing to the poor soil, the arid climate, and the moral stigma attaching to felons, West Australia has not prospered.

According to the latest official statistics within my reach, the close of 1886, the population of the different Australian provinces was as follows: Victoria, 1,020,502; New South Wales, 1,001,966; South Australia, 316,660; Queensland, 330,924; West Australia, 35,186; total, 2,705,238. There is considerable excess of males, as in all new countries; to every 100 males, the number of females is 83 and a fraction.

The number of births in the whole population, during the year 1885, was 89,936, being 35 per

cent.; the number of deaths 40,468, being a little less than 16 per cent. This indicates a degree of public health not reached by any country of Europe.

During the same period, the excess of immigration over emigration was 60,442.

During the same year, the total revenue from taxation, crown lands, railways, post and telegraphs, and other sources, was: In New South Wales, £7,548,593; in Queensland, £2,840,960; in South Australia, £2,309,592; in Victoria, £6,290,361; in West Australia, £323,213; in all the provinces, £19,348,719. The revenue *per capita* was greatest in West Australia, and least in Victoria.

The public expenditures during 1885, exclusive of expenditures from loans on railways, post and telegraphs, interest and expenses of public debt, and other services, were: in New South Wales, £8,573,288; in Queensland, £2,875,609; in South Australia £2,454,608; in Victoria, £6,140,356; in West Australia, £308,849; in the whole country, £20,352,910; the largest expenditure *per capita* was in Queensland; the smallest in Victoria.

The expenditure from loans, during the same year, on railways, water supply, and other services, was: in New South Wales, £3,896,145; in Queensland, £1,711,724; in South Australia, £1,136,446; in Victoria, £1,153,065; in West Australia, £162,992; in all, £8,060,372.

The public debt, at the same time, for railways, water supply, etc., was: in New South Wales,

£35,564,259; in Queensland, £19,320,850; in South Australia, £17,020,900; in Victoria, £28,628,588; in West Australia, £1,288,100; in all the provinces, £101,822,697. It should be stated that the provinces own the railroads in their respective jurisdictions, the value of which should be deducted from the public debt. In fact, the public debt was largely increased for building railroads, the net income of which to a great extent pays the interest. For this reason, although the indebtedness appears large, the financial condition of the colonies is excellent.

There are at the present time, about 8,000 miles of railways in Australia, constructed at a total cost of about £70,000,000. The average net receipts to capital cost is about three and a half per cent.

The value of imports, during 1885, was £54,031,084; and the value of exports was £43,419,854. The shipping returns for the same year show 13,968 vessels, and 10,697,493 tons.

The postal returns, for the same year, show 99,788,713 letters and post-cards, and 57,743,768 newspapers carried through the mails. The receipts were £832,595, and the expenditures, £1,293,751.

In the same year, there were in all Australia 31,215 miles of telegraph in operation, carrying 6,303,205 messages, at a cost of £453,512. The telephone is in operation in the principal cities, but statistics are wanting.

Up to the close of 1885, 88,271,211 acres of public lands had been alienated, for which the total

sum of £51,287,525 had been received. Still in the hands of the governments were 1,884,561,920 acres. The price of government lands in Australia is considerably higher than in this country, and there are no homestead laws. The colonies have not thrown away the public domain on railroad and other corporations, as we have done.

The number of state schools in Australia is 4,868; the number of teachers, 9,444; the number of scholars, 530,403. The net cost to the state for schools, in all the provinces, was, in 1885, £1,474,526. The system of education is compulsory and secular in all the colonies. Public instruction is free in Victoria and Queensland. In the other colonies fees are charged, but are entirely or partially remitted, in case of inability to pay them. The prescribed school age differs in different localities—in Victoria it is from six to fifteen; in New South Wales, six to fourteen; in Queensland, six to twelve; in South Australia, seven to thirteen. There are three Universities in Australia—one at Sidney, one at Melbourne, one at Adelaide. Candidates for admission are exempted from all religious tests. All degrees conferred are of co-ordinate rank with degrees conferred by the Universities of the United Kingdom.

The agricultural products of Australia, for the year 1885-6, were 26,916,400 bushels of wheat; 5,084,197 bushels of oats; 1,699,074 bushels of barley; 6,093,647 bushels of maize; 848,986 bushels of other cereals; 245,163 tons of potatoes; 969,666

tons of hay; and 2,225,618 gallons of wine. The wines of Australia are about the same in quality as the wines of California. They promise to be so abundant that it will not be profitable to adulterate them. The use of pure native wines is an important step towards temperance. I have never tasted better bread than that of Australia, made from the wheat of the country.

Domestic animals have increased with great rapidity in Australia. According to the latest statistics, there are in the whole country 1,111,814 horses; 7,230,891 cattle; 65,896,190 sheep; and 692,464 swine. In the year 1886, 84,367 bales of wool were shipped to London, and 10,737 bales directly to America.

The most numerous denomination of Christians in Australia is the Church of England. Then come the Roman Catholics, followed successively by the Presbyterians, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Congregationalists.

These summaries of statistics show, more eloquently than words, the developement of the great Australian continent during the last fifty years. The annual revenue raised by the colonies equals that of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Portugal and Greece. The production of the people, *per capita*, exceeds that of any other country in the world. Another century of unobstructed progress will carry Australia beyond the mother country, in population, accumulated capital, and income.

The colonies are entirely independent of one another, in government, laws and administration. They have no union, like that of the Canadian provinces, under the Dominion. An "Act to constitute a Federal Council of Australia," passed by Parliament August 14, 1885, numbered 48 and 49 Vic., cap. 60, amounts to nothing by way of authoritative union, for it is left optional with each colony to accept or retain its provisions. It does not amount to even the loosest form of a federation. No colony is in any way bound by the acts of the Council.

Responsible government was conferred upon all of the Australian colonies in 1855, except West Australia, which still remains a crown colony. The form of government is substantially the same in all of them. Each has its legislature, or parliament as they call it, consisting of two branches. The more numerous branch is elected by manhood suffrage, and for a short period. The less numerous branch is elected for a longer period and by a somewhat restricted suffrage. In New South Wales the upper house is appointed by the governor, and the tenure of office is for life. The governors are appointed by the crown. They perform the usual duties of the executive in elective governments. The system is really an imitation of the home government, with a more liberal extension of the franchise. Excellent laws have been enacted to secure freedom of voting and to protect the people against fraud in counting ballots.

The method of voting in the Australian provinces is worthy of imitation in all countries that are blessed with elective government. The essential feature of the method is that the ballot is regarded as an official document, which the State alone prints and takes charge of. The ballot, printed by the State, contains the names of all candidates for the various offices to be filled at an election. The ballot also contains a blank for each office, in which the voter can insert the name of any one, not on the list, for whom he wishes to vote. An official inspector of election hands a ballot to the elector when he presents himself at the polling-place to exercise his right of suffrage. The elector then enters a private room, or stall, and there, secure from the observation and influence of any outsider, places a cross opposite to the name of the candidate for each office for whom he wishes to vote. He then folds it and hands it to a sworn inspector of election to place in the ballot-box. Only the officially printed ballot is received. Fraud is absolutely impossible. Intimidation is wholly prevented, and to a great extent bribery. Quiet and order are easily maintained at the polls. Elections are simplified and their legitimate expenses are reduced. The creatures known in the United States as "strikers," "heelers," "workers at the polls," "ticket and slip peddlers," are unknown in Australia. There is no occupation at an Australian election for hired bullies and bribers. One or two of our

States have adopted the method and, it is to be hoped, all the rest will soon follow the example. At Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, or other political centres, the illiterate voter is accompanied by a sworn officer to his retiring place who reads the ballot for him. The ignorant citizen is thus protected from trickery and knavish meddlers and intruders. The vital point is that the ballot is made a legal document which none but the State is allowed to print, under severe penalty.

In Australia, only the occupation of the candidate is printed with his name on the official ballot. In America, citizens would doubtless be better pleased to have the politics of the candidate printed, instead of his occupation. Our younger Australian brethren are the most practical of men, and we may wisely copy from them, in its essential features, a measure that will save us from the disgraceful bribery, bull-dozing, cathauling, and power of employers in our elections, that are rapidly undermining our faith in democratic institutions.

The Australians have never encouraged miscellaneous immigration. They welcome the industrious, the thrifty, the intelligent, from the mother country and other lands, but reject paupers and criminals. They had enough to do with convicts in the early settlement of the country, and grew wise by their experience. They have never gone into the "asylum" business, like the people of the United States. At

an earlier period a few Chinese were admitted to the country, and those who are now there receive humane usage, but it has become the settled policy of all the colonies to keep them away, although their labor would be especially useful and profitable on the sugar plantations of Queensland. In defiance of England, New South Wales has recently sent back a cargo of Mongolians, brought there in accordance with treaty provisions between China and Great Britain. The colonists do not propose that their own laws shall be nullified by the foreign office at London.

I spent some time at Sydney and Melbourne, and crossed the country twice between the two cities. My opportunities were fair for observing the laboring classes, both in the centres of population and in the country towns. In no land have I seen the toilers, the real wealth-creators, so well clothed, so well fed, so well housed, or their general condition in life so good. The common price of a day's work of eight hours, by the ordinary laborer, is eight shillings sterling—about two dollars. The price is the same in all the colonies. The laborers can really control an election, and they understand well their own interest. Let a member of any one of the colonial parliaments bring in a measure, or even vote for a measure, detrimental to the laboring class, and he will be slaughtered at the polls, whatever may be his politics. The laborers do not propose that paupers shall be brought to Australia from Europe, or Mongols from China, or black

Kanakas from the neighboring islands, to cheapen the price of their own toil. The new land is for them, as well as for the capitalist, and they are determined to keep it. Comfort being generally diffused, there is nothing on which the destructive and criminal forms of socialism can feed and grow. The philanthropist can feast his eyes on the pleasing spectacle of requited toil everywhere in Australia. No man is there enslaved by the dreadful law of necessity. It is worth a journey to the other side of the globe to behold the blessed sight. Certain great industries are kept back by the dearness of labor, but it is of infinitely more consequence that communities of freemen should flourish, than that sugar plantations and copper mines should prosper.

What the future of the Australian colonies is to be, no man can fortell with certainty. They are very much in the condition of the American colonies before the Revolution, with change of time, circumstances, and the political progress of the whole civilized world during the last century. The people are very loyal to the mother country and to the British government, yet they are very jealous of their rights, and very quick to resent any encroachments, or even neglect. Their temper was very quickly ablaze when England allowed the Germans to seize part of New Guinea, on their northern border, and their wrath knew no bounds when it seemed probable that the French would establish a penal colony, a "moral cesspool" as they ferociously termed it, under their noses in

the Hebrides. I told many leading Australians, whose acquaintance I had the honor to make, that, in my judgment, their colonies would never be consolidated into one strong continental nation, except under the pressure of a great common danger; that they could be fused into an organic whole, only in the heat of dreadful battle with a common foe; that as, under no circumstances, the mother country would attempt to compel them to obedience, repeating the error of the American Revolutionary War, they must expect the pressure to come from some foreign power, like Germany or France, when left alone by the home government to struggle for their own existence, and that, in the absence of such a grievous, yet wholesome and formative conflict, they might expect to diverge more and more among themselves, to become contiguous States, frequently at war with one another, plunging into a series of evils far more costly in the aggregate than one mighty foreign war at the outset, such a war as creates a nation and gives it a lasting organic life. They generally answered me by expressing a hope that such a result might be realized in the peaceful way of federation. I could see lying before the Australians the same great and perilous problems with which our fathers wrestled with matchless prudence and wisdom, and could not help recommending them to study the history of the formation of our government, and to profit by the experience of their brethren on the western continent, who had

found attempts at federation a dangerous delusion. A nation can rest only on organic laws, which, by holding the purse and the sword, it has the power to enforce. I love and esteem the Australians, and they freely permitted me to talk to them with directness and earnestness.

The Australians are an especially practical people. At one time the kangaroos became a pest, devouring pasturage that the increasing number of sheep made more and more valuable. It was discovered that the kangaroo skin made excellent leather for some purposes. Since that time the beautiful animals have been hunted for their skins and are likely to be exterminated in a few years.

The English rabbit has multiplied until it has become the great pest of the country. A reward of twenty-five thousand pounds has been offered by the government for some successful method of exterminating them. Ferrets have been tried, but they increase with less rapidity than the rabbits, and prefer the blood of rodents. It has been proposed to innoculate the rabbit with an infectious disease called the "scab," but the commission having the matter in charge, fear the destructive disease might be conveyed to sheep and have rejected the proposition. M. Pasteur has recently proposed to destroy the rabbits by conveying to them "chicken cholera." It would doubtless be effective, but the cautious and practical Australians have determined to test the plan by confining some rabbits and various domestic animals on a small island, at a

safe distance from the shore, in order to ascertain whether the rabbits will convey the disease to sheep, pigs, cattle, etc. The offer is still open to all the world, and there is a chance for some ingenious American to make a considerable fortune.

The people possess incomparable executive ability. I was in Melbourne at the time of the great horse-race, called the "Melbourne cup," the greatest race in the world, even greater than the English "Derby." The course is about four miles from the city, in the basin of an amphitheater of hills, from which several hundred thousand spectators can see the race without obstructing one another. On the day of the race, a railroad carried to the ground, in an hour and a half, 135,000 passengers, without confusion, without crowding, without accident. The betting was estimated at not less than £5,000,000, and yet there was no conflict, no breach of the peace.

Sydney is a beautiful city, of about 300,000 inhabitants, including the suburbs. Its harbor, opening out of the Pacific Ocean by a safe channel two miles wide, with its deep fiords running far and wide into the high rocky shore, containing 200 miles of navigable waters, with its villa-studded islands and peninsulas, is perhaps the finest in all the world. A magnificent park, botanical and zoological gardens, elegant theatres, imposing public buildings, costly churches, massive warehouses, sumptous residences, hospitals and institutions of learning, attractive suburbs, well-appointed clubs

and refined society, make Sidney a charming place of sojourn for the weary traveler. The climate is hot during the long summer, but I was there in the sweet Australian spring, when the air is balmy and the endless acres of flowers are gorgeously blooming.

Melbourne is not more than half as old as Sydney, yet it has 50,000 more inhabitants. Chicago, in the United States, is its only rival in rapidity of growth. It is quite equal to San Francisco, in wealth, in solidity and splendor of buildings, in business activity. Collins street in Melbourne is one of the finest in the world, quite equal to any two miles of Broadway. Its public library of 130,000 volumes, its university, its exposition building, its new Houses of Parliament, its Inns of Court, its observatory, its unrivaled botanical gardens, and other institutions, are, considering the age of the city, actually phenomenal.

The press of Australia is active and very able. Its tone of sobriety and freedom from sensationalism in a new country is very remarkable. The *Melbourne Argus* and *Sidney Herald* are equal to any daily journals in New York or London.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW ZEALAND.

THERE are 1,200 miles of deep ocean between Australia and New Zealand. Excellent iron steamers take you across in four days. The sea, opening into the Indian Ocean on the south-west, is usually stormy and the passage is frequently disagreeable; but the steamers are strong and safe. "I have not yet seen an Atlantic liner," says Mr. Archibald Forbes, "whose state-room accommodation is equal in completeness, prettiness and comfort to that which the Australian voyager will find on some of the Union Company of New Zealand's steamers. Spring mattrasses, electric lights, smart and sedulous attendance, perfect cleanliness of linen, airiness, and ample daylight these afford."

The amount of good steam shipping belonging to Australia and New Zealand is perfectly astonishing. The Union Company has a fleet of more than thirty vessels. There are other boats, running from port to port, well appointed, seaworthy and comfortable as any in the world. There are four lines of steamships running between Europe and Australia—one French, one German, and two English. There is also an independent line running

direct between New Zealand and London, by way of Cape Horn. An American line from Sydney and Auckland to San Francisco completes the list.

The New Zealand group consists of two larger and several smaller islands. Among the smaller ones, Stewart island, towards the Antarctic Ocean, to the south, is the most important. The area of all the islands in the group is not quite equal to that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The more northern of the two main islands is called by the natives *Te ika a Maui*, or "the Bird of the Maui." It was formerly called New Ulster by the English. It is very irregular in form, and from it long peninsulas run out like tongues into the sea. It is much more mountainous than Australia, but not so mountainous as the lower New Zealand island. There is a volcanic group in the center, of which Mount Ruapehu is 9,195 feet high, and the active volcano of Ngaurahoe is nearly 7,000 feet high. Nearly the whole island is composed of extinct or active volcanoes. As I stood on the summit of Mount Eden at Auckland, a citizen pointed out to me thirty-seven craters in view, the fires of which are no longer burning. Ranges of mountains or high hills, the chief of which is called by the natives Ruahire, nearly 3,000 feet high, run parallel to the south-eastern coast, and give the island a picturesque appearance from the sea. These uplands are heavily wooded and make journeys through the interior singularly impressive and attractive.

The southern island is called by the natives *Te Wahi Punami*, "the Place of Greenstone." It was formerly called New Munster, or Middle Island, by the English. It is separated from the northern island by Cook Strait, so called from the great navigator. It is mostly covered by lofty mountains named the Southern Alps. These mountains extend the whole length of the north-western shore, facing the sea with lofty walls of granite, and sending off massive spurs almost to the Pacific Ocean on the south-east. This long north-western shore is not unlike the rugged coast of Norway. Fiords penetrate far inland, over which hang granite crags twice the height of the Scandinavian coast range. Mount Cook, the most elevated summit, is 13,200 feet high. North of it, Mount Franklin is 10,000 feet high. South of it, Mount Aspiring rises to the height of 9,940 feet. A great number of waterfalls seem to drop down thousands of feet from the very sky. Inland, among the mountains, nestle innumerable lakes in solitary grandeur. On the southeastern side of the mountains are some fruitful reaches of level country, like the Plains of Canterbury, and fertile valleys penetrate inland between the mountain buttresses, watered with crystal streams.

The northern island is famous for the geysers and hot-water lakes, far surpassing in magnitude those of Iceland, which abound in the central group of volcanic mountains. The Pink and White Terraces, probably the most exquisite piece of Nature's

handiwork in all the world, were ruthlessly destroyed by a volcanic eruption some months before my visit to New Zealand.

"But what," says a brilliant writer, "is any distant and bird's-eye view of the White Terrace to the revelation of beauty that strikes one dumb when he ascends the steps of this magnificent staircase? Could Eastern fabulist in his wildest flights imagine any work of the Genii to equal the exquisite workmanship of this range of sculptured fountains! One might talk of snow wreaths, of alabaster, of Parian marble, of any substance pure and rare, but all such comparisons would but mislead. The whiteness of the terrace is not the whiteness of snow or marble, nor has it the bluish transparency of alabaster. It has a soft warm flush, which may sometimes be seen in certain madrepores, and which, possibly, might be sucessfully reproduced in porcelain. On reaching the foot of the terrace a short walk over a glistening surface of rippling silica, hard as a pavement of marble, brings one to the lower basins where the water, having had time to cool in its slow, trickling descent, has lost the fierce heat of the cauldron, and become merely tepid. The walls of the basin are massive and rounded, running into an infinite variety of scallop and curvature, the lower part of the wall receding, and the upper edge overhanging and forming a thick, rounded lip, over which the water trickles in its descent from one basin to another, to make its way finally to the lake. The water which fills these cold water reservoirs is no less wonderful and exquisite in its beauty than the basins which hold it. It is blue, but such a blue as is seen nowhere else in nature —more delicate than the shade of the sky—a milky, pellucid blue, with a gem-like iridescence like the shifting light of an opal. The basins rise one above the other in unbroken succession, the surface level of one basin forming the base for the wall of the next. Hundreds of these lovely reser-

voirs, of the most bewildering variety, go to form the terrace—no one the exact pattern of its neighbor—the irregular sweeping curve of one being abruptly intersected or broken by the arc of another, but each in shape more exquisite than any curve that could be drawn with compass. As you ascend, the steps become purer in tint, and more richly chased and fretted. Their infinite variety of size and form, and their exquisite beauty produce at first an impression akin to bewilderment. But when the first bewildering flush of surprise has passed, there is a placidity and repose in this petrified torrent—a hushed stillness and mighty enduring strength which fills one's mind with a sense of the Eternal.

"Examined in detail, the Pink Terrace, though lovely past description, is yet not so exquisitely beautiful as its white sister. The warm and faint coralline flush of the one, how much more chaste and delicate than the ruddy glow of the other! The broad and massive steps of the Pink Terrace, wonderful as they are, lack the infinitely varied reticulation and tracery so characteristic of the White. The Pink Terrace, like the White, has its origin in a geyser raised a considerable distance above the level of the lake. As you ascend the various steps are seen to be broad, level platforms, not cupped and lipped as in the White Terrace, but faced with beautifully curved masses of pink stalactite. Towards the top, however, several of the ledges form basins four or five feet deep, and filled with water of the deepest blue—not the wonderful opalescent color of the white basins, but a clear sapphire blue matching the color of the sky overhead. Here is probably the most delightful bath in the whole world. Such a bath! The smooth and rounded edges on which you rest your hands or head, as on a cushion, the polished sides soft and tender to the limbs as walls of alabaster, the finely powdered silica on which the foot rests as on the finest silver sand, and the warm, blue water lapping the body in Elysium—a sensuous heaven equal to this was never dreamt of by Mohammed or Nero."

"Above all," says Miss Gordon Cumming, "we have walked up and down all over the wondrous marble stairways, till their loveliness has become a familiar thing; and oh, wonderful new sensation! New possibility in luxury! We have bathed in these perfect marble baths, selecting from among a thousand the very pool of the exact temperature and depth that seemed most pleasant, and therein have lain, rejoicing like true Maoris, till we ourselves were coated with a thin film of silica from the flinty water, so that we feel like satin, a delight to ourselves."

Alas! this inexpressibly beautiful piece of Nature's ornamental work was destroyed in a single hour of volcanic terror, and its place was occupied by a foul sea of sulphurous mud.

"What had actually taken place," says the *Auckland Evening Star*, of June 10, 1886, "the full extent of the disturbance and destruction only became known piecemeal. It appears the first outbreak began in the peak of Tarawera, known as Ruawhia. Flames were belched forth, together with red-hot stones, while electric flashes of extraordinary brilliancy played about the huge, black, mushroom shaped cloud, which hovered high over the mountain. An enormous crater opened out in the side of Tarawera, near Rotomahana, from which vast quantities of stones, dust, and ashes were thrown. When these terrifying phenomena had taken place for about an hour, craters opened in and around Lake Rotomahana, and vomited forth enormous quantities of heavy mud, which, with hardly conceivable rapidity, spread disaster for miles around. Fifteen active fumoroles, belching forth stones have been counted on the site of Rotomahana, and one of the largest occupies the place where the Pink Terrace once was. The White Terrace could not be seen for the heavy clouds of smoke and steam in which it was enveloped; but subsequent examinations have established

beyond question that these beautiful structures, which had occupied Nature so many centuries in constructing, have been ruthlessly annihilated within a single hour."

The southern island contains some of the most remarkable scenery in the world. It is not volcanic, like that of the northern island, but quite the opposite. It is of three kinds: sea-shore, abounding in sounds and fiords; glaciers, rivaling those of Switzerland, clothing the slopes of great mountains; and lakes of surpassing beauty. Speaking of the west coast sounds, Mr. J. Hingston says:

"Save in the similarly-shaped Norwegian fiords there is nothing like these Sounds to be seen about the world. These fiords of New Zealand have the great advantage over those of Norway in being situated in a climate that is more propitious to vegetation, and to the traveler's enjoyment. Their inaccessibility has helped to keep them hitherto almost unknown, but the world is opening out to the tourist and the dark places of the earth are having light thrown upon them. Tall, frowning rocks that here form the coast line, are intersected every few miles by the portals of these extraordinary inlets. The Sounds are green-walled enclosures of deepest waters that run inland among the surrounding mountains for eight to twenty miles in their winding course."

Although the mountain walls of these New Zealand Sounds are higher, and more luxuriantly clothed with forests and bright green vegetation, among which tree ferns abound, yet the Norwegian coast has more islands, and its fiords are flooded with the endless hues of the reflected light of the midnight sun.

The Tasman glacier, in the southern island, surpasses any glacier among the Alps. Mr. Spottswood Green, a member of the Alpine Club, who went to New Zealand with two Swiss guides to see this glacier, describes it thus:

"No words at my command can express our feelings when we stood for the first time in the midst of that glorious panorama. I tried vainly to recall the view of the great Aletsch Glacier, in front of the Concordia Hut to establish some standard for comparison. Then I tried the Goerner, on the way to Monta Rosa; but the present scene so incomparably asserted its own grandeur, that we all felt compelled to confess in that instant that it surpassed anything we had ever seen."

"No gorgeousness of the palette," says John Ruskin, "can reach the effects of daylight on ordinary colors. But it is widely different when Nature herself takes a coloring fit and does something extraordinary, something really to exhibit her powers." The lakes of the southern New Zealand island, many in number, embowered in wooded mountains, gemmed with green islets, surpass in beauty those of Scotland and Upper Italy. When sailing over them, in the most exquisite of all climates,

> "Earth and heaven seem one,
> Life a glad trembling on the outer edge
> Of unknown rapture."

According to the census of 1866, the population of New Zealand was 578,283. Nearly ten per cent. should now be added. At the same time, the

Maoris, or the native population, numbered 41,432. The male population exceeded the female at the rate of 100 to 85.21. Births were 34.78 to the 1,000. Deaths were only 10.74 to the 1,000. In no region in the world is the death-rate so low.

> "The climate's delicate; the air most sweet,
> Fertile the soil."

The revenue from taxation, crown lands, railways, post and telegraphs, and other sources, was £4,096,996, being less *per capita* than in any of the Australian colonies except Victoria. At the same time the public expenditure on railways, post and telegraphs, interest and expenses of public debt, and other services, exclusive of expenditure from loans, was £4,282,901. The expenditure from loans was £1,778,884.

On the 1st of January, 1886, the public debt of New Zealand was £35,790,422. No other people on earth have shown such genius for obtaining credit as the New Zealanders. The debt *per capita* was over £62. The colonists had a long and expensive war with the Maoris which accounts in part, for their vast debt. It is very difficult to realize the weight of the burden borne by the people there. The city of Chicago has a larger population and more taxable wealth than New Zealand. If Chicago had a muncipal debt of $175,000,000 it would be regarded in this country as in a state of bankruptcy. The debt of New Zealand is really greater than that of New York,

with its vast population and its accumulated millions of property. The inhabitants of the American metropolis sometimes think their burden is greater than they can bear, but it is light in comparison with the load of debt on the shoulders of these British colonists on the other side of the globe. Yet the New Zealanders are really light-hearted and look to the future with hope.

The value of the imports of New Zealand was £7,479,921, in 1885. The value of the exports, during the same year, was £6,819,989. The shipping for that year was 1,566 vessels, or 1,032,700 tons. The commerce of the country is rapidly increasing.

The total length of railroads in New Zealand is about 2,000 miles. Although the expense of building railroads in a mountainous country has been great, and although the population is far from being dense, the proportion of net receipts to capital cost is about three per cent.

In 1885 there were 1,011 post-offices in New Zealand; 37,149,788 letters and post cards, and 14,233,878 newspapers, were caried, at a cost of £171,282, with a revenue of £267,671. There were 4,662 miles of telegraph; 1,774,273 messages were transmitted, for which £87,918 were received.

Up to the end of 1885, the total number of acres of crown land alienated was 18,558,355. The number of acres unsold was 47,851,975. About 16,000,000 acres belong to the Maoris, or to Europeans who have purchased from them.

There were at the same period 1,021 public

schools, 2,619 teachers, and 141,298 pupils enrolled, of which 78,327 were in average attendance. The net cost to the State was £300,759. Public instruction is free. The system of education is compulsory and secular. The prescribed age of attendance at school is from seven to thirteen.

The total number of acres under tillage was 1,265,975. The total product was 4,242,285 bushels of wheat, 8,603,702 bushels of oats, 896,816 bushels of barley, 113,752 tons of potatoes, and 245,818 tons of hay. The product per acre in New Zealand was greater than in any of the other colonies, There were 187,382 horses, 70,408 cattle, 369,992 pigs, and 16,677,445 sheep. Only New South Wales had a greater number of animals.

There is at Auckland one of the best universities in the colonies, which, like those at Sydney Melbourne and Adelaide, requires no religious tests, and its degrees have the same legal value as degrees conferred by any university in the United Kingdom.

New Zealand is rich in natural resources. Gold-mining has become a settled industry, which for a long time has been productive. Iron and coal are abundant. Silver and tin are not wanting. Petroleum, with the application of American enterprise and methods, would be as abundant as in Pennsylvania. In the northern island especially are forests of pine and other valuable timber. The earth is covered with an astonishing growth of

rank ferns and other vegetation, tangled together with "Smilax" into an almost impenetrable mass. The climate is moister than in Australia, making the soil more productive, The pasturage for sheep seems almost exhaustless. Wool has become a valuable article of commerce, and a fleet of great refrigerator steamships is employed in transporting mutton to the London market.

New Zealand now enjoys responsible government, like other Australian colonies. The legislative body consists of a House of Representatives elected by manhood suffrage, and a council nominated by the governor, who is appointed by the crown. There are several Maoris in the House of Representatives. The capital has been removed from Auckland, near the northern end of the north island, to Wellington, on the south-east coast, a more central and convenient locality for both islands.

The isolated situation of New Zealand marks it out for a future nation by itself. If any external pressure, if any exigence of self-defense, shall ever consolidate the colonies of Australia into a single nation, that nation will not include New Zealand. A distance of 1,200 miles, across a stormy sea, separates the two regions too widely for political unity. The two peoples are already showing divergence in tastes, habits, aspirations, and interests. New Zealand has within itself resources of empire far greater than Venice or Holland. It is well situated for independent trade with South America, with the United States, with Australia,

in fact with all the world. Its harbors are numerous and safe. Its soil is fertile, and its mineral resources are very great. The vigor, beauty, intelligence of the native Maoris, show that the country can grow, from a good British stock, a wonderful race of men. A single century may produce in these far-off islands of the Pacific Ocean one of the leading maritime powers of the world.

If there were a fast line of great ocean steamships running between San Francisco and Auckland, making the voyage in ten or twelve days, as they might easily do, I have no doubt New Zealand would be flooded every winter (our winter their summer) with visitors from the United States and from England by way of the United States. It is the healthiest, and one of the most agreeable, climates in the world. Rheumatic, gouty, and other invalids would find the fabled fountain of youth in the warm mineral waters of the northern island. Consumptives and asthmatics would find healing virtues and prolonged life in the "air most sweet" of both islands. I have never visited any place in the whole earth where it is such a luxury merely to breathe. Lovers of poetry in nature, who are not invalids, could find no country in the world more charming. Mr. W. Spottswood Green, already quoted, says in his "High Alps of New Zealand:" "If one had a dozen summers to spend in New Zealand, I believe they could be all passed in breaking new ground, and in the enjoyment of scenery of the most varied beauty."

From Auckland I took ship for San Francisco. It was my intention to write another chapter, giving my impression of the Pacific Ocean and some of its islands, especially the Sandwich Islands, but I was helpless during nearly the whole voyage, with a tropical fever. After ten days spent in convalescence, on the Pacific coast, I crossed the North American continent to my home. I had started eastward and kept going eastward till I returned. The more one travels, the more one realizes that all peoples, from the beginning of the world, in all lands, have been toiling in every field of human endeavor, material, mental, and moral, and that each generation inherits all the fruits of toil in the past: "Other men have labored and ye are entered into their labors."

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